THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao. Dr. 1728 by B[illegible]j. Franklin

JUNE 3, 1916 — 5cts. THE COPY

FRANCE AND THE NEW AGE—By Will Irwin

Fresh from
California
Every Day, All Summer

Serve "Sunkist" in a Luscious, Juicy Salad

For those evening meals on warm days—for that luncheon entertainment—for flavor, and for healthfulness—

Try a "Sunkist Orange Salad," and use *lemon juice* instead of vinegar in the dressing. That delicious combination will not be soon forgotten!

* * * * * *

Sunkist Oranges, remember, are picked in California every day throughout the year, and are shipped at once to every market in the land.

You get them—in Nature's Germ-Proof Package—as ripe and sweet and pure as if you plucked the fruit yourself.

* * * * * *

Sunkist Oranges are juicy, firm and *tender*—never tough. The sections are easily severed with a fork. They are famous for their flavor and *several other* culinary advantages.

All first-class dealers sell Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. Save the *sanitary tissue wrappers* for beautiful silverware.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE Co-operative Non-profit
Eastern Headquarters: Dept. B-37, 139 N. Clark Street, CHICAGO

Sunkist
California's Selected
Oranges

Welch's

The National Drink

BIG daughter has discovered Welch's. She finds it just the thing to serve when girls drop in. And for pretty, dainty affairs Welch's can be used in so many ways.

And mother appreciates Welch's even more. For in her wisdom she knows that Welch's is more than a company drink. It's a day-in-and-day-out home necessity.

For breakfast, a small glass of Welch's gives the right sort of start for the day—it's appetizing. It fits in wonderfully well with a light luncheon.

There is nothing better than Welch's Lemonade as an evening treat for the whole family.

You want Welch's because it is made from selected grapes for which a bonus is paid. Its purity and wholesomeness are unquestioned.

Be sure you get Welch's. Buy it by the bottle, 10 cents and up.

If for any reason you cannot obtain Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3 (express prepaid east of Omaha). Sample Junior, 10c by mail.

Welch's won the *Gold Medal*—the highest award—at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. How could it have been otherwise!

"Going to Market" is a new home game for little folks or grown-ups. Send 10c in stamps for your set.

Canadian Plant, St. Catharines, Ontario

Write for free booklet,
"Welch's Ways." Ninety-nine ways to serve Welch's.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

Delicious Cherry Roly Poly

EVERY enthusiastic housewife seeks new seasonable surprises in cookery. Serve a Crisco made cherry roly poly and you will have a dainty dessert that is delicious and different.

The dough is light and tender; the sauce fruity and toothsome, and both afford convincing proof of the unusual delicacy of foods prepared with Crisco.

CRISCO
For Frying—For Shortening
For Cake Making

Crisco is purely vegetable, never varies and has neither flavor nor odor. It therefore enables countless thousands of women to give to their own cooking that tastiness for which every good cook strives.

Cherry Roly Poly

The Biscuit Dough

2 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful salt
4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
3 tablespoonfuls Crisco
1 scant cupful milk

[Use level measurements]

Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Add Crisco, cutting it in with two knives until mealy. Then add milk gradually until a soft dough is formed.

The Sauce

⅓ cupful Crisco
1 cupful powdered sugar
2 egg yolks
5 tablespoonfuls cherry juice
2 egg whites

Cream the Crisco. Add sugar gradually and cream well together. Add egg yolks and cherry juice, cook over hot water until well blended and hot through; remove from fire and fold in stiffly beaten whites.

Roll biscuit dough about ⅛ inch in thickness, sprinkle with sugar and dot with ripe stoned cherries or well drained stoned canned cherries. Roll like jelly roll, press and close the ends as tight as possible. Tie in floured cloth and cook in boiling water two hours or steam in steamer one and a half hours. Remove from cloth to hot platter and serve with sauce.

Many other recipes for appetizing and dainty dishes, carefully selected by that well known cooking authority, Marion Harris Neil, make "A Calendar of Dinners" a most valuable book to any housekeeper. It contains besides 615 recipes a dinner menu for every day in the year and the interesting Story of Crisco. If you have not seen this illustrated cloth-bound, gold-stamped book write for it. Address Dept. K-6, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing five two-cent stamps. A paper-bound edition without the "Calendar of Dinners" but with 250 recipes is free.

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FRANCE AND THE NEW AGE

By WILL IRWIN

WHEN you go from Paris to Lyons you enter another world of war. Paris, the metropolis and capital, the New York plus Washington of France, feels the depression and poverty and shift in values more than Lyons, this Chicago of the South, which is doing so much more of the work of the republic. True, in many ways the war seems nearer there than in the capital. For one thing, it is a great hospital city, whereas Paris is not; the lame, the armless, the scarred, pass on every side. Just as in Paris, there is universal mourning; and, just as in Paris, public expression of gayety is bad form. There is no music in the cafés and no one has worn a dress suit since the war began. But Lyons is busy, very busy, keeping the industries going, manufacturing the necessities of war; and after a fashion she is even prosperous. And since he who is busy has but little time to mourn, everyone seems more brisk and cheerful than in the capital.

For Lyons is working now not only with the present of industrial France but with her future. In old days France had two great industrial centers like our own Pittsburgh and Chicago—Lille, to the north, maker of heavy products; and Lyons, to the south, maker of the finer products more characteristic of France. What has happened to Lille, the world knows. So, it seems now, the governing industrial energy of the country has largely been transferred to the city of the south. Hands that wove fine threads of silk have been taught, somehow, to forge great ingots of steel. Factories have been transformed, with an energy and adaptability almost American, into new uses. Further—and this is where Lyons looks toward the future—the district is doing a great deal of building. It seems odd, in the midst of this paralyzing war, to see factories springing into being—one wonders where the management gets the capital or the workmen; yet this very thing is happening in the region between Lyons and St.-Etienne. Many of the concerns driven out of Lille are here to stay, they tell me in Lyons—perhaps Lille might have a different story. Lille is too near the Peril of the North. Though all France expects that the end of the war will see Northern France and Belgium redeemed, still, the German is there to the north, her manufacturers looking with greedy eyes on those rich coal fields of the Franco-Belgian border; and there may be another war.

However Armageddon ends, it will have given a new industrial impulse to Lyons, which lost something of her old prosperity when Milan, in the nineties of the last century, began to manufacture the cheaper grades of silk. Here lies much of France's industrial future; and here she must work out most of her problems.

Plans to Care for the War-Cripples of France

NOW it happens that Lyons, in this strange era, has produced a man. M. Herriot, mayor, and senator of the Rhone, is a thoroughgoing French politician-statesman of the south, with a quality of hustle and initiative essentially Yankee. I saw something of him privately and much of him publicly during my stay at Lyons; and I saw him in no company that his personality did not seem to dominate. He is built like a center rush. He has a big, compact, round head, thatched with mouse-colored hair; a clear, direct, brown-gray eye; a whimsically pointed nose; and a general effect of power and shrewdness combined in about equal proportions. His expression, however, is all Yankee, and I can describe it no more narrowly than that.

To digress for a moment: In the Capitoline Museum, at Rome, there is a Hall of Busts—the portraits of old Romans in the period of Julius Cæsar and Augustus, when Rome was making the world. "What Yankee expressions!" exclaimed an American woman who saw them for the first time; and I myself had already made the same observation. It is the expression of one who is working with a big, far-flung future—that look which we have in common with the Romans of the late republican days; and it is the expression of M. Herriot, mayor of Lyons.

He came to his present work from curious beginnings: before he entered politics he was a professor of rhetoric in the University of Lyons. Yet those who know business in all its aspects tell me that no man better understands what business is about than this leader of the leading commercial community of France. I heard him speak twice; and his oratory has, for all its finish, the direct simplicity of Lincoln's. They are talking of him, down in the Rhone country, as the next President of France; and, if not that, a position in the reconstruction Cabinet is a certainty for him.

Herriot has been behind much work for the troubled and perplexed future that must come to all the European countries after this war. Just now nothing dealing with that future is attracting more attention than the problem of the *mutilés*—the armless, legless or eyeless men this war will turn out by the hundreds of thousands, and who cannot, for the most part, follow their old occupations. Herriot, if he was not the first to see this problem, was at least the first to act. The school he and the other city fathers of Lyons founded last year, to teach the *mutilés* new trades, was the pioneer among hundreds of institutions in France, all working to save for the men themselves and for industry such powers as they have left.

More important, however, Herriot, in common with his community, is working on a problem that touches us lightly, as it touches France heavily. He, like all the other industrial leaders of France, is fighting to keep out Germany after the war is over—to have France in such position, by the time the peace treaty is signed, that she can get along without German goods.

The Struggle for Economic Independence of Germany

LYONS was holding a Sample Fair when I visited the city in March; which in itself was a manifestation of this movement. The annual sample fair at Leipsic has long been an event of importance in the commerce of Europe. To it the buyers of the whole continent came to show their goods and to look over the German goods. It was a fair not for the public, but for the trade. And Lyons sought to express the new independence of German products.

To the casual visitor the Lyons fair looked at first like a rather pathetic exhibition; the main thing he saw to praise was the pluck of the undertaking. There were none of the ordinary trimmings of expositions; there were no side shows, no Midway Plaisance, no fakers or banners or colors. The only thing I saw in the way of entertainment was a mutilated soldier scraping a fiddle by means of a steel frame fastened to the stump of his arm.

Three big public buildings, unoccupied because of the war, held exhibits of machinery, textiles, jewelry, and the like. Another housed a display that looked like a pure-food exhibit at home—the wines, the olives, the oils and grains of Southern France. Along both banks of the beryl-colored Rhone stretched three or four blocks of wooden booths, which had exhibits varying between electric lamps and stationery. You saw none of the far-gathered crowds that mark other expositions. It was hard to get a hotel room on the night when I arrived and the cafés were pretty well crowded. That was all.

It was only when I went over the exhibition with a man who understands the business of France that I understood its importance. Here were exhibitors from Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain and Great Britain, who had always shown samples at Leipsic in previous years, who had worked largely through German agencies, and who had never dealt directly with this rich market. So, too, many of the buyers and agents were having their first intimate touch with the products of Central France. It was strictly a business affair for business men who came to sell and to buy. The gaping public was not invited or wanted, it being the sound French theory that the public has something else to do just now. Many of the exhibits, indeed, have the sign, Buyers Only Admitted; and I had to get an exhibitor's card from the hotel before I was privileged to enter.

I may say, in passing, that notwithstanding our own present opening here the American exhibits were few. Certain firms with agencies in Europe showed such commodities as sewing machines, typewriters and automobile accessories; but we were conspicuously out of it. There was a shift and a mix-up in the consulate when this fair was brewing, and the State Department was either not notified at all or was not impressed with the importance of the exhibition. This failure, I might add, was not due to our present consul, Dr. John E. Jones, who has taken office only recently.

This struggle to shake off German influence in business, to fortify France against German dumping when the war is over, appears to proceed both from reason and from sentiment. The reasonable cause is, indeed, reasonable enough. The anonymous author of *J'Accuse* told his German fellow countrymen, with reason, that they were fools to start this war when, without war, they could have controlled all Europe in fifteen years. The French, handicapped as they were by the most-favored-nation clause in the treaty imposed by Bismarck after 1870, found themselves increasingly dependent on that nation of keen manufacturers and expert traders, so soon to become their enemy; and a business cinch may be just as oppressive as a political cinch.

Italy, at present nominally not at war with Germany and still relieved for the time being from German influence, feels the same opportunity and is working in her own way to the same end. And this, the French and Italians feel, is all the more necessary in that Germany is working with her own future, and is preparing, once the war is over, to pour every ounce of energy she has into the industrial struggle.

Just now, it would seem to the casual observer, the sentimental factor is as strong an element in this new French movement as the practical factor. "Commerce," someone has said, "knows no sentiment." It may be that as soon as the war is over the business community of France will buy and sell in the best market, no matter who owns it—maybe, and maybe not. This war has proved false a great many of our generalizations regarding finance, commerce and economics, and it may overturn this one. For burning hatred it probably holds the record. And in the scale of national hatreds, I should say, the German hatred for the English and the French hatred for the German have a tie for the first place—though, indeed, the Belgian hatred for the German is also very strong and vivid. I have heard Germans at home say that the French and German people really like each other. They are badly deceived.

Perhaps the Germans, in their all-including hatred for England, have not found room to hate the French; further, the valiant, unblemished course of France in this war has drawn admiration even from her enemies. But these innocent Germanic souls do not know the French people and are deceived because France is making so little noise. The French are in a grim, quiet mood over this war and its issues. They do not cheer their regiments or send them forth with brass bands. But these same regiments fight to the last ounce of blood and energy. So they do not invent catchwords or write hymns of hate to express their feelings; but the hatred burns all the fiercer because they give it no such vent. French people in humble circumstances tell you, with a perfect simplicity which carries deep conviction, that they are done with Germany and German goods as long as they live.

I questioned Herriot on this point. "Don't you think," I asked, "that your people will be dealing just as briskly as ever with the Germans three or four years after the war?" "Never!" replied Herriot, and then paused to consider his answer. "A certain part of the commercial class, perhaps," he added. "For them, perhaps, business may know nothing of sentiment. But to get German goods down the people they will at least have to disguise them as American or English or Swiss goods. The boycott will come from the people. If, as soon as this war is over, a German enters a French café, the proprietor will perhaps serve him because he wants the money. But the waiter—he will put a plate on his face!"

I am not in the business of prophesying about this unparalleled upheaval of Europe. Like all the rest who wrote about it, I did some prophesying in the beginning and was proved a fool by the event. Yet it does seem likely, from the mood of the French, that sentiment will cut some kind of figure in German commercial relations during the reconstruction period of Europe. And for the present those who are trying to shake off the commercial domination of Germany are doing nothing to abate this sentiment. It works with their plans.

German Methods of Winning Trade

"BUY in any market but Germany" is the present motto. Here is opportunity for the United States, of course, provided we know how to grasp it. But the course of our exporters toward the foreign market, as I hear the story from French and Italian exporters and from American agents abroad, is such as to make one wonder whether we want European markets or not. Ours, characteristically, is a short game, almost a gambling game; while the Europeans play the long game, and the Germans the longest of all. Our raw materials, such as cotton, wool and foodstuffs, virtually sell themselves. It is manufactured goods that need nursing.

In many varieties of manufactured goods we cannot, of course, compete with such Europeans as the Germans, owing to their cheaper labor and their shorter haul. There remain, however, those things which, owing to our ingenuity, our labor-saving devices and our proximity to raw materials, we make better and cheaper than anyone else. American agricultural machinery is a case in point. Everyone knows how well that has done in the European market. Until recently American typewriters have had the field almost to themselves in certain districts. For products of this class we shall always have a market, provided we know how to make it and to hold it when made. The fact that some goods of this class were superseded, in the five years before the war, by German goods, is due not to better methods of manufacture, but to their skill as traders.

A year or so ago James H. Collins told the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST how well the Germans work the South American market, and how badly we attempt the same job. As I listen to French and Italian business men, to American agents abroad, and to our overworked and unheeded foreign consuls, I realize that it is the same story. The American manufacturer is apt to look upon Europe as a market for hard times. When things go well at home he sells his goods at home. When things go ill he tries the European market. It never seems to occur to him that he may want that market again in the next period of hard times. He makes as much money as he can on the current transaction and lets it go at that. The German is working for that market in good times and in bad, caring less for profits this year than ten years ahead. We never seem really to study the peculiar needs and tastes of European customers. The German studies them narrowly.

Usually the American sells for cash only: "You put the money down in New York and we deliver the goods." Now credit, and rather long credit at that, plays a big part in European business. We can hardly do business in that way, having no facilities. When the Germans plan the commercial invasion of any country, they begin by establishing banks, which "team up" with the manufacturers, and which make a business of looking into credits and of extending credit. They have such banks now in Spain; before the war they had them in France and Italy. They were the foundation of German foreign commerce. The English, working to occupy the holes left by Germany, have grasped this point. The past year has seen a British bank established for this very purpose in Italy.

A great folly and a great handicap, it would appear, has been our way of intrusting American goods to German agencies. With few exceptions, our American exporters have not taken the pains to establish agencies of their own. The German agent, a part of German commercial machinery, naturally favors his own countrymen. He is carrying American and German goods of about the same class and price. Usually the American exporter finds, after two or three years, that his sales, instead of increasing, are fading away. The agent, having special financial inducement to do this very thing, has worked out the American product and worked in the German.

"Cheap German imitations," the English have sneered a generation long. Now these German imitations—not so cheap, either, of recent years—have been worked into the market by these same agents. The agent carries a new American product. He handles it until he finds what market it commands, what profit can be made upon it. Then a German factory begins to imitate. The agent sells both the imitation and the original for a time; but gradually he forces out the American goods with the German.

We shall get no farther until we have our own exclusive agencies, employing agents who understand the people with whom they are dealing. In that matter of agents our merchant manufacturers have made ludicrous mistakes here and there.

You cannot "go at" a Frenchman or Italian as you would at an American. The ways of approach are different. The sharpest Yankee salesman, if he tries to apply strictly American methods, is bound to fail in Europe.

They call us unaccommodating—the merchants of France and Italy; and from their point of view they are right. Italians dealing with France employ clerks to write their business letters in the French language, and vice versa. Usually our letters come in plain, blunt English—an irritation that sometimes amounts to an offense. Last year an Italian merchant tried to order, in New York, five thousand dollars' worth of a certain manufactured commodity. "Sorry," replied the American firm; "but we've never shipped to Italy, and so small an order is not worth our while." The American firm did not imagine the fact that this order was only a feeler. If the goods and the business relation had proved satisfactory the Italian would have increased the order to a hundred thousand dollars a year. Such a feeler would have been welcome in Germany; only there the manufacturer would have gone out at once for the business.

"This is how they work," said an American of great commercial experience abroad. "Let's take electric lamps, for example. A French or Italian jobber needs a hundred thousand lamps a year. The Germans, by means of long credits and other inducements, get him to handle fifty thousand of their lamps—half his yearly business. The other half are French or American. They let this go on for a year or so while they study him—find just how good a risk he is. If he turns out satisfactory they make a new proposition. They will give him the fifty thousand lamps on the old terms. They will give him fifty thousand more on the condition that he pay for them only when they are sold. He, in return, must contract to handle their lamps exclusively. It almost always works."

A National Scale of Business Honesty

AN AMERICAN engineer, whom I met in Madrid, gave this piece of testimony:

"In Mexico, before the war," he said, "we wanted a lot of machine fittings. We were using some rather out-of-date Spanish machinery with a peculiar thread. Naturally I tried an American firm. They replied abruptly that they could not fill the order. They did not make that thread. So I had to try the Germans. They didn't make that thread, either, but they communicated with Hamburg by telegraph and had the fittings specially made. They sold them to us at standard price and lost money on the transaction. But look at the result! A little later we scrapped our old machinery. I was working to get American machinery. But I was only the chief engineer; and the Mexican directors were so taken by the old favor done them by the German firm that they bought in Germany in spite of all I could do!"

There is still another complaint brought by the French and Italian importer against our business methods. A certain class of middlemen in New York, if not directly dishonest, are at least oversharp in their methods. A European talked frankly concerning my countrymen the other day. Usually the Continental is too polite to tell you what he thinks of you, but this man had been rather badly treated. He arranged the nations in the scale of commercial honesty. The Chinese and English led his list, and we were the last nation but one!

Here is a typical transaction, which goes far to explain this feeling: The European generally knows nothing of f. o. b. A French firm orders a commodity laid down in New York, adds to this cost the cost of ocean freight, and figures its profits on that basis. When the goods are delivered there arrives from the American middleman who handles the order a thumping big bill, a bill out of all reason, for transportation across New York—from the freight cars to the docks. This may pay the middleman. It cannot pay American foreign commerce, as a whole. The German wants money as much as anyone, but he does not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. In such a contingency he would be more likely to pay the transfer bill, calling proper attention to the favor as a means of getting more business.

Such is the kind of competition we must supplant if we intend to take advantage of the new commercial situation in France. Whether or not we shall have a live market there depends on the issue of this war, and especially upon one clause in the peace terms between France and Germany. We have thought mostly of the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine as the chief desire of victorious France. That is a sentimental issue and it has turned our minds from a more practical issue. In the peace terms after the war of 1870 Bismarck imposed a most-favored-nation tariff

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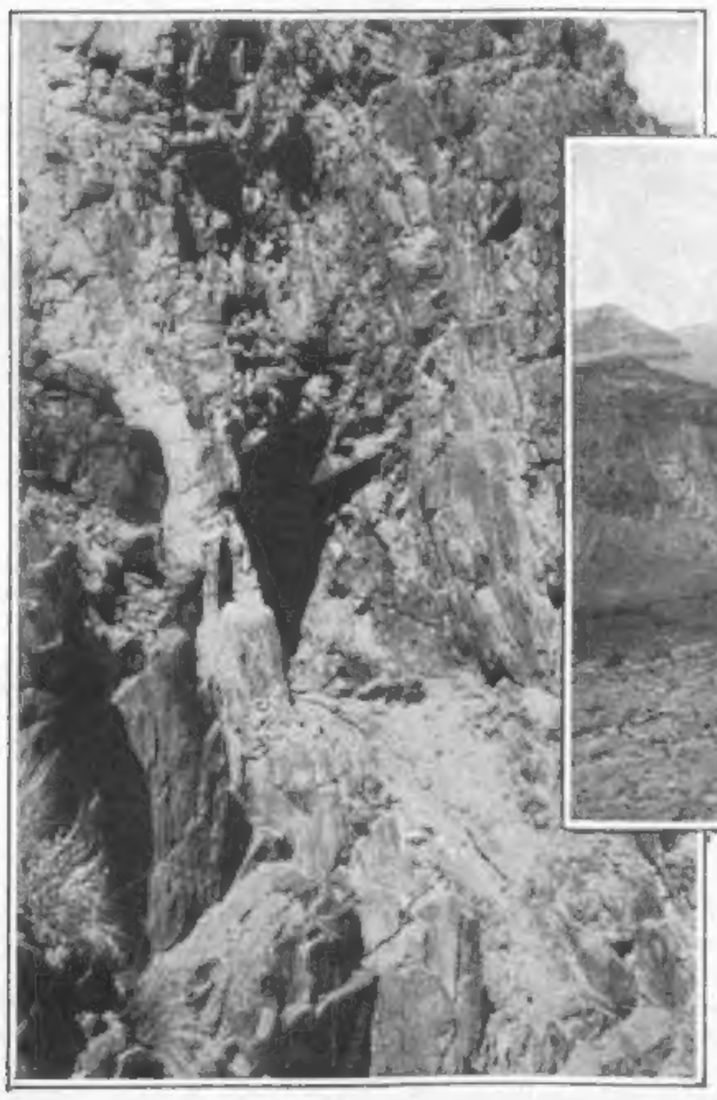
JOHN JONES—GOAT

By
Charles E. Van Loan



These Three Photographs Show Mining Claims Which Have Been Filed at Important Points in the Grand Cañon. The Central Picture Was Taken on the Plateau From Which One of the Finest Views of the Gorge of the Colorado is Obtainable

WITH or without the kind permission of the gentle reader—and he's gentle about fifty per cent of the time, at that—I present Mr. John Jones, of Anytown, U. S. A.

Reader, meet John Jones; John Jones, meet the reader. There! That's over, and it was only done out of politeness, anyway; for you all know John Jones already—some of you, I suspect, too well for your own peace of mind. You see him every day—John Jones rolling to his office in an automobile; John Jones clinging to a strap in the street car; John Jones rushing to catch the five-fifteen; John Jones in the bosom of his family.

Now what every editor knows is that the writer must never deceive the reader; so here goes my last card on the table, face up: If you have any doubts as to the identity of John Jones, look for him in your shaving mirror—he's the fellow with the lather on his face. Now that I have given you this much interest in the principal character, you should, out of sheer decency, read to the first turnover.

John Jones has heard considerable noise about seeing America first, and at last it has penetrated his inner consciousness that there must be something in the country worth seeing, else why are people constantly shouting "See America First"?

John Jones is weary of the daily grind; he has a few spare dollars in the bank or in his right-hand hip pocket; and he decides that he will take a vacation and visit some of the show places of his native land.

Someone mentions the Grand Cañon of the Colorado—someone is always sure to mention it when show places are under discussion, for it is the show place par excellence of the wrinkled old ball on which we live.

It was an East Indian Rajah who said: "I thank my gods that they have permitted me to behold the two greatest sights in the world—a sunrise on the Himalayas and a sunset in the Grand Cañon!"

Without wish to quarrel with any gentleman who wears a sword, one wonders whether the Rajah ever saw the Grand Cañon by moonlight, the Grand Cañon in a storm, the Grand Cañon rim-deep in fog, the Grand Cañon at night; for this gigantic gash in the earth's surface is unique in that it is never twice the same—one wonders why the Rajah dragged in the Himalayas at all!

To return to John Jones: He finds that it is a very easy matter to reach the Grand Cañon; his Pullman car carries him to the very rim. Never mind what he says when the tremendous panorama drops away beneath his feet; for fifty years the wordsmiths of all lands have been searching the hidden pockets of their souls and turning the linings inside out in the hope of discovering an apt and handy phrase in which to describe the sight that rises up and smites John Jones between the eyes as he leans upon the iron railing. The wordsmiths have not found it yet; they are just as far from pulling a linguistic tape measure over the Grand Cañon of the Colorado as they were in the beginning—about four hundred and thirty-two parasangs, to be accurate—and in the attempt they have worn every known adjective threadbare and shabby.

Let us hope that John Jones, being a practical hard-headed citizen, knows his limitations; let us hope that he draws a deep breath and says "Gosh!" or "Gee-whiz!"—and lets it go at that. To proceed farther would be to parade the poverty of his vocabulary.

(Continued on Page 80)

The Upper Photograph Shows One of the Points Now Covered by a Mining Claim, From Which a Wonderful Panorama of the Cañon May be Seen. The Lower Left-Hand Picture Shows the Muddy Strip of the Rim Road Over a Mining Claim. The Right-Hand Picture Shows the Fine Macadam Road Which Has Been Built Along the Rim

MON FILLEUL

Extracts From a Private Correspondence Somewhere in France

Arranged by Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

Somewhere in France, October 10, 1915.

SINCE I wrote you last got me another stripe and the *Médaille de Guerre*, the latter for sprinting to an enemy trench, which looked safer to me than the open, and beating the rest of the bunch to it. Also a couple of minor scratches in the rough-house. And all this excitement because the stork overtook my mother in Paris when on her way from Geneva to New York via Liverpool, and because of my neglecting to declare myself as an American citizen before the French consul when I was eighteen. As a result, here I am, considered an American in America and a Frenchman in France; and, now that France is at war, there seems no way out of it with honor, except to serve.

But that ain't what I started to write about. The other day my company captain, a nice chap named Fauvin, asked me if I had a *marraine*—godmother. Not quite catching on, I told him "Yes," and tapped my rifle, saying that here was one which answered for me when I got my baptism of fire. Then he explained. It appears that the Women of France, in coöperation with the military authorities, have undertaken to cheer up the poor lone scouts of soldiers who have no friends or family to write and send them cigarettes and chocolate and socks, and to visit when on leave. Any lady, whether of the Allies or a friendly neutral, may volunteer to adopt a soldier as her *filleul*, or godson; and her duty then becomes to take a general interest in his health and happiness.

There is quite a lot of red tape about it, as "no triflers need apply"; and they try to fit the *marraine* and *filleul* to each other as well as possible. However, being still sore about Marjorie, I said I appreciated the honor, but had enlisted to forget all that sort of thing; and, though grateful, it didn't strike me as the time for woman stuff; at which he laughed and said *similia similibus curantur*, the hair of the dog idea. . . .

. . . If you want the yacht this winter for a West Indian cruise, go ahead and take her. My string of ponies is entirely at your disposal too. No polo for me this winter! I'm getting dandy practice at keeping my eye on the ball, though. Our friends in the opposite ditch lob 'em over from time to time; and sometimes we duck and sometimes we manage to chuck 'em back before they bust. Quite like dynamiting fish. . . .

Yours, BOB.

I Thought That My Heart Would Stop Beating When He Kissed My Hand

Les Tilleuls, ST. CLOUD, 17 octobre, 1915.

Monsieur: A letter has come by the morning post informing me that my offer to act as *marraine* to one of our brave soldiers has been accepted and that I am to have the honor to act in this capacity to the Sergeant Robert Vernon. Believe me, monsieur, I am quite embarrassed, my only experience as a *marraine* being in the case of the son of a friend. He is in the class of 1936, having been born last May.

But I wish to be a good godmother, monsieur; so I hope that you may give me the pleasure and privilege of executing such commissions as may lie within my power, as well as doing my best to supply any of your little needs. Not knowing just what might prove useful to you, I am sending a small package containing a few trifling things.

SUZANNE DE SERMIZELLES.

Les Tilleuls, ST. CLOUD, 1 novembre, 1915.

. . . To think that my *filleul* should be an American! After all the bad names we have been calling Americans for not having marched when the neutrality of Belgium was violated, and for the submarine warfare, which they have done nothing about! Paps wished me to decline to be *marraine* for an American, as he cannot forgive them their behavior. Of course if our Marquis de La Fayette had not helped them in their Civil War with England and directed their General Washington how to defeat the English and South Americans in the Battle of Gettysburg, they would never have gained their liberty.

My *filleul's* letter is most amusing; but, nevertheless, it is very nice and not at all presuming. He must be only twenty-seven, as he is in the class of 1910. He joined the colors during the first week of the mobilization, being at that time in England. He does not say anything about his position in civil life, but I think it probable that he may have been the chauffeur of some rich Americans, as he says in his letter that the most he ever saw of the country for which he is now fighting was five years ago, when he spent a summer in different parts of France on his back under a large touring car. I am sure that he resembles a *peau rouge* and wears very loose clothes, and is smooth-shaven as an actor or *valet de pied*. But, all the same, he is fighting for France and of his own wish. . . .

SUZY.

Somewhere in France,
15 novembre, 1915.

. . . As pretty as a pouter pigeon, and just as trim and elegant. *Élégante* precisely describes her, though she is only twenty-one and has lived in the country most of her life. But it's in the breed, I reckon.

Her letter in answer to mine was what fetched me; so quaint and classy. I could scarcely wait to get my six-days leave—the first I've had since the bickering began. Hill had my duds all ready; so as soon as I got to Paris I lined out for the Crillon and got fumigated and scrubbed and clipped and polished and powdered and perfumed, then rigged out in my disappearing blues and disappeared in the Travelers' to see if I could flush out anybody I knew. Met Bill, who has spent his time getting in their way at the Embassy since they threw him out of the ambulance service, and we dined at the Club. Next morning I looked up an old Philadelphia lady I know, the Countess d'Acy, and she gave me a line on my *marraine*.

To Think That My Filleul Should be an American!

It appears that Suzy's dad, the Count de Sermizelles, is a rabid old royalist who has always been in wrong with the government, thanks to a caustic pen. His château was not far from where my crowd is holed in now, and comprised three big beet farms and a sugar mill, and part of a village. During the battle of the Aisne the whole place was torn to smithereens, château gutted, farms smashed flat, mills burned, everything gone glimmering and the family ruined. Pretty tough!

Bill offered to spin me out to St. Cloud in his car, which he has put at the disposal of himself and the Embassy; but, being only a *poilu*, which is the same in the French Army as the Tommy in the British and the doughboy in our own, I declined the honor. I found the place to be a picturesque old house in a little park. A buxom old girl, with cheeks like red winter apples, opened the big iron gate and walked beside me to the house, firing questions like a mitrailleuse. She told me that she had three sons *sous le drapeau*. One had lost a leg, and he and another had got both the war and military medals.

You know I've never been cursed with shyness; but I must say that when I was ushered into the salon, where Suzy and her pa and auntie were waiting to receive me, I felt as if my name was Rube Gardensass and I lived in Hay Holler. I felt as raw as an autumn morning in Champagne. But it didn't last long. Let me tell you, *mon vieux*, that if there is anything with more charm and grace than a pretty, well-bred French girl of twenty-one, I don't need it, because she is good enough for me. They were all three of them as kind and warm and hospitable as though I had been one of them, instead of a meddlesome Yank with Quixotic ideas and a mildewed girl grouch.

Let me try, first, to describe my godmother. Suzy gives you the impression of being not one girl, but everything that's nice skimmed off the top of several. She has that finished prettiness which you can only find with race, and seems to grow steadily the more you see of her, so that before long you begin to realize that the loveliness of her is not a quality to be appreciated by every swivel-eyed mutt that pokes along the pike. . . .

Yours, BOB.

Les Tilleuls, ST. CLOUD, 16 novembre, 1915.

. . . when I tell you that *mon brave filleul* is really charming; and if only he were not smooth-shaven and a little less square of jaw he might be quite handsome, though a little after the fashion of a boxer or wrestler. But he has nice hands and feet, and a very good figure, neither short nor tall, but very broad of shoulder, like most Americans. It is probable that he may have some Indian blood, as his hair is thick and black and straight, his eyes piercing, and his mouth almost cruel—it is so straight and firmly set. He looks as if he might enjoy fighting, and I certainly should not care to be the unfortunate opposed to him in an attack.

But he is very modest. I asked him how he had won his medal, and he smiled and answered: "By being afraid." Papa looked so surprised I wanted to laugh. "How being afraid?" he asked. *Mon brave filleul* smiled and answered: "Afraid of being afraid, monsieur." Papa thought it a very good response and very frank. It gives me a little shock

when my *filleul* smiles. His teeth are so strong and white and even. Perhaps that is from his savage blood, as it is said that most North Americans have some Indian blood—just as South Americans have negro. I am sure, though, that my *filleul* must have inherited from the chief of the tribe, as his skin is very fine and clear, and not like that of a person of low origin, which his white ancestors must have been, as he told me that he knew nothing about them beyond the fact that both sides of his family were citizens of New York and Boston before the American Revolution, which was no more than one hundred and forty years ago.

SUZY.

Hotel Crillon, PARIS, 19 novembre, 1915.

. . . Got it, and got it bad! Honest, old chap, I'm crazy about her! But what's the use? I'm apt to get mine any day or come out shy some arms and legs and eyes and teeth and things. Nobody will know anything about the mutilations of this war until it's over. And besides, for all his courteous politeness, it doesn't need a star shell and a night glass to see that the old Count would starve before he'd give his consent to his daughter's marrying an American plutocrat who can't even make dead sure that his family name was come by honest for more than six generations back.

I'm going out to say *au 'voir* to Suzy this afternoon, and I think I'd better take my gas mask along, in case I should feel tempted to make a bad break. Somehow I've got a hunch that my sweet little godmother might find it in her heart to forgive me even if I did. . . . Yours, BOB.

Les Tilleuls, ST. CLOUD, 19 novembre, 1915.

. . . and will you please tell me, *chérie*, why I should feel so frightfully upset at saying *au revoir* to my *filleul*, whom I never laid eyes on until five days ago, and who is not the least particle of my world, or even of my race. He is a foreigner, an American, not even one of our brave Allies; in civil life a chauffeur—or perhaps a little more than that, for when I asked him he told me that he was a racing driver. And yet, *chérie*, I thought that my heart would stop beating when he rose and kissed my hand; and after he had gone I went to my room and wept for an hour, and then spent another hour in removing the signs of it. What an idiot I am! And he was always so respectful and polite, and his manners left nothing to be desired. . . .

. . . perhaps I should not have done so, but I gave him the miniature painted by Gaston and set in the silver locket. . . .

Ten o'clock.—Something has happened to chase away my chagrin at saying *au revoir* to my *filleul*. Papa has received a letter from his Intendant, M. Webber, saying that permission has been received from the military authorities for us to occupy Le Bois Fourchu Farm, which, as you know, is not far from the château. It appears that the mills are not as damaged as was thought, and papa is anxious to see what can be done about getting them in operation again as their sugar output is important and the beet harvest was very large. Le Bois Fourchu is actually within range of the enemy's artillery; but there is little activity in that sector. And now a secret! The regiment of my *filleul* is intrenched not five kilometers from Le Bois Fourchu Farm, and directly between it and the enemy lines. So *mon brave Robert* is destined to be one of our protectors. . . .

Hotel Crillon, PARIS. November 19, 1915.

. . . and am sending you, through your Paris correspondent, the proper articles for a codicil to my will, by which presents, in the event of my death, my holdings in the French War Loan are to be left to Mademoiselle Suzanne de Sermizelles, to be expended by her or her appointees in any way she may see fit for the amelioration of the condition of French war victims. . . .

Yours truly, ROBERT VERNON.

Somewhere in France. December 20, 1915.

. . . back home in the trench again, with nothing much to do but trap rats and think of Suzy. So I don't bother with the rats. Our friends the enemy keep us guessing, though. Either they've got second sight or else some most efficient and ingenious spy back of our lines, as every time a movement occurs their gunners get on to it immediately and send their cards. They welcomed a fresh regiment sent to relieve us for a bit the other day, and there seems no possible means by which they could have located them, as a rat couldn't slip through our lines into theirs, and our airmen are so keen that they have the enemy craft bluffed clean out of the blue. If it's spy work it must be mighty slick. . . .

. . . can't seem to get my darling little godmother out of my head long enough to write you a letter. It's getting worse every day; and, all modesty aside, I'm beginning to believe that I'm not the only victim. Our letters have been getting gradually more and more—well, say, sympathetic; that's an elastic term in French. I hate to crowd things, in view of the spring offensive we all seem to be counting on and which promises to be some scrap; but, just the same, I was awfully tempted after reading Suzy's last letter to write the old Count and tell him bang out who I am and what I've got to offer a wife, and ask his permission to try to win the heart of my lovely fairy godmother. . . .

Yours, BOB.

Les Tilleuls, Christmas Day.

. . . just returned from high mass at La Madeleine, where I prayed of the Sainte Vierge to guard and protect you, *mon chéri filleul*, and when this frightful war shall be at an end to return you safely to those who love you and whom you love. I have thought of you so much in your constant danger, and I try to send a message of comfort to you every night when I slip into my soft warm bed and think of you huddled in your wet and freezing trench. . . .

SUZANNE.

Somewhere in France. 25 decembre, 1915.

. . . that, although I am aware, monsieur, of your objection to the attitude taken by the United States since the beginning of this great struggle . . . thanks to the great commercial conceptions of my father and grandfather, whose imagination, no doubt inherited from their French forbears, was able to see the tremendous possibilities of our continent if properly developed by vast railroad systems. . . . in spite of my American parentage and affiliations, the mere fact that I am here at the front, fighting for France . . .

. . . purely for my own feeling in the matter, which would not permit me to settle less than f.1,000,000—one million francs—upon Mlle. de Sermizelles.

ROBERT VERNON.

Le Bois Fourchu Farm.
10-me. janvier, 1916.

. . . The distant roar of artillery, swelling at times to die away again, reminds me of the thunder from the surf as it reached our ears when we had our villa at Biarritz. It rises and falls as did the surf with the changes of wind and tide. . . .

The Captain Plainly Informed Us That We Were Under Arrest

But for that it would be impossible to believe the war so near, and that at this very moment *mon brave filleul* may be fighting not ten kilometers from where I sit before the hearth in this old low-ceilinged kitchen, writing by the light of a candle.

I do not wish him to know that I am here, however, *chérie*, because I am not altogether pleased with the change in his way of writing, which for some reason has become so formally banal as to make me blush when I think of some of my own letters. Do you think that he considers me lacking in modesty? What is he, I should like to know, to criticize Suzanne de Sermizelles? . . .

. . . So when I write him again, which may not be for some time, I shall send you the letter and ask you to mail it from Paris when you go in town.

It is odd to see such of the farm personnel as are left going about their work as though the war were a thing of the past which had ceased to exist. You see, *chérie*, Le Bois Fourchu got off very lightly, being tucked away on the edge of the forest and well off the avenues of advance and retreat. We are really very comfortable and not entirely without the accessories of a farm, as the enemy in passing had no time to plunder or destroy, and the farmer had driven the stock and poultry into the wood and managed later to recover a large part. Many cabbages and potatoes were also left in the fields and the grange still contains a considerable amount of foodstuff. . . .

I should really rather enjoy being here, so near the seat of war, if it were not for that odious M. Webber, the Intendant, whom papa engaged when M. Chevillat died, two years ago, and whom I have always distrusted and disliked. He has a way of looking at me that gives me the creeps, and he seems to be forever turning up where least expected. Papa has never liked him very much, himself, I am sure; but he says he is an excellent manager and very highly *diplômé*. . . .

SUZY.

By carrier-pigeon post: No heading:

37694215087402196534209783115766209743579836287540014285714098563012349646482 9

Translation:

"Discretion required presence of proprietor. Feared arousing suspicion. Return to first correction card of compass on twelfth January. Pigeons dangerous. Watch continually S.W.W. from G-23 Post for light signals. (Signed) Agent 379."

Somewhere in France.
January 20, 1916.

. . . and no more polite or kindly courteous letter was ever written. But, as a double cross opposite my name as a candidate for the pretty hand of my sweet Fairy Godmother—as I have been recently addressing Suzy—it couldn't have been plainer if it had been burned into my flank with a branding iron. The old Count certainly is a past master of the gentle art of dropping bombs on one's head from a great altitude. A Zeppelin couldn't have managed it better. If mine was a sample of the sort of letter he writes to the press about the government, I only wonder that he wasn't exiled years ago. He did not even request that my correspondence with his daughter be discontinued, but seemed to take it for granted that the *noblesse oblige*, which he gave me credit for in spite of my lowly origin, would guarantee my own censoring. Which shows that the old coot knows his human nature, as that is precisely what I have done—much, I imagine, to poor Suzy's surprise and indignation, as I haven't had a letter since my last, which was written on New Year's Day. . . .

Later:

. . . and, since writing the above, I have been through more emotions than are good for even a *poilu*. . . .

. . . not my regular job; and, considering what a rotten night it was and my slight knowledge of the country, I should have passed it up. But I was the only one handy who could ride a bucking motorbike, so it was up to me.

The dispatch riders of our sector are not apt to forget that night. Twelve hours of freezing rain, followed by a bitter east wind, had brought down and short-circuited many of the telephone lines and made the roads in places a *mer de glace* of frozen mud. When I started out the wind had dropped, and the air was damp and heavy and felt as though the weather were going to moderate. The stars were being slowly obscured by a high haze and, before I'd got far, it was as black as pitch, and the road jumped up in the glare of my strong headlight like a rampart of broken rock. I had to hoof it a good deal, but got to S—— in about an hour and delivered my dispatches. A rider I met there, who knew the country all about the place like his

own back yard, told me that I could save time and trouble on the way back by taking a little communal road, which was scarcely ever used and led through a district called Le B— F——.

So back I started, and had got within about a kilometer of this Le B— F—— place when I struck a drain across the road—what they call a *caniveau*—and busted my blooming bike smack in two. It broke at the fork. I came a good cropper, but wasn't hurt; so I hopped up and shoved the fore and after fragments of the bike into the bushes at the foot of a tree, barked the tree so as to know the spot, and hiked along the best I could. The dispatch rider had told me that there was a big beet farm along there somewhere, and I hoped that I might be able to borrow a bicycle, or a horse or something, to take me the rest of the way.

It was then about nine o'clock and the weather seemed to be getting thicker. I hadn't walked far before I saw the flicker of a light ahead, and presently a big black mass rose up against the faint glimmer of the sky. At the same moment I heard the beat of an aëroplane motor, which from the sound must have been up about two thousand feet. "One of our chaps scouting for Zeps," I thought, as there had been two or three tries over us for Paris and the Marne Valley.

The farm was like most of its kind in France—a quadrangle of buildings, inclosing a big yard that could take a couple of hundred head of cattle without crowding them. It was situated quite near the edge of the woods through which I had been riding, and I approached it from the side where there was a big gate opening on the road. This was unlocked; so I went in and was walking across the court to the farmhouse, which was opposite and in the window of which was the light I had seen, when I noticed a sudden peculiar flash in the air over one of the buildings on the right. You could scarcely call it a flash. It wasn't bright enough. It looked more like the reflection of a flash against the haze which was forming in the air, and that is precisely what it proved to be. . . .

What Sergeant Vernon saw:

.– .–.– — ..— . .. .– .— —— ..—

–.–. –.–. .–.– .... –.– .....

Translation:

"Concrete base for big guns now completed in Le Bois Fourchu Sugar Mill. No suspicion, owing to work of repairs. . . ."

. . . didn't take me but a second to get wise. Somebody had lifted a few tiles from the peak of the roof and was flashing signals straight up, and these signals were being read by an enemy aëroplane overhead.

So here was the way they were getting tipped off so fine and dandy as to be able to drop a "marmite" into a box of "singe" on a motor *camion* eight or ten kilometers away. It was a hundred-per-cent efficiency scheme and fairly safe, as the aviator could stop his motor from time to time and listen for the drum of an Allies' plane; besides which, the Johnnie in the barn probably had a microtone at his ear and was listening on his own hook. Also, the signals could probably be seen in a very small radius directly overhead.

"Ain't you the cunning little foxes!" I said to myself, and stood there for a few moments, wondering what to do about it. My first idea was to bust up the show then and there; but on second thought I saw that the business was too darned important to risk a fluke, and that my best move was to paddle out for headquarters as tight as I could go and report what I'd seen. It was only about four kilometers back over the road I'd come; so I slipped out of the farmyard, shut the gate, peeled down to running trim, hid my outer clothes, and hit the grit.

Fortunately I was in good training and it didn't take me long to climb over that stretch of road. About ten words of my yarn was enough to get swift action; and in less time than it takes to tell I was baled up in a borrowed overcoat and astride a horse, with a ferocious-looking captain beside me and twenty troopers at our heels.

We dismounted within about five hundred yards of the farm and the captain threw his men round to encircle the inclosure. He and I and two others stole into the yard and stood for a moment looking and listening. There was no sound of the aëroplane, no flashes, and the light in the window of the farmhouse had gone out. So we slipped across to the big stone grange, where I had seen the reflections, and went up the ladder to the loft; and as we did so we noticed a distinct smell of *carbure*. At one end there was a ladder thrown carelessly against the wall; on raising this and examining the tiles just below the ridgepole we found four of them to be detachable. Evidently the spy had stood at the top of the ladder and flashed his signals by means of an *autogénérateur* motor searchlight.

But the spy had apparently finished his message and cleared out; so there was nothing to do but round up everybody in the place and overhaul them later. I was sorry, then, that I had not potted the cuss while he was at work, and said so; but the captain seemed to think I had acted properly, and pointed out that otherwise I might have given the alarm to confederates in and about the farm. So we crossed the court and he rapped on the door with the butt of his pistol.

Almost immediately a window opened overhead and a man's voice, which sounded very familiar to me, asked:

"What is the matter?"

"Everybody here is under arrest!" the captain barked out. "The farm is surrounded by a guard and whoever attempts to escape will be shot. Have your household dress and come down immediately." And then, as the man leaning out the window did not appear to move, he ripped out a savage: "*Dépêchez vous!*"

"Right away, monsieur!" said that same puzzlingly familiar voice, and the window was swung to.

Lights began to move about in different parts of the big old house, and presently we heard the bolts being drawn and the heavy oak door swung open. The captain stepped inside and I followed him. And then, as I looked at the tall, white-haired, white-mustached man facing us, lamp in hand, and the white-cloaked figure at his side, I nearly went over backward. Honest, old boy, it gave me less of a jolt when the fork of my motor bike had snapped, a little while before! I could only stand there and goggle; for the fierce old chap glaring at us over his lamp was the Count de Sermizelles, whom I had every reason to think was safe in St. Cloud, and the girl in the white dressing gown was my Fairy Godmother! . . .

Le Bois Fourchu Farm. 1 février. 1916.

. . . Imagine the situation, *chérie!* To be dragged away from one's prayers for the safety of one's *filleul*, and, slipping into *pantoufles* and a *peignoir*, to descend and find one's self confronted by this *brave garçon* himself, and a red-whiskered, fire-breathing monster of a captain of dragoons, with a drawn revolver, who informs us that we are arrested for communicating with the enemy!

Never shall I forget the face of my poor *filleul!* And, in fact, his *tout ensemble*. To begin with, he had apparently fallen off his horse or out of an aëroplane, or something of the sort, for his hair was full of mud and one cheek appeared to have been flayed. He had on an overcoat which must have been made for a giant and which gave him the appearance of a sentry standing inside his box. When his eyes met mine I feared they were going to fall out upon the kitchen tiles, and I never before realized what a large mouth he had and how very many nice white teeth.

And here beside me was papa, equally astonished and in the most terrible rage, and convinced that he was being made the victim of a conspiracy. All of this, no doubt, sounds very droll; but whatever may have been amusing about it departed quickly when the captain more plainly and politely informed us what had occurred, and also that we were to consider ourselves under arrest and not to attempt to leave the house under penalty of being fired upon.

Of course I realized immediately that for the last two years we must have been harboring a spy in the person of Webber, the Intendant; and so must papa have done, also. But he was so furious that anyone should for an instant

(Continued on Page 76)

THE SLIPPER TONGUE

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IN THE Sand Hills the wind has nothing to do but blow, the sand nothing to do but drift, the water nothing to do but collect into lakes in the valleys, and the grass nothing to do but wait for cattle to come along and crop it. But the people who live in the Sand Hills—the honest ones—they have to work for their living.

"We'll take to-morrer off and finish the job," said Big Bill Angus. "And they won't be no sheruff needed. Only the currinor."

"I shall hope to be spared a lingering death or ——" observed Cranner in his careful speech.

"Or what?"

"Or I shall refuse to serve."

Big Bill laughed scornfully.

"Hear um!" he said. "The slipper tongue shall refuse to serve!"

The prisoner made no reply, but watched the remaining preparations in the detached attitude of a casual spectator. When the last empty box had been carried out and the lamp placed on the floor and the thongs removed from his arms and the door closed and padlocked on the outside, he turned and seated himself.

"I wonder how they came to suspect me," he mused.

Cranner sat for a while on the edge of the bed, rubbing his slender wrists where the rope had cut into them. He was in narrow quarters. He had been overtaken riding one horse and leading two others—overtaken by the owners of the horses. Had the night been fifteen minutes older or his start fifteen minutes longer he would not have been caught. On the other hand, had there been a tree as big as a man's ankle within fifteen miles he would not have been thrust into Andy McShane's empty storeroom for the night. On the whole he had been rather lucky.

The room had been stripped of contents except for a lighted kerosene lamp and the old iron bed on which he sat. The bed was equipped with a mattress and blankets and stood against the side wall opposite the door. The lamp stood on the floor beside the door. At the end of the room a single window, consisting of a swinging sash turned sideways, pierced the thick sod wall. Through this window the sentry outside could now and then be seen as he looked in to make sure the slipper tongue was not up to devilment. Rickets Levy, of the BB outfit, had the first watch. Although only a young man, Rickets was entirely bald, even to his eyebrows. He was not much of a rider, but he was a quick and sure shot and as cold-blooded as a fish.

After he had rubbed the furrows out of his wrists, picked the burrs from the hem of his trousers legs and emptied his shoes of sand, the horse thief rose to turn down the lamp. But the sentry rapped sharply on the glass and, when the prisoner indicated that the light hurt his eyes, leveled his automatic pistol upon him. As the sight of black steel hurt Cranner's eyes more than the light, there was nothing to do but abandon the light project. He therefore threw himself upon the bed, feet toward the window, and lay watching Rickets until the bald cowboy resumed his beat. Then, without moving from his position, but from behind the shelter of half-closed eyelids, he began taking stock of his surroundings.

Although unplastered, the room was supplied with a firm wooden floor; the roof was absolutely sound; the one door was strong and padlocked; the one window well guarded, with reënforcements within call; the walls two furrows thick—nearly two feet.

Not much comfort here.

The bed was pulled out from the wall three or four inches. Cranner extended his right hand gropingly and crumbled a flake of the hard loam between his fingers.

"Not marsh sod," he told himself. "Thick and tough, but light soil. I wonder how long my fingers would last scratching at it. Not long, I fear."

He lay back upon the bed, considering. Rickets Levy was on guard, and after him some other BB man, perhaps Mennie Wade or Stub-Lou Tate. All of them were up to tricks. He had no implements or tools of any kind. Any movement he might make would instantly be seen by the guard, because of the lamp. He pondered the possibility of throwing the blanket over the lamp. Easily done, but what then? The door was padlocked—no chance there. The window was closed and guarded. The roof was strong and wholly out of reach. He came back to the wall. Outside, he did not know where, were his captors. As likely as not some of them were camping against the side wall. But just as likely they were not. With tools there might be a chance. Give him a penknife or a nail, or even a thin dime, and he might work himself free. But he had nothing. They had stripped him of everything that could possibly be used for digging, except his teeth and the bones inside of him.

Unless it was —— Why not?

He considered the situation more carefully. The lamp on the floor was below the level of the bed. The shadow cast by the bed, therefore, fell upon the wall somewhat high. Eighteen inches of shadow. Seen from the bed the shadow was not deep enough to conceal anything; but seen from the darkness outside, and with the heightening due to the natural blackish-gray of the wall, it might conceal a good deal.

Cranner, his half-closed eyes upon the window, now allowed his fingers to rest upon the lower button of his coat. This he quietly twisted off. After a few experiments he managed to hold it between his thumb and forefinger in such manner as to save his fingertips and yet permit of action upon the sod. He had to work blindly, by the sense of touch alone, and progress was slow—here a crumb, there

a pinch of loam, then a careful loosening of dried rootlets, with fumblings and gropings and slow disintegrations. His fingertips became blistered; his muscles ached; the button, held less firmly, began to slip in his grasp until he feared he would lose it. He could not dig in a tangent, but had to work more or less in a radius from his elbow; but after two hours he had a fan-shaped hole extending almost through the wall, and not a suspicion aroused.

It was not, however, until two hours after midnight that the hole was large enough to permit the easy passage of his body, and even then the cavity was only a blind one. The outside surface of the wall was still unbroken. The remaining shell was exceedingly frail, and his captors near. If the shell collapsed, the noise would inevitably bring discovery.

Cranner now worked his hand along the roof of the cavity and began carefully digging outward through the shell that remained. When his fingers finally felt for and removed the last clod of loam, and the wall was pierced, he began quickly and cautiously lifting away the dirt underneath. His right hand had almost lost all feeling, but bit by bit, particle by particle, he lifted it away—matted roots, grass, soil—depositing the débris between the bed and the wall, as he had been doing; and all the while he watched the window for the sentry, his eyes seemingly closed, and all the while he listened for a movement of discovery outside, until the hole had been cleared and he was ready.

From this point his action was quick and sure. Watching the movements of the sentry—Mennie Wade, who had replaced Rickets Levy, was nearing the end of his watch—he waited while that roughrider perfunctorily looked into the room and turned away. Then he suddenly sat upright, swung his feet round, and slipped himself into the hole he had so patiently burrowed through the east wall of Andy McShane's sod storeroom.

Mennie Wade walked to the west corner of the building, rolled a cigarette, struck a match, then another, drew four or five deep mouthfuls of smoke to make sure the fires were burning, and then walked back to the window. Dull business this—of standing guard over a sleeping man! Still, it had to be done. He perfunctorily looked in through the glass, as before, and as before turned away. Then it came over him that Cranner was no longer lying on the bed, and he returned to the window. A wakeful prisoner is none the worse for watching.

But Cranner was not to be seen elsewhere in the room. And that was not all. Now that his body no longer helped to conceal it, in the wall behind the bed appeared a large hole; not distinctly seen even so, but yet somehow extremely convincing. It was a matter of five seconds to run round the corner of the storehouse and investigate. Mennie was not deceived; the hole was there.

After that the storehouse was the center chiefly of turmoil—pistol shots, cries, explanations, oaths, a hasty saddling of horses, and the departure in pursuit. The pursuit was more a matter of form than of substance. The McShane buildings had been placed as near the hills as possible, in order to get the advantage of their shelter from the winds of winter. Cranner had taken refuge in these hills. The night was dark. The hills were difficult riding, even in the daytime.

"No good," said Big Bill. "Drop ut till to-morrer."

"Ef we had a headlight ——"

"Well, we ain't "

"Think he'll get away, Bill?" Mennie was becoming worried.

"That slipper tongue? He can't do nothun."

"That's right," agreed Stub-Lou Tate. "Two hours till mornun—what chancet he got on foot in the Sand Hills? Come daylight so yuh can see, and we'll comb him out! And the nex' time we ketch um "

"No railroad nex' time!" cried Rickets. "Ef we can't find a limb, drag um, I say!"

"We'll split and work in different directions. We got enough, with some more we can pick up."

"And then drag um, Bill!"

"Leave um to us, Bill! We'll fix the chalk-tooth slipper tongue!"

II

THE Sand Hills lie like a gigantic left hand over the northwestern portion of Nebraska. If the state were folded twice, like a sheet of note paper, so as to be divided into three equal parts, and this hand of the Sand Hills placed upon it, two of these parts would lie partly under the hand. The depression between the little finger and the third would be the valley of the Elkhorn, in the north; the depression between the thumb and first finger would be the valley of the Middle Loup, in the south; and between them would lie the thousand lakes and million blow-outs of the treeless, grass-bound dunes.

Imagine a succession of mountain ranges, one rising above another, and then repeated, with fertile valleys between; these valleys containing lakes rather than streams; these ranges lying now parallel, now athwart one another almost at random, like so many pea-pods spread out on the floor; each range composed of tier upon tier of individual peaks; each peak conical and hollowed out at the top in the form of a crater; and the whole constructed not out of granite or lava, but out of dune sand. Imagine a vast sand glacier made up of such ranges and craters and valleys, the whole flowing steadily down the uptilted plateau of Nebraska toward the Missouri River and then suddenly anchored: a broad region of sand jutting into the clay lands to the east. Railroads run up to the eastern edge of this dead sand glacier and stop. Far to the north a trunk line occupies the valley of the Elkhorn; far to the south another trunk line the valley of the Middle Loup. Aside from these there are no railroads—only wind-excavated wagon roads, and not many of them.

She was tall, but not too tall, and slender, but not too slender; she had quantities of reddish blackish brownish hair; the features of her oval face were regular, but not too regular; her eyes were blue and deep; her cheeks were supplied with dimples, and also with those mysterious delicacies of coloring that poets in the absence of better expression are fond of comparing to the coarser *Amygdalus persica*, or peach, the color of which, according to the dictionary, is "whitish, beautifully flushed with red"; and she displayed perfect teeth when she smiled.

The Jones family, of which Anna was the daughter, consisted of three persons; but the father lived in Omaha and does not enter this story. He had taken up a Sand Hills claim the preceding spring, leaving his two children behind to live on the place.

Dick and Anna were thus aliens, immigrants, outlanders, city folk, and as such were not especially sought in the Sand Hills.

Zed White, one of their nearest neighbors, brought the news. A posse from the BB ranch to the west had caught a horse thief the evening before, but he had escaped during the night by digging a hole through a wall at McShane's and was thought to have fled in this direction. The Heron Lake crowd were now searching the hills to the north, under the direction of Stub-Lou Tate, of the BB outfit. The two Egan boys were out, and Jim Blatchford, and old man Dickerson, and the Hardings, father and son, and the three Whites, and ten or fifteen others. Dick Jones was cordially invited to join them.

"The slipper tongue's beatun ut afoot," explained Zed. "The BB bunch trackut um into the hills, but they's lost um. The wind spiled the tracts."

Whatever his other faults, Zed at least was no slipper tongue.

"What's a slipper tongue?" asked Anna.

"Hoss thief Cranner—he's one. And—and ——"

But Zed's ideas of inclusion and exclusion were of the vaguest, and his stock of illustrations low. He, therefore, had to drop the subject. Definitions are not exactly articles of commerce in the Sand Hills.

"You don't need to feel afraid, sis," said Dick. "Zed says they've already beat up all the hills."

"Lookut," began Zed on this new tack. "They's climbed every blow-out 'tween yere and Forrest's. He ain't in five mile, no direction."

"I'll take Bill. You can keep Duke and the shotgun, to make you feel safer. You know the shells—the buckshots are all marked on the wad."

"He's probably desperate," objected Anna, thinking of her brother's safety.

"Lookut. He ain't got nothink, gun er nothink. Only jes' his hands. Wat ken he do?"

"He isn't armed, and I'll have the automatic. Don't worry about me, sis."

"If you'll be careful," assented his sister dubiously.

While he was saddling Bill, Anna prepared him some sandwiches and filled the canteen with fresh water.

"Bother the canteen! We'll work round to somebody's well for water "

Dick thereupon rode off down the east road with Zed. The girl moved the horse closer to the house, where she could keep an eye on him, loaded both barrels of the shotgun with buckshot, and went on with her work; for she was used to staying alone and was not afraid. The dog would see that no one approached without warning.

Dick had left shortly after nine. During the day Anna now and then glanced out to where old Pete was switching flies, wondering idly whether they had caught the horse thief and whether they would return with him past the house. At half-past five she started out to find Dell, the cow. As she did not like to leave the horse unguarded she took him with her. She carried the shotgun, together with three extra shells, No. 8 shot, in case she should come upon a covey of chickens. Duke accompanied her as a matter of course.

Dell was nowhere in sight; but Anna remembered seeing her headed over the shoulder of Golden Rod Spur earlier in the day. Dell was sometimes fond of the grass in Pleasant Vale; she might be there. Or she might be in any one of the three or four little hollows in the neighborhood of the blow-out called Popocatepetl. Pleasant Vale was the more likely. The girl, therefore, set out over Golden Rod, gun in one hand and coil of rope in the other, followed dutifully by Pete, and with Duke making wide detours in every direction. To Duke, who was half pointer, the gun meant chickens. He was not concerned with the buckshot shells.

The Sight of Black Steel Hurt His Eyes More Than the Light

Duke had quickly passed on over the ridge out of sight. Below to the south lay the little valley with its lake. To the north rose range upon range of blow-outs, each cone-shaped and hollowed out at the top and each sparsely grassed over on the outside, but inside often as bare of vegetation as the crater it resembled. The sand in these, while sometimes packed and hard, was more frequently quite loose, especially at the bottom. Some of these craters were large and deep; others were shallow and smaller. But whether deep or shallow, large or small, their characteristics were substantially identical.

The highest of these crater-cupped hills, and also the nearest, was Popocatepetl.

As Anna made her way up the ridge with the horse she heard Duke barking back in the hills at the left. She turned, but could not see him.

Her first thought was that the dog had found the horse thief. For an instant she did not know whether to turn and run for the house or try to hide among the hills. Her heart pounded painfully. But the next moment she knew that the idea was absurd. Duke never barked at strangers except at the house. It was unusual for Duke to bark at anything while in the field. He was accustomed to keep his own counsel, as a good pointer should. Noisy dogs find few chickens. Even skunks failed to irritate him to the point of barking. She had known him, however, to bark when he had run a badger to cover, and once when he had chased a rabbit into a hole under a sand-cherry root and couldn't get at him.

Duke continued his barking for a while, and then stopped. Every dog has to stop barking some time. Duke was a wise old dog. Probably he had decided that Verdun could not be taken.

Anna now became conscious that Duke had returned and was tugging at her dress. She stamped her foot and drove him off; but instead of going away he merely began circling round her, as if trying to attract her attention in another manner. He would whine, and wait, and start away from her sideways, with turned head; then repeat the action; then run up to her and turn, whining; then, gaining courage, again tug at her dress. Finally she stopped.

"What is it, Duke?"

The dog's delight in attracting her serious attention left no doubt in her mind as to his meaning. He had found something he wished to show her, something he considered important.

"What is it? Yes, I'll let you take me to it."

Leading the horse, and with her gun in the crook of her arm, ready for use, she followed Duke up the slope, and then round and down a little hollow, and straight up the steep side of the crater of Popocatepetl. She reached the edge of the blow-out as Duke made his way down the slope inside. Even here he was looking round to make sure she was following.

"What is it, Duke?" she asked, looking down.

When the dog saw that she had stopped he again began barking, now on one side of the crater, now on the other, but always with his interest centered below. There was no hole—no animal would dig a hole at such a point. The sand lay undisturbed except for Duke's antics. Absolutely nothing was there!

And then the humor of the situation came over her, and she seated herself on the edge of the crater and laughed. The blow-out was quite empty. No badger, no hole, only a conical sand-pit with the wind swirling inside it! Wise old Duke, barking at an empty blow-out!

"Come, Duke! Come, old fellow!" she called after a moment. "It won't hurt you. That's a blow-out, Duke. You've surely seen blow-outs before!"

His mistress could be as skeptical as she chose. The dog knew what he was talking about. That drifting sand was not sand at all! It was—he couldn't tell her what. But worth looking into! He ran up the side of the blow-out and back again. He whined. He barked. The more she shook her head, the more certain he became.

And then a doubt began to steal over the girl. Something down there in that crater, something that she couldn't see, was important. Perhaps the sand hid something—or meant something—or was something—some unimaginable thing. It was almost uncanny.

She now saw that Duke was centering his attention upon a bit of tumbleweed that had drifted into the sand at the bottom. Cocking the hammers of her gun, she raised the stock to her shoulder and took aim. She had once discharged a load of No. 4 into a coiled rattlesnake with satisfactory effect. In this case there was no snake—the bit of tumbleweed was not large enough to conceal anything—but a shot would doubtless prove to the dog that there was nothing there.

But she remembered that she had only two buckshot shells with her, and that she still had much to learn about the Sand Hills, and that Dick on his way home might hear the shot and ask what she was shooting at, and—oh, many things! One of her first lessons concerning the use of firearms included the emphatic rule that you must never shoot until you are sure what you are shooting at.

So, instead, she looked round to make certain that all was well toward the house, unwound enough rope from Pete's coil to allow her to reach the bottom, and carefully descended the crater. With gun pointed and finger on trigger she approached the tumbleweed. Possibly it concealed some venomous Sand Hills tarantula or scorpion or centipede that she did not know about. Anyhow, whatever lay beneath lay at the mercy of her two barrels loaded with buckshot.

She thrust her gun barrel into the weed, gave it a sharp toss, and dislodged it from its anchorage.

And then she saw!

Springing backward, she held her gun pointed at the thing at her feet. There in the sand at the bottom of the blow-out, all but buried, dust-covered until it had become all but indistinguishable from the gray dune sand of the hills, was a human face!

III

"IF YOU will oblige me by pointing the muzzle of that hideous gun away from my face I will gladly surrender to you," said the thing in the sand.

Anna could not reply for a moment because of the wild pounding of her heart. What if she had fired into the tumbleweed? What if the outlaw were lying there dead at her hand?

"I am at present harmless."

"I almost shot you!" she gasped.

"That is the trouble with people when they become excited. One can never count on them."

Her first thought was followed swiftly by another: What if the outlaw were to offer battle when he found she was alone? For she did not doubt that this was the escaped horse thief.

"Who are you?"

"I think you must know. If you would be so good—a charge at this distance in the eyes—I don't mind my complexion, but No. 6 in the eyes ——"

"Buckshot," said Anna grimly.

"I would shrug my shoulders at the distinction, but I fear you might misunderstand the movement, or lose your balance, amounting to the same thing. The trigger action of these shotguns is so infernally light —— However, if you insist ——"

"It will not do you any good to deny your guilt."

"I admit my guilt."

"You admit you are ——"

"A horse thief? Yes. What harm is there in that?"

Anna was still in the grip of the panic that had swept over her when she lifted the tumbleweed.

She still shuddered to think how near she had come to shooting, and found herself feeling illogically grateful to the man in the sand that she had not murdered him. On the other hand, he was plainly trying to throw her off her guard.

But she was unjust there. Cranner was not thinking of the possibilities of escape. He was thinking of the picture she made standing at his knee with her shotgun aimed at his face.

"Don't move!" she said.

He looked up at her quizzically.

"Is my face very dirty?"

"How should I know!"

"I fear my appearance is not such as to recommend me. Had I suspected you were coming ——"

"They said you were a slipper tongue. Why did they call you that?"

"I have no idea. You see, I'm not a home product, and miss the finer distinctions of the local idiom. I'm what might be called imported goods—like yourself."

With Gun Pointed and Finger on Trigger She Descended the Crater and Approached the Tumbleweed

"Never mind about myself!" said Anna sharply. And then, noting the effect of her rebuke: "Why do you steal horses?"

"For me to give a correct answer would require a knowledge of sociology beyond my humble attainments. Why shouldn't I be a horse thief? Why shouldn't anyone be what he is? Why shouldn't you be what you are? I don't know what you are, but I gather from your scornful tones that you are not a horse thief."

"Certainly not!"

"A thief catcher."

"If you think I was out hunting for you - "

Absurd that a good woman should care what a thief thinks of her; yet good women sometimes do care.

"This is the sheerest accident. I was looking for Dell."

"Who is Dell?"

"Dell is our cow."

"I see. Looking for your cow with a gun loaded with buckshot."

"I brought the gun along merely for safety."

"Is Dell attached to the end of the rope you hold in your hand, may I ask?"

"That is Pete's rope. Pete is our horse."

"I see."

"I just brought him along also."

"For safety?"

"His safety."

"Meaning that you are the only one at home, and were afraid that I might hear about Pete?"

"Never mind who's at home," said Anna. "If you think I won't shoot, just make a movement. Besides, I'm expecting my people back any minute. When Dick finds me gone and Pete gone, he'll begin looking for us."

A shade passed over Cranner's face—the reflection of a disappointment. Dick!

"He can't help but see Pete. I think he'll come in a hurry."

"Dick is—your husband?"

"My brother."

"Your husband is away?"

"I am not married. Your questions are decidedly distasteful." Cranner's face lighted up.

"I can only beg your pardon," he said. "I had one other question in mind, but I will not ask it. I had intended inquiring whether you plan to keep that shotgun pointed at my face until Dick returns. I have reasons for desiring to save my eyes."

"It is not pointed at your face. At your throat."

"Do you consider it necessary?"

"Please let me ask the questions," observed Anna.

"Any questions you ask will receive my entire attention. If I can answer them I will; if not, you will be notified. As for the gun, I accept its disposition philosophically. Should it unhappily go off, that would be my misfortune; although I suggest that you would be safer yourself a foot or two farther back."

"If you think I am not safe where I am—try me."

"I refer to the possible splattering of blood upon your gown."

"Oh—a foot!"

"Only if the gun should go off. But then I should be splattered even worse than you."

Anna shuddered and stepped cautiously backward.

"Better. I have a strange feeling about a gun. My father taught me never under any circumstances to allow my gun to be pointed at another person, nor his at me, whether loaded or not. Of course he did not know that I would turn horse thief."

"If you will promise not to move I will point the gun to one side."

"Thank you. I feel so much surer of my thread of life with the buckshot you speak of aimed toward Patagonia rather than toward China. It would give me little pleasure to be killed—less pleasure at this moment than ever before in my life."

Anna looked down into the quizzical eyes, considering. She had caught the horse thief. Undoubtedly she would hold him and turn him over to the posse of searchers. State prison was the place for such men. And yet ——

She had not dreamed that thieves were like this. Cranner's eyes were as

clear and steady as Dick's. In voice, language, manner, he was all that could be asked of any one. She wondered how tall he was, how he carried himself, how he was dressed. Not that it made any difference. A man is judged by his actions, not by his appearance. And yet it did make a difference too. Too bad he was a thief!

As for Cranner, the girl filled his eyes, and the music of her voice his ears.

"You are wondering what you are going to do with me, now that you have caught me," he said.

"I was wondering that."

"You don't dare let me go; Dick is away and I might run off with—pardon me, but your horse's name escapes me."

"He is still called Pete."

"I might run off with Pete. I might even by some trick known only to men ——"

"To thieves ——"

"Known only to thieves, gain possession of your gun and run off with you. Yet you hesitate to kill me, as you might easily do, provided you did not close your eyes when you fired; you dislike to stay here in my company until Dick comes; and you would a little rather not turn me over to the posse. Am I right?"

"In all except the first. If you think just because I stepped back that I close my eyes when I shoot, try me."

"I had hoped that my second particular was the wrong one."

He spoke sadly, with no suggestion of forwardness, and with such obvious sincerity that offense was impossible, thief though he was. It is hard to pick a quarrel with a compliment. Anna was not sure she desired to be angry. She was beginning to like the man.

Had His Start Been Fifteen Minutes Longer He Would Not Have Been Caught

"I think I know now why they called you a slipper tongue," she said slowly.

"Why?"

But she became suddenly reticent, like Zed, and changed the subject.

"You said you were a stranger in the Sand Hills. Where are you from?"

Cranner considered the question carefully.

"I fear I shall have to affect a certain vagueness on that point. The reply might be used against me later."

Anna frowned.

"Oh, of course! A man with a past like yours ——"

"A past and a present."

A moment before and she would not have been offended at the speech. Now she felt it to be almost an impertinence.

"Never mind about the present. Why did you come to the Sand Hills to practice your profession?"

"Because of the superior facilities for concealment."

"Do you work with confederates?"

"Yes. The modern idea."

"It's bad enough being a thief by yourself," she said, "but to belong to an organized band ——"

She paused, too indignant to complete the sentence.

"I shall turn you over to the posse," she added.

"I expect that," he replied humbly.

She looked at him more kindly, and considered.

"The men in the posse said they searched these hills thoroughly. Were you here this morning?"

"I was. I heard them. They looked in and rode on."

"You must have been lying here for twelve or fourteen hours."

"Since daylight."

"How did you do it? Your arms are buried too. How did you get yourself inside?"

"It's easy enough burying yourself in sand. The wind helped cover my tracks."

Anna had been so embarrassed by the possibilities of her situation that she had been blind to the possibilities of Cranner's. Twelve or fourteen hours of burial in dune sand! She must get him up at once. At least he could be made comfortable.

"Aren't you thirsty?"

"Yes."

"And you haven't had anything to eat either. Or have you?"

"Not to-day."

"When did you eat last?"

"Yesterday noon."

"You poor man! I believe I'll get you out and march you down to the house until my brother comes. I can give you some ham and eggs and rolls and plenty of fresh milk. Can you get up alone, or shall I have to help you dig yourself out of the sand?"

"If it's all the same to you," he said, "I'd rather wait here for your brother."

"But why?"

"A glass of milk more or less isn't of great importance to a man about to be hanged."

"Hanged?"

"Didn't you know that in this country they hang their horse thieves?"

"Why, that's lynching!"

"They were on their way to the railroad with me when I escaped."

"But—why?"

"The telegraph poles. You can't hang a man until you have something to hang him on. This country has no trees."

"Oh, I think it's—horrible!"

Dick had returned. Anna could not have heard him calling at that distance, but she heard his signals plainly—three shots, one following another.

"Listen! That was my brother calling me. That means I'll have to tell him you're here. Don't move! There it was again. He's probably on horseback with some of the others. They'll see old Pete in a minute and run their horses up here. It isn't far. You couldn't hope to do anything against them, even if you could overcome me and seize my gun. And you can't."

"What are you doing with that gun?"

"Did you hear that shout? They're coming. I believe you asked about the gun. I merely lowered the hammers, is all. And here is your tumbleweed, Mr. Thief. Did you hold the stem in your mouth or how? Oh, that way! I'll press the branches into the sand, just as they were, and smooth out my tracks a little.

"Now! Listen to me, Mr. Thief. You're to stay here without moving until I return. I haven't decided what I'm going to do with you. Will you promise, if I leave you here all alone? Oh, I forgot! With that tumbleweed in your mouth you can't talk, can you! Well! I'll lift it away. Now, will you promise?"

"I'll promise if—if you'll tell me your name."

"What difference can my name make to you?"

"Will you tell me?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I won't promise."

"Quick! They're coming!"

"Tell me your name."

"No. Be quick!"

"No promise."

"Then—take your tumbleweed without it. I'll have to adopt other measures. Now be still, and don't cough, or sneeze, or laugh, until I make up my mind about you. I'm not going to let you off, remember. I'm merely waiting to make up my mind until I get you something to eat and drink. I've got to run. They're here. Come, Duke! Out, sir! Out!"

Anna reached the rim of the blow-out at the exact moment when Dick and Zed White rode up.

"Gad, Anna, you threw a scare into me! What are you doing up here? And the gun? And Pete? What's up anyhow?"

"Don't get excited, Dick. I came up here after Dell."

"Dell!"

"I knew she wasn't here, but I thought maybe I could see her. I brought Pete along because I was afraid if I left him behind the thief would steal him. And I brought the gun for protection. Then when I got here I thought I saw a—a nest or something down in the blow-out, and it wasn't that at all."

"Didn't you hear me shoot and yell?"

"Certainly. Didn't you hear me answering you? But of course you couldn't, against the wind. Anyhow, you're back. What luck did you have?"

"Haddunt no luck," said Zed. "They'a too much wind blowed off his tracts afore we reachut um."

"You didn't catch him? All you men?"

"The Heron Lake crowd didn't," said Dick. "He must have gone in the other direction."

"That's right," added Zed.

"It was after two when he escaped. He couldn't have gone far before daylight, not through these sand hills. And there isn't a shred of cover for him. You can see a man in these hills just as far as you can see the hills. He couldn't possibly have got past."

"In which direction did the Heron Lake crowd work?" asked Anna.

"We worked south and east. He'd be likely to try for the nearest railroad, you know. But he didn't. He must have headed north for one of the Elkhorn towns. They probably caught him before he got far."

"What if they haven't caught him?"

"We'll turn out again to-morrow. They'll let us know. Probably have to go over the same ground. But if they've caught him they won't. They'll ride on with him."

Cranner felt a wave of gratitude surge over him. The girl was asking questions for his benefit!

"To the railroad?"

"That's it."

"Dick!"

"The law of the country, sis."

"Must be trottun ef I makut supper," said Zed. "See you to-mor."

"Right!"

"Good night, Zed!"

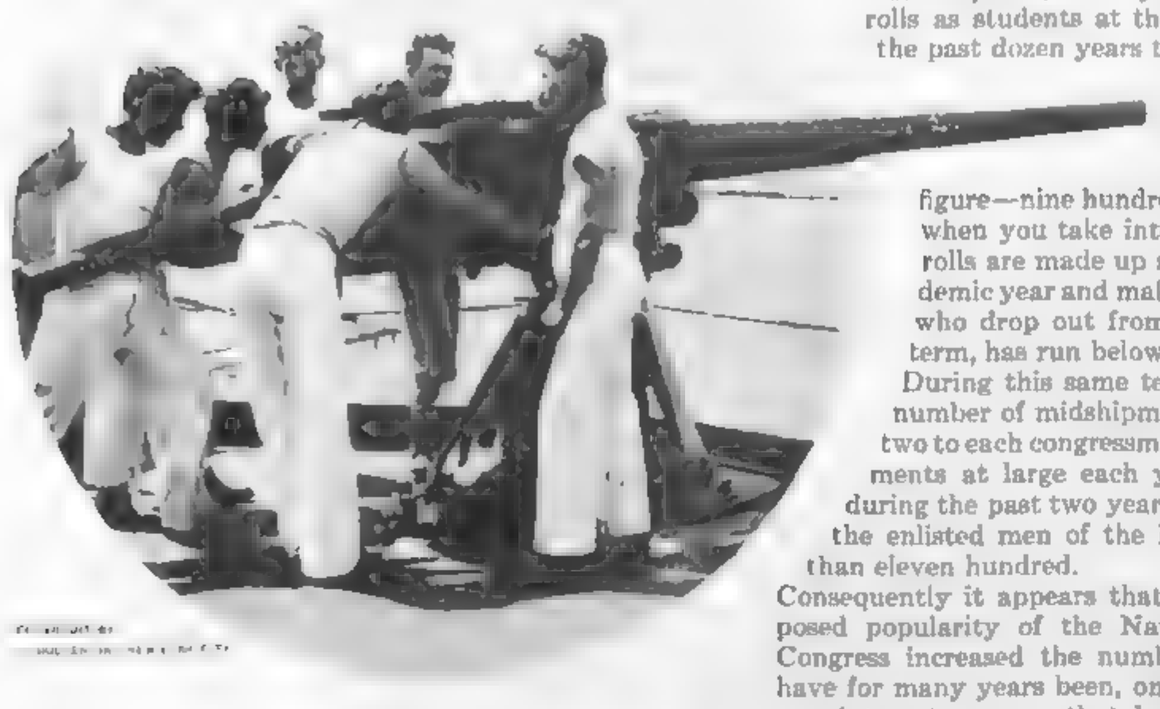
"Good night, miss!"

Anna turned to her brother as Zed rode off on a short cut through the hills.

(Continued on Page 41)

Men Wanted for the U. S. Navy

By Harry Merrill Hitchcock, Late Ensign United States Navy



THE automatic man-of-war has not yet been invented Despite the mighty talk that is going forward about the new superdreadnoughts and battle cruisers we are going to build, there is not one of them that, when completed, is going to be of the slightest use to us unless some thousands of us are willing to give up our other jobs—temporarily at least—and devote ourselves to learning how to handle her, and to fight her if there is fighting to be done.

It is, comparatively speaking, a simple matter to get warships if you have the money. There are plenty of big concerns, both in this country and abroad, that will make you a price on superdreadnoughts for 1918 or 1919 delivery, with little or no trouble to you. But when that ship is built you will have to find the skilled labor to handle her. And, inasmuch as the practice of hiring other people to do your fighting for you is long out of date, Uncle Sam is going to have to find the men to man his new ships from among his own folks.

Moreover, Uncle Sam cannot, like the Kaiser, pick out the men he wants and take them, whether they want to go to work for him or not. He is in no better position than any other large employer of labor, who not only needs a large force of skilled workmen to man a big extension to his plant but—on the word of people in a position to know—a considerable increase in his present force in order to bring the existing plant up to full and efficient working capacity. He has to compete in the open market for the men he needs.

There are two distinct aspects of this question as it affects the average American citizen.

In the first place, the average American citizen is a stockholder in the concern, and is putting up the money for the extensions to the plant. Consequently he has a right to know what is going on in this Navy factory; what methods of doing business are in vogue there; how the managers are going about getting the new hands they need; and what success those methods have met with.

The Problem of Getting Men

IN THE second place, as a possible future member—or the father of a future member—of the new force of workmen in the Navy factory, the average citizen may well feel a desire to hear from someone who has worked in the factory as to what kind of shop it is in which to work.

The problem of getting men for the new Navy is divided into two parts: Getting men—hands you may as well call them—and getting and training officers, or foremen. The board of directors—Congress, that is—has already taken a step, which it seems to consider all that is needed to find the officers, by passing a law increasing the authorized number of appointments to the Naval Academy, each year, by three hundred; it being the function of the Naval Academy to take American boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty and train them into naval officers.

Nobody seems to have entertained any serious doubt that this law was all that was required to settle the officer half of the problem. It was passed on the theory that the country is full of boys who are anxious to become naval officers, and that all you have to do is to open the gate and let them in.

Perhaps. The Navy Year Book shows the actual number of midshipmen, from year to year, carried on the rolls as students at the Naval Academy. During the past dozen years the number has run between seven and nine hundred. In 1911 it fell to seven hundred and twenty-seven. In 1914 it reached the highest figure—nine hundred and eleven. The average, when you take into account the fact that the rolls are made up at the beginning of the academic year and make no mention of the number who drop out from various causes during the term, has run below eight hundred.

During this same term of years the authorized number of midshipmen at the Naval Academy—two to each congressman and senator, ten appointments at large each year by the President, and during the past two years fifteen a year from among the enlisted men of the Navy—has never been less than eleven hundred.

Consequently it appears that, notwithstanding the supposed popularity of the Naval Academy, even before Congress increased the number of appointments, there have for many years been, on an average, three hundred appointments a year that have absolutely and literally been going begging.

As regards the problem of getting enlisted men, Congress has not, at this writing, taken any definite steps toward finding them. But it does not appear likely that any striking departure from the recruiting methods hitherto in use will be attempted.

"The popularity of the service," says Secretary Daniels in one of his reports, "renders unnecessary strained or unusual methods to attract young men."

Secretary Daniels spoke with honest pride. Comparing his own régime with the good old days of the crimp and the pressgang, he was justified. And yet the figures on recruiting given in the Navy Year Book suggest that there is still room for improvement.

The Navy spends one hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year on advertising and other expenses of its recruiting campaign. During the last year reported on in the current issue of the Year Book it secured, in return for this expenditure, 18,948 new recruits—an average expenditure of about $6.86 for each man.

Habit may prevent us from seeing anything remarkable in this—that the Navy should be compelled to spend nearly seven dollars to persuade one man to enter its service. But the naval service is supposed to be a recognized and honorable profession. Its standard of pay, considering the special circumstances and the allowances made, is exceptionally good. It clothes its men well, feeds them well, looks after their health with remarkable care, and does not work them hard.

All these advantages, in fact, you have seen advertised on the bulletin boards without wondering why, if they are so, it is necessary to advertise them so persistently. But if a big steel mill advertised so persistently and expensively for hands you might begin to wonder.

The New York police force has seen times when it was distinctly an unpopular institution—in fact, in rather bad odor in the community. The requirements for admittance to its ranks are rather more severe than those for admittance to the Navy.

A policeman's life is not a happy one; his work is considerably harder, more disagreeable, and often more dangerous than that of a bluejacket. Nor is his pay, considering the number of things the bluejackets get free, which the policeman has to pay for out of his own pocket, much, if any, better than the bluejacket's.

But the New York Police Department has never, at the height of its unpopularity, had to spend seven dollars a man on advertising to persuade recruits to enter its ranks. On the contrary, it has only to pick and choose among numerous applicants for every vacancy.

Quoting again from Secretary Daniels: "The Navy is a popular university." And yet many people would be at least mildly surprised if they went forth one morning to find the billboards covered with big posters illustrating a stirring moment of the Yale-Harvard game, accompanied by the words: "Men Wanted for Harvard"; or "Men Wanted for Yale," or Princeton. And this in spite of the fact that Harvard and Yale and Princeton make you pay money for the privilege of putting your boy in their care, and the Navy will not only take him for nothing but pay him to come into it.

Why Do Boys Shun the Navy?

IF WE return to the officer side of the argument, and the discussion of the popularity of the Naval Academy, we find even more difficult points to be explained; for we have made more fuss, probably, over our midshipmen than over anybody else.

It is only a few years ago that we finished spending some fifteen million dollars on an array of magnificent granite structures, built exclusively for them to live and work and study and drill in, rent free. We are fond of proclaiming it from the housetops that they are the wards of the nation, the chosen and elect of the earth, and that nothing is too good for them. And, in spite of it all, that perverse animal, the American boy, has apparently remained strangely reluctant to become one of them.

There is no particular use, however, in sitting down and blaming it all on the ineradicable perversity of the American boy, and still less in trying to explain away the difficulty by saying we are no longer a seafaring nation. The hard fact none the less remains that, seafaring or not, we feel we must have a Navy, we can't have a Navy without officers and men, and they have to be American officers and men.

And if American boys refuse, despite all our blandishments, to officer and man our Navy as it should be manned, not being able, like the Kaiser, to compel them, the only thing we can do is to find out, if we can, why they refuse, and then remove the reason if it can be done without hurting the Navy itself. For it will be easier and cheaper to

Riot Drill, League Island Navy Yard

charge the Navy to fit the American boy than to set out on the attempt to change the American boy to fit the Navy.

The most unpleasant possibility before us is that the American boy has permanently lost his taste for the sea and for military life. But we can safely dismiss that possibility. The number of youngsters whose anxious parents have, in the past two years, dragged them out of the British Army by the scruff of the neck, and the even greater number who are now in Flanders with the Canadians, or in the French Foreign Legion, are enough to relieve us of alarm.

Of course if we were to start a war, or to go into the one already progressing in Europe, we could get all the boys we wanted. Quite possibly the present war, or the chance that we may be drawn into it, has already operated to fill the ranks and make it possible for congressmen to fill all those three hundred new appointments to the Naval Academy—for this year. But the Chinese discovered some years ago that it isn't necessary to burn the house down to roast a pig, and even the old Japanese war bogy never seems to have had much success hitherto.

At this point in the inquiry the fact crops up that there would have been many more American boys in Flanders than are actually there if their parents hadn't forbidden it. Possibly it is not the American boy, but the American parent, that we are looking for. Here is a true story that may throw a little light on the subject:

Some years ago an American boy, pretty much an average boy, who had just turned sixteen, developed a thirst for nautical adventure and patriotic glory. He told his mother that he wanted to go to the Naval Academy. She received the news with strangely little enthusiasm, but, after holding a consultation with his father, told the boy that if he was determined he might try it.

The youngster secured an appointment to the Naval Academy and in due course became a midshipman. A year and three months later he received his first leave of absence, and returned home to dazzle his admiring family. But he was somewhat surprised, puzzled and a little disappointed at his mother's first remark. After she had hugged him properly she held him off for inspection; and then, turning to his father with a look of profound and happy relief, she said:

"He's the same boy, after all!"

And his father, with a look of understanding, agreed:

"Yes; he's a little bigger, but he's the same boy."

Plainly here was one American mother who feared to trust her boy to the Navy lest the Navy change him, and change him for the worse; else why the relief when she found it had not—yet?

Hard Work and Strict Discipline

IT IS hardly necessary to tell you that if we are up against the American mother in this proposition we are going to have hard sledding of it. It will pay us to look a little farther into this, and to inquire, with some searching of heart, what we have been in the habit of doing with her boy, when she has intrusted him to us, to justify such a fear on her part.

The first thing that happens to the boy of sixteen to twenty years when he enters the Naval Academy is the taking of a solemn oath that he will serve in the Navy for eight years, "unless sooner discharged by competent authority."

Immediately after taking that oath he is launched upon four years of iron discipline, during which he is expected to live up to a scholastic standard and a rule of conduct of absolutely unbending severity. It is almost the literal truth to say that his every hour of every day is laid out for him in advance such and such hours for study; such and such hours for recitations; such and such hours for drill; he must eat at fixed and stated hours, and eat only the food that is set before him; he must spend such and such hours in sleep.

The regulations provide that on this shelf of his locker he must put his shirts, and on that shelf his towels; and that both shall be folded in a certain manner, and not otherwise. His clothing from head to heels must be purchased from the Academy tailor and the Academy store, and his hair must be cut according to the prescribed pattern.

He may not leave the Academy grounds for more than perhaps ten hours a week—frequently much less—and those hours are rigidly prescribed. His salary is nicely calculated to cover his living expenses, uniforms, books, and so on, with a small margin for graduation expenses; and he is allowed, at most, three dollars a month for pocket money.

Moreover, during those four years, with a course of study and drill that keeps his faculties constantly at full stretch, and his attention concentrated always on the thing immediately before him, he is encouraged and urged in every possible way to devote his scanty leisure to strenuous athletics; and custom, which at the Naval Academy is even more rigid and unbending than the regulations themselves, requires that if he himself does not engage in them he must spend most of his spare time in cheering for those who do.

It will be clear from this incomplete description that a midshipman at the Naval Academy has very little time indeed for introspection. And during those four years—usually the most difficult and impressionable of a boy's life—there is small room for feminine influence, and least of all for the kind he needs most—namely, mothering. Probably because of this the atmosphere in quarters and the mess hall used to be pretty bad. It may be better now.

What little food for outside thought the boy is given is mostly designed to make him think exceptionally well of himself, his "social position" and his future career. In this it usually succeeds. A classmate of the writer once delivered himself of this criticism upon the preaching of the venerable chaplain of those days:

"Holy Joe preaches two things. One is: 'Be as good as you can; but, anyway, be a good officer.' The other is: 'A naval officer is the noblest work of God.'"

Boxing Bout on Board a Warship

This recalls to mind an incident of Plebe Year. One of those exalted beings, a first-classman—he came from Arkansas, by the way—called all the plebes of his company into his room to read them a lecture. Its purport was that, inasmuch as the Naval Academy was an institution of lofty—"almost perfect" was the way he put it—social standing, it behooved all plebes to recognize that they shared both in that social eminence and in the responsibility for its maintenance.

Officers and Gentlemen

FROM this preamble he went on to explain that, in order not to prejudice that precious possession, a plebe must be very careful not to be seen in public with persons of a lower social order, even although that plebe in times past, before his own elevation to the aristocracy, had found the society of such persons interesting and congenial. The plebes, being boys of sixteen to eighteen, were much impressed, and humbly thanked that first-classman from Arkansas for his condescension.

Then there was the case of a most charming and estimable lady, the wife of an officer stationed at the Academy, to whom the writer is indebted for much kindness, but whom he found, on calling one day, in a state bordering between grief and indignation because another first-classman, of a somewhat different type, had announced his engagement to a very pretty, charming girl who had for a time worked as a servant in the household of another officer's wife.

But to return to the midshipman himself: After spending four years under a discipline and a routine such as has been faintly shadowed forth—the real thing has to be undergone to be appreciated—and in an atmosphere such as these bits of anecdote may dimly indicate, the youngster graduates from the Academy, receives his commission as an ensign, and is ordered to duty on board some ship or other.

The first thing he finds, on shaking down into his new surroundings, is an agreeable and unexpected quantity of freedom and leisure. He is like a boy suddenly tumbled out of a dark cavern into broad daylight. He has for four years been compelled to account for every day and hour; now he can go ashore in the afternoon and need not come back until nine the next morning—sometimes he is away from Saturday to Monday morning.

He has been accustomed to having three dollars a month for pocket money; now his entire salary, which usually amounts to thirty dollars a week or more above his immediate expenses, is his to do with as he likes.

It is not alone a question of having more liberty ashore than he is accustomed to. Even aboard ship, during most of the year, the youngster finds time hanging heavy on his hands. He takes his four-hour watch on deck; he has a couple of more or less

Rifle Practice on Board the Battleship Michigan, With Decks Stripped for Action

perfunctory drills; the rest of the day he is thrown on his own resources.

Finally his ship is usually stationed or lying near some big city or seaport town, where he knows nobody, nobody knows him, and not a soul either knows or cares what becomes of him. His only companions are boys like himself or boys a little older, who were set free from the Academy a year or so before him, and who are quite willing to pass down the traditions and show him what to do with his new freedom.

It happened, some years ago, that on one ship which spent a long period alongside the dock in a navy yard the steerage mess, made up of twelve youngsters just out of the Academy, contained an unusual proportion of rather quiet, staid personalities, little inclined to hilarity. But a number of the older officers in the wardroom found the quiet of the steerage so little to their taste that they were accustomed to jeer at the junior officers.

That was in the days before Secretary Daniels abolished the wine mess; and the upshot was that one night the steerage mess, determined to display the proper spirit, held a grand carouse and had a universal headache in the morning. And before the end of that ship's cruise the nightly poker game in the steerage messroom, which sometimes began at two in the afternoon and continued until midnight, had become one of the institutions of the ship.

This whole matter, as it affects the young officers, simmers down to just this: At the Naval Academy a boy is trusted with nothing—not even with his time. He is given no responsibility worth mentioning. He has no decisions to make; all he has to do is to walk in the groove laid out for him. He leaves the Academy, consequently, in most respects not a day older than when he went in. And then, without the slightest warning, he is given entire responsibility for himself and his own actions.

Discipline in the Days of Decatur

KIPLING, long ago, in the story, In the Pride of His Youth—one of the most poignant tragedies he ever wrote—gave us a hint of what too often happens under a system like that. Possibly a goodly number of American mothers have read that bitter story, or have seen enough of the results of the present system of training American naval officers to acquire a certain prejudice, which has caused them, when their sons suggest that they would like to be naval heroes, to advise the law school instead.

So much for the aspects of the Navy's methods of getting skilled workmen that apply peculiarly to the officers. And, having begun consideration of those aspects with an anecdote, let us begin the consideration of those aspects that apply peculiarly to the enlisted men with two anecdotes.

The first is taken from Maclay's History of the American Navy.

His Britannic Majesty's frigate Macedonian, in the War of 1812, had just run in with the American frigate United States, and had received a solid and unmistakable licking. At the end of two hours' fighting the Macedonian had struck her colors, and her officers had been taken aboard the United States as prisoners of war. They were climbing the ladder leading to the poop, there to surrender their swords with what grace they could muster, when they received the shock of their lives.

On the poop of the United States lounged Stephen Decatur, her captain. And, as Maclay quotes from a letter written by one of the astonished British officers, he was "wearing an old straw hat and a plain suit of clothes, making him look more like a farmer than a naval hero."

Curiously enough, there is no record that the discipline was poor on any ship which Stephen Decatur commanded; nor does there seem to have been any serious criticism to be brought against their fighting efficiency. And there is no evidence that Stephen Decatur ever had any trouble in recruiting all the men he wanted to sail under him in any ship he commanded.

A Submarine in Dry Dock

Passing now from 1812 to 1912, or thereabouts, the second story deals with an episode of the modern Navy.

A United States scout cruiser a few years ago went into dry dock in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. When a ship is in dry dock no running water is allowed on board; and for the convenience of the officers and men part of the dock equipment consists of a building near by containing washrooms, lavatories, and so on. At the Philadelphia dry dock this building is nearly opposite the center of the dock, on the starboard side as the ship goes in—as she generally does—bow first.

When this scout cruiser went into dock she had two gangways rigged from the dock coping to her deck, one on each side. It may also be pointed out as part of the stage setting that the dock is a very large one, about half a mile round.

As soon as this scout cruiser was securely docked the captain summoned the officer of the deck. In solemn words he impressed on him the necessity of seeing to it that the fine old Navy custom which prescribes that only commissioned officers may use the starboard gangway be upheld at any cost.

Consequently, during the week that the scout cruiser remained in dry dock every enlisted man on board was obliged to demonstrate his devotion to the fine old Navy custom four or five times a day by going over the port gangway and marching half a mile round the dock and back again.

It is worth while to consider the history that lies between 1812 and 1912. Most of it, so far as it affects the purposes of this inquiry, was made in the years immediately after the Civil War, a period during which the American Navy well-nigh perished of neglect, and did for a time fall into innocuous desuetude.

In those days practically the best brains and energy of the United States, and all its attention, were concentrated on the development of the internal resources of the country. For the time being we really did cease to be a seafaring nation. The best brains always gravitate where there is the most interesting work to be done and the largest reward to be gained, and the Navy of those days was just wandering round in the ocean looking for something to do.

Such Navy as there was consisted of little more than a collection of old wooden tubs and a vast array of glorious traditions. The ships spent most of their time on long foreign cruises, because there was nothing to do at home; and the men who manned them spent most of their time harking back to the splendid days of the past, when the institution they represented had really formed a vital part of the nation's life.

Naturally in such an institution as the Navy inevitably became there developed a tremendous reverence for tradition, for the ancient customs that were cherished for their own sake long after they had lost their one-time meaning, and a spirit of devotion to the ritual and the outward symbols of a military efficiency whose spirit had fled.

Admiration for the British Navy

THERE was, moreover, another complicating factor: In those days, even more than now, our ships were continually falling in with ships of the British Navy. And the British Navy not only was and is a remarkably alert and efficient organization, but was and is manned and officered by some of the most charming and likable fellows in the world.

Helped by the contagion of common language, common professional interests and common experiences, many warm friendships sprang up between the two services, and a general feeling of good fellowship, good will and sympathy, which persist in a surprising degree to this day.

On the British side there was generous good feeling and that comfortable consciousness of superiority which is always the last touch needed to make an Englishman charming. On the American side there was honest and generous admiration of British efficiency, which more and more found expression in a more or less unconscious emulation and imitation of the British way of doing things.

This association with the British Navy—this honest admiration and imitation of British ideas and methods—was in some respects a very good thing. Many and many a valuable hint was picked up in this way. But in some very important respects it was a very bad thing indeed.

It is the first essential of efficiency in any national fighting organization that it shall be thoroughly an expression—if possible an intensification—of the national spirit and habit of mind of the nation it represents. It is the strength of the German Army that it is German to the core. The French Army, utterly unlike the German, is at least as efficient a fighting machine because it is thoroughly French. And it always has been the strength of the British Navy that it is probably the most thoroughly British thing in existence.

The Dry Dock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard

(Concluded on Page 86)

IVAN REVOLTS

By THOMAS H. UZZELL

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE HOSKINS

FORWARD, babes! Out of your holes! Give 'em steel!"

As the colonel's shrill cry reached the ears of private Ivan Ivanitch, Ivan, like hundreds of other peasants crouching in the snow-covered trenches, was stricken with terror. He knew he must obey; he always obeyed; the substance of all his simple wisdom was obedience. Yet a sort of dumb intelligence told the big peasant that Colonel Zalukin was calling upon his regiment to do a rash and dangerous deed.

In all the half year of ceaseless fighting Ivan had already been through, he had never before been commanded to leave the trench until after a prolonged and deafening bombardment by the big guns. On this cold, wretched winter morning he remembered that the Russian field guns had not boomed once. On the other hand, he and his shivering comrades, intrenched at this edge of the forest facing the Galician end of Uzok Pass, in the Carpathians, had heard the Austrian cannon bellowing upon the distant crags; had shuddered at the ceaseless buzzing of the enemy's maxims; and, as daylight came and the usual yearning to fight rose within them, had actually seen the Austrian outposts, dodging from bowlder to bowlder, advance rapidly toward their lines across the desolate valley.

Ivan's Fingers Closed Upon His Antagonist's Throat

While hostile shrapnel burst among the frozen pines with a terrible *vzrsef*, and spouted clouds of glittering mist before the trenches, Ivan again heard the colonel, crouching low beside him, shrill:

"Out of your holes, dogs! Cattle! Swine! Do you hear? For Holy Russia! In the name of the Little Father! Forward!"

Ivan's powerful fingers, in his rude, stiff mittens, clutched his rifle. His small blue eyes cast fugitive glances to the right and left. All the peasants were preparing to leap forward, yet no one dared to be the first. Machine-gun bullets were thudding into the earthworks a few inches from their noses.

"My God! My God!" groaned tall, red-haired Kuzma Nicholitch, from Kovel, at Ivan's elbow. "Where are our guns? Why don't they begin?"

Neither Ivan, Kuzma, nor any other of the muzhiks of the First Kiev Rifles knew that during the night an adequate supply of heavy ammunition had arrived from Lemberg, but that the shells were found either to be charged with sawdust or to be too large or too small to fit the guns. Nor did Ivan or his waiting comrades know that "in view of the strategical situation," as the report went that night to Lemberg, "it has been decided to take the pass anyway by relying upon the obedience and courage of the ranks and the numerical superiority of his Imperial Majesty's forces."

Now as the colonel called upon Ivan and his fellow peasants to advance, while the shallow, white valley was a hell of deafening explosions, their deep, age-old dumb instinct of subserviency impelled them to obey; yet, like frightened children, they hung back and hesitated.

Ivan Ivanitch saw Colonel Zalukin grow hysterical with anger. Ivan did not know that the colonel's regiment had been placed in the first-line trench because the colonel had boasted that his "muzhik dogs" were "properly beaten into obedience." The colonel began to tremble in face of the terrible and unprecedented possibility of his whole regiment refusing to obey his commands. He was maddened at the thought of what would happen if his men should be paralyzed and overwhelmed. Sweat oozed out of his tight, pallid skin at the thought that, after all his disciplinary use of the "clenched fist," his peasants might mutiny.

"It would mean general rout of the whole army corps," was the horrible thought that flashed through his brain. "No! They must advance or we are lost!"

Again, therefore, Ivan heard the raging colonel shriek into his ear:

"Forward, filthy dogs!" That was the language he understood. "You hear? By God ——"

Just then Ivan glanced to the right and saw his neighbor, the tall, red-haired Kuzma, tuck his rifle under his long arm preparatory to leaping from the trench, rise from his knees, and turn about to see which way the colonel wished him to charge. Then, struck to his heart with terror, Ivan saw the colonel draw his heavy nagant from its holster and discharge it full in Kuzma's face.

Ivan and half the regiment watched Kuzma spin round and collapse like a rag. The peasants then saw the colonel wave his smoking weapon and dash at them, shrilling like a madman:

"That for the whelps who look back! Forward! Out of here! Bravo! Bravo! Oorah! Oorah!"

Ivan Ivanitch obeyed. The whole regiment obeyed. Two divisions obeyed, ran out of the forest and into the Valley of the White Death. Not for nothing had Russia's bureaucrats schooled the muzhiks to obedience by three centuries of tyranny! Not for nothing had their colonel taught them with the clenched fist!

The Austrian shrapnel sang overhead, exploded and sprayed death among the peasants; the hidden machine guns busily hummed a chorus of death while the Russian field guns stood cold and silent in the forest.

Poignantly Ivan hoped that the guns in the forest might begin to boom—oh, he did not want to die!—but he must obey. So he, like twenty thousand sturdy Ivan Ivanitches, ran cheering into the shambles.

Four more divisions followed. Into the valley, line upon line of them, they ran, shouting, shooting, stabbing, only to be mown down by the machine guns and piled up in great, brown, mangled heaps.

Giant echoes from the defenders' cannon raced crashing and thundering up and down the range of snow-mantled peaks. As the awful music sounded, great, soft snowflakes drifted down from the gray sky and gently sheeted the ghastly heaps with a pure-white, feathery pall.

By the time a hundred thousand of the colonel's "muzhik dogs" had perished in this manner the Austrians were overpowered by sheer numbers, and their guns silenced.

Thus ended the successful Balaklava of the Valley of the White Death. The Russians had secured possession of the northern end of Uzok Pass and had opened their first door into Hungary. Colonel Zalukin was right: The muzhiks knew how to obey.

Ivan Ivanitch, with a handful of the Second Kiev Rifles, by miraculous luck escaped the slaughtering shells and reached the Teutons pouring out from behind their rocky shelters. The government-factory rifle Ivan had in his grasp when he left the trench was defective and would not shoot; but halfway to the Austrian lines he managed to secure the rifle of a fallen comrade. He bayoneted three of the enemy, clubbed to death two others, stumbled, fell, and was knocked unconscious by striking his head against a rock. He came to while pursuit was being bugled from the forest.

His first thought was—obey! He dashed snow in his face, found his rifle, and, seeing scattered survivors running in the direction of the Austrian gun positions, scrambled to his feet and set off as fast as his thick felt boots would allow him to move over the rocky ground. He dodged huge bowlders, crashed through thorny bushes, leaped a frozen little brook, got lost among some bowlders, and finally halted, perspiring, breathless, bewildered, in a beech copse a full half mile from the battlefield.

Ivan Ivanitch dragged his tattered sheepskin *papakha* off his head, solemnly rubbed the bump under his unshorn, tawny hair with his mittened fist and muttered:

"*Ach*, thee, Ivan Ivan'ch, *durak*, fool! To run so, like a dog after its tail! *Bozhe moi*, I'm thirsty!"

At that instant Ivan's small blue eyes stared straight at the bloodstained bayonet in front of his nose. He crossed himself and muttered:

"*Ach*, little brothers! So that's the *shtsek* that forked 'em? Just like pigs! Like pigs!"

He repeated the phrase over and over. The greatest achievement of Ivan's education was servile obedience to his *chinovnik* masters; the noblest inborn quality of his soul was pity. So he looked at the blood, pulled his astrakhan down over his ears and muttered again:

"God knows best. One must obey. *Bozhe moi*, I'm hungry!"

Except for his ignorance and his servility, Ivan Ivanitch, as he paused there among the stunted ice-enameled beeches, was a citizen any country would be glad to claim. Any *chinovnik* critic of peasant "gun meat" would have seen at once that inside the shapeless brown *shuba* was a powerful, magnificent body. There was something reminiscent of a young full-grown bear in the firm spread of the legs incased in their huge felt *valenkies*, the slight bow to the thick, heavily muscled shoulders, and the curly, brownish hair which covered the peasant's broad face nearly to his eyes.

Though he had not yet reached the age of thirty, there were deep lines across his wide brow and a resigned, haunted look, a legacy of sorrow and suffering, in the mild blue eyes. Such a face brightened by intelligence might have conceivably belonged to a statesman. As it was, Ivan Ivanitch had no learning beyond a sense of duty to obey his superiors, a pastoral love of home and peace, and a profound, mystic reverence for his orthodox God. Like millions of other fine-bodied "babes" who were marching, singing, to their deaths under the banners of God, Ivan Ivanitch was a splendid shell of a man.

The muzhik had not proceeded far among the stunted beeches when an undersized, chubby-faced Jew, belonging to the Third Kiev Rifles, ran into the copse, saw him and called out:

"*Ech*, brother, Lord have mercy! Wait a tiny minute!"

Ivan halted and waited for the Jew to approach. The latter's queer, round face was streaked with blood from a bayonet gash across his brow; he held his rifle, which seemed preternaturally long, in his short arms before him, as though it were a thing of horror, and gasped like a man who had just had an encounter with a flock of ghosts:

"*Bozhe moi*, is the fight over, brother? I thought you were one of the Dumb Ones, and— God knows I have killed enough to-day! I caught one of 'em sitting behind a rock down there." He pointed behind him frantically. "He was

As Night Closed Over the Carpathians They Crossed the Snow Saddle at the Top of the Glacier

loading his rifle—and I got him in the neck, so! with my *shtcek*" he pointed to the stained bayonet—"and—God have mercy on us, brother!—he fell over with a groan and his beard went into the air; and—he was a Jew!" The little soldier's body shook with sobs. The big peasant and the little Jew looked at each other for a moment speechless, their souls overcome by the incomprehensible tragedy of war; and tears, for which they knew no shame, welled slowly in their eyes and zigzagged down their grimy cheeks.

"Thou art Simon Levkovitch, of the Third Rifles, *da?*" finally ventured the muzhik.

"*Da da*, brother—Simon Levkovitch Volpyansky, of Kishinev, parish of the Synagogue of Abraham, Isaac and —— Have you any water, brother? I gave mine to that—to him." Again he gestured down the valley.

"Come along!" urged Ivan as he removed his mittens and fumbled at the canvas-covered flask at his belt. "We must get back. Didst hear the bugle? There'll be roll call "

As the peasant was passing his flask to his comrade, a sharp, stern challenge smote the peasants' ears:

"*Nooka*, babes, what are you loafing here for?"

The two soldiers instantly dropped their mittens and the flask in the snow, sprang into position side by side, presented their rifles, looked fixedly past their bloody bayonets, and in brisk unison sang out mechanically:

"Glad to try, Your Excellency!"

The next instant Colonel Zalukin sauntered up and faced the two soldiers.

Col. Pavel Alexandrovitch Zalukin was a typical specimen of the *chinovnik*-militaristic product of Russian despotism. His education consisted of a smattering knowledge of languages and the abstract sciences; and in a parrot sort of way he knew the drill formulas learned during two indolent, licentious years at the cadet school in Petrograd. For eight years he had bored himself intolerably as a second lieutenant at the mustering barracks in a provincial capital. There, with his share of the usual graft from the government commissariat funds, he managed to keep a soldier servant to dress him and to keep enough Crimean wine in stock for a weekly debauch.

When the war broke out Zalukin was promoted to be colonel and was ordered to join General Russky's army, leaving Kiev. By means of some remote family influence the colonel managed to have himself appointed to a staff position, which would keep him safely away from the front. So great were the casualties among officers in the first few months of the campaign, however, that an order from the Grand Duke forced Colonel Zalukin, together with hundreds of other "medal chasers," to leave their "parlor posts" and enter the fighting. This highly displeased the sleek colonel. He thought of deserting; but, seeing that was impossible, he expended his wrath at "this injustice" upon the peasants composing the First Kiev Rifles.

In truth, Colonel Zalukin, during his morbid years in the barracks, had developed a brutal but workable technic of dealing with his peasant recruits. This technic was merely a practical example of the autocratic philosophy of the *kulak*, or clenched fist.

"Damned gun meat—these muzhiks!" Zalukin would exclaim to his obsequious underlings as he paced the guardroom and delicately twisted his waxed mustache. "I tell you they will never learn anything! You examine a muzhik in his literature; you ask him, 'What is a soldier?' and he answers, 'What soldier?' *Tfoo!* The clodhoppers know less than cattle. I have tried to secure moral control over them, but they exhaust me, the idiots! It can't be done. They do the contrary thing by nature unless you use," here he would ball the beringed fingers of his right hand, "the *kulak*."

The clenched fist, indeed, Colonel Zalukin had not spared during the arduous journey on foot from the bloody battlefield of Rawaruska to the Carpathian front. When his men, still hysterical from the horrors of battle, weakened from fasting or semi-insane from the tortures of unslaked alcoholic thirst, faltered, Zalukin struck them cruelly before their comrades with the butts of their own rifles. Ivan Ivanitch, because of his conspicuous size and strength, he singled out as a special target for his brutal tyranny.

On one occasion he caught Ivan carrying the rifle of Sasha Zarkinski, a revolutionist, who was sick and barely able to stagger. Zalukin stopped the regiment, jerked Ivan out to the roadside, swore torrents of abuse at him and, while the peasant stood stolidly at order arms, smote him in the face until his own thin body drooped with exhaustion and blood began to trickle from the soldier's lips.

To his horror, Colonel Zalukin finally found himself in the front line at the battle before Uzok Pass. After his men charged, trembling with terror, he followed for a few paces; then, his nerves collapsing utterly, he threw up his arms as though he were wounded and dropped down behind the shelter of a huge bowlder. There he remained, wrapped in his fur-lined *shuba*, raging at the "injustice" done him, ashamed of his cowardice, and wishing that the enemy might win and he be taken prisoner. "Once a prisoner," he reasoned, "and I'll be through with all this nonsense." And again the idea of deserting occurred to him.

The same bugle which roused Ivan Ivanitch and started him in pursuit of the fleeing enemy convinced the colonel that the battle was over. Stealthily he left his shelter without being seen and walked rapidly in the direction of the pass. Finding himself, as he imagined, thoroughly hidden from sight in the beech copse, he proceeded more slowly. He removed his nagant from its holster and looked warily about him. "If I meet with our enemy," he mused, "I'll show mercy and open negotiations; perhaps ——" Just then he caught sight of Ivan and the little Jew. A sigh of relief escaped his thin lips; he put up his revolver and swore amiably to himself. A comfortable sense of security and power swept the terrors from his petty soul.

As the peasants stood at a rigid salute, Zalukin raised his gloved hand perfunctorily and exclaimed with mock affection:

"*Ech*, you Ivan Ivanitch, sweetheart, and—*nooka*, a precious little Jew!"

The peasants dropped their arms. Simon lifted the flask from the snow, removed the cork and was about to gulp the water, when Zalukin shouted:

"*Postoi* there!" and motioned the Jew to deliver up the flask.

The officer drank the few remaining drops of water, while the two peasants observed him without a trace of bitterness on their solemn faces. Zalukin asked them where their prisoners were. Simon again began a frenzied account of how he had slain a member of his own race.

The officer, listening to the tale, had almost forgotten the misery of his sick conscience when suddenly he heard a faint buzz as of a dozen machine guns going at once. The three stiffened with terror. The maxims again! Before they could flee the buzzing swelled into a roar. They looked up and beheld a huge war monoplane flying swiftly against the dull green sky toward the Russian bivouac.

They saw a shower of black specks detach itself from the machine and come spinning earthward. One of these specks splashed into the feathery snow a few paces away. The colonel, fearing it might be a bomb, ordered Ivan to examine it. The peasant found a piece of paper weighted at the end of a tin spiral. He delivered it to the officer, who unwrapped the paper and found a small document written in Russian. From it Zalukin learned that if he would proceed up the pass to the Austrian encampment and deliver himself up as a "prisoner of honor" he would be respectfully welcomed by the Austrian officers and would receive twenty thousand crowns and an Austrian military title. Greedily he considered the ease and luxury that desertion would bring.

The two weary soldiers, patiently awaiting orders, were too hungry and thirsty to observe that the officer's thin lips were compressed into a white line of resolve and that his eyes stared past them at his prurient dreams. Memories of pungent gusts of cabbage soup wafted from the field kitchens filled them with a dumb longing to return to camp.

Upon quizzing the peasants Zalukin learned that Ivan had half a loaf of black bread in the *meshok* slung over his shoulders. Simon reported that he had a piece of clothing of some sort—"a war prize rescued from a Dumb One"—stuffed in his bag. Both the peasants still carried their blankets. Zalukin removed his centimeter maps from his *sumka*, calculated the distance across the pass and murmured:

"*Da da*, we can make it by to-morrow, perhaps by nightfall." Again he looked at the peasants. "A fine guard of honor for an Imperial officer—these poor beggars!" he commiserated himself. "*Noo*, what's to be done? The fortunes of war. If I'm attacked they may be useful."

He drew his *shuba* about him, pointed in the direction of the snow-shrouded mountains, and gave the command to march.

Ivan and Simon saluted, faced about, shouldered their rifles and, without a word of protest, set off toward the heart of the Carpathians.

It was noon. Simon led the way. From time to time the Jew, puzzled at the strange maneuver, glanced back furtively over his shoulder. Zalukin quietly urged him on:

"Step lively, sweetheart; step lively!"

After three hours of rapid walking the three men were completely swallowed up in a white wilderness of rocks and trees. Straight before them Czerna Gora thrust its treeless summit above the surrounding jumble of *klippen* which here makes up the Beskid Range. The snowy peaks began to rise about them in cold and solemn grandeur. No snow had fallen since the battle. The air, keen, still and clear, turned the breath of the marchers to frosty clouds. The pale sun cast no shadows; yet the marchers involuntarily narrowed their eyes from the glitter of the snow. There was little difficulty in following the mountain road, which for several miles meandered along the bank of a little brook. The rapid flow of the water had so far kept the brook from freezing; between its white banks it ran black as ink. These sights, however, were lost on the two peasants, who thought only of their growing hunger.

Zalukin, his thin fingers thrust in his fur-lined sleeves, his head slightly bowed, walked with an effort, slowing up now and then as if to catch his breath. When Simon stumbled from time to time, and pitched forward on his hands in the soft snow, the officer swore and kicked him absentmindedly as he scrambled to his feet. The blanket, stuffed *meshok*, flask and heavy rifle made a considerable burden for the little Jew.

Ivan Ivanitch plowed through the snow with the powerful stride of a tireless young giant. When the call to war came Ivan had been a vodka-sodden drone. With enforced temperance, long marches and plenty of coarse but healthful food, his body had quickly flowered into its natural strength. The skirt of his brown *shuba*, bound loosely to his waist by a piece of thong, was flapped about by the long, easy thrust of his legs. He held his rifle in his left hand as lightly as though it were a wand. Without losing his stride he stooped over, scooped up snow in his mittened right hand and stuffed it into his mouth.

By the time the pale sun had sunk among the *klippen*, and gloomy shadows began to darken the crags and stunted trees, the three soldiers were only halfway through the pass. The silent immensity of Czerna Gora towered high on the left. On the right stretched an irregular, trackless maze of smaller mountains. Ivan, finding himself wandering off the trail, halted, saluted, and said:

"Your Excellency, I don't know which way to go. May it please Your Excellency, I am afraid we'll be lost. May it please ——"

"Peace, peace, muzhik!" interrupted the colonel.

His small, pale eyes gazed at the bleak desolation about him with dismay. Simon sank to the ground, leaned back against a rock, clutched his breast and began to cough weakly. Zalukin climbed up to a rocky ledge to make an observation with the binocular which he carried in his *sumka*. While he was gone Ivan knelt beside the Jew and inquired:

"How art thou, little brother? Tired, eh?"

"*Bozhe moi*, I'm dead tired, *da*, and hungry and thirsty," groaned Simon.

His plump body collapsed against the rock. Ivan removed his mittens, gathered snow in his bare hands, warmed it a moment, and pressed it to Simon's lips. As he did so he noticed that the snow became crimson, and exclaimed in alarm:

"Semka, what's this? Blood? You're hurt, little brother!"

Simon coughed weakly and said: "*Da da*, a shell — a big one, Ivanuska, as big as a hut — went by me, *vzreef!*— like that—and knocked me right down. When I got up my blood was in my mouth. Ugh! No matter, brother; it's better now. *Bozhe moi*, snow, sweetheart, snow!" Once more Ivan pressed the snow to the Jew's lips.

As the peasants saw the officer approaching, Simon frantically begged Ivan not to tell about the blood.

"He'll shoot me, brother! Don't tell! Don't tell!" he pleaded.

Zalukin got the peasants to their feet and announced that they would have to spend the night in the pass. He found a little grotto between two large bowlders and commanded the soldiers to unroll their blankets and lay out the contents of their knapsacks.

Simon unstrapped his *meshok* and furtively tried to hide it behind a rock. Zalukin detected the maneuver and exclaimed:

"What's the matter there, Jew? What you hiding? Come here with that thing! Drop it, dog! Drop it!"

Simon Levkovitch stood silent and rebellious. The officer strode up to the knapsack and kicked it, saying: "What you hiding, eh? What's this?" A faint squeak issued from inside the canvas. "What's this? By Saint Nevsky! Open up, dog!"

Reluctantly Simon opened his *meshok*. The officer stooped down and extracted a white suckling pig. A string had been tied round its pink snout to keep it from making a noise. Zalukin lifted the wiggling animal by a hind leg and taunted the cringing Jew:

"Liar! Swine, eh? A damned, pork-eating Jew! Ha ha!" he laughed.

"No, no, no, Your Excellency!" protested Simon, stretching out his chubby hands as if to recover his treasure. "I am a Jew; I do not eat swine, Your Excellency ——"

"Then, fool, why have you been toting this pig across the Carpathians?" roared the colonel as he shook the animal in the Jew's face.

"Your Excellency," pleaded Simon, tenderly laying hold of the pig, "I cannot eat it, but I kept it for the babes in the rifle company. They have been good to me; they have carried my rifle; our Pavel Petrovitch carried me over that stream where I might have drowned. And Ivan Ivanitch gave you a boost, too, that time, Your Excellency.

"If the Dumb Ones catch us I can sell it—maybe they'll let us go free! Now I am hungry, Your Excellency. I have not eaten since daylight. Simon Levkovitch wants food, Your Excellency. Give me some bread. You—you can have the pig."

"What good is the pig to me?" shrilled Zalukin. "We can't make a fire here. There are no matches. We can't cook. What ignorance! *Bozhe moi*, how stupid! Cattle! Cattle!"

The officer tossed the pig disgustedly at Simon's head. Simon dragged off his cap, seized the officer's bootleg and continued his pleading:

"Your High Excellency, I'm hungry. Ivan Ivanitch has bread. Your Excellency, I fought like the devil all morning—I killed three, Your Excellency; and one—one was—a Jew! Give Simon Levkovitch bread—just a wee, darling bite, Your Excellency; just a wee ——"

Zalukin kicked the Jew with the broad side of his boot, sending him sprawling in the snow, and started to inspect the contents of Ivan's knapsack. Ivan, ever obedient, in spite of his mounting hunger, stood as at inspection, beside his *meshok*, with his right hand in a firm salute.

"You put that bread in here?" demanded Zalukin.

"*Da da da*, Your Excellency; and glad to try, Your Excellency," responded Ivan. "If Your Excellency will permit I'll find it."

He bent over, unrolled the small chunk of black bread from a soiled kerchief and handed it to his superior. The colonel took a dainty, pearl-handled knife from his pocket, cut off a slice and stuffed it into his mouth. Ivan's mittened hand dropped to his side. He stood straight and obedient at attention, his shining blue eyes fixed yearningly on the bread, like a dog expecting a bone. Few dogs, however, have been denied as many of their dearest needs and desires as had Ivan. Unlike a dog, too, Ivan had been taught patience in one of the severest, most pitiless schools devised by man. He, like his millions of brother peasants, was used to it. While the officer ate, washing down the bit of bread with rum from a flask taken from his *sumka*—officers who "knew how" kept liquor handy—Ivan swallowed convulsively. His aching jaws and gnawing stomach sent throbbing messages of hunger to his mind. An obsession of hunger took possession of his soul. When Zalukin had eaten the bread and drunk the last of the rum, he tossed away the bottle, sat down on a rock, crossed his legs, twisted his thin, colorless mustaches, and commanded the peasants to clear the snow from the grotto and spread their blankets for the night.

By this time it was quite dark. Zalukin, his heart softened somewhat by the food and liquor, bade the chattering Simon take one of the blankets, roll up in it, and forget his sorrows. As Simon came forward, babbling his thanks, Zalukin cut him off with:

"*Noo*, sweetheart, I forgive you the pig. *Da*, you have fought well for the Little Father to-day. *Da da*. You forked three—eh, Jew? Lovely, Jew, lovely! And you bagged a pig to trade—ha ha!—*ech*, some day poor Russia will have to take lessons of your breed, and no doubt about that! God pity the Imperial gentleman in the Winter Palace when that day comes! Now get out of here, roll up and go to sleep."

The officer chuckled to himself as he felt his way with the other blanket to the rear of the grotto.

While the officer rolled up there in the blanket, Simon sank down just within the mouth of the shelter. Ivan fed the Jew snow from his warm hands until the little soldier's fleshy eyes closed, his fat cheeks relaxed, and his lips began blubbering in the slow rhythm of slumber. Ivan stretched out his legs, leaned his shaggy head back against the rock, and delivered up a sigh from his powerful lungs, which expressed all the weariness and hunger of an empire of Czar-ruled peasants. Then he folded his arms and blinked wistfully at a big star twinkling cold and distant over the peak of Czerna Gora.

In the few moments before sleep dragged his eyes shut the big peasant's slow mind pictured scenes of his little home village in that region which God meant to be prosperous and happy—the Ukraine. He thought of the summer. He remembered undulating fields of rye glinting yellow in the sun; fragrant meadows powdered with wild flowers; a blue sky full of soft, white clouds; he remembered a cluster of white-walled, thatched huts; children in little red shirts playing with the grunting pigs before the doors; a pair of clumsy white oxen languidly dragging the cart, groaning its protests, into the cool depths of the woods.

Ah, how he would like to return to the little village and lie peacefully for days and days in a fence corner until the gendarmes kicked him awake! Then the unhappy memories of his drunken, indolent life returned. He thought of Katya, his young wife, and of how she used to scold him for his drinking and call the gendarmes to check his violence. Now a deep, pitying love for Katya flooded the soldier's Russian heart. Recalling now how she clung to his neck, sobbing hysterically and praying when he was loaded into the box car and taken away, he choked with emotion, crossed himself solemnly and, murmuring "May the dear God have mercy on her — mercy on her — mercy ——" he fell asleep.

(Continued on Page 33)

"Your High Excellency, I'm Hungry"

"That for the Whelps Who Look Back! Forward! Out of Here!"

The Question of Overexpansion

By ROGER W. BABSON

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IMAGINE that you were standing alone on a wharf with Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and that he slipped into the water.

"He would vehemently call for a plank, or something, so that he might cling to it and not be drowned. If you threw all sympathy aside and acted according to strictly business principles, you would ask good money for that plank.

"On the theory that a thing is worth what you can get for it, you would name a pretty stiff price for that plank. Putting all joking aside, you could probably get a million dollars for that plank.

"The circumstances connected with our sale of war supplies are similar to the sale of such a plank to Mr. Rockefeller. The richest people in the world have got into trouble and are struggling for their lives. They must get planks or sink. This about explains the business situation to-day in the United States."

These are the words of John Skelton Williams, Comptroller of the Currency, in charge of all the national banks of our great country. This is the way he answered me when I went recently to the Treasury Building, in Washington, to secure his opinion on what the war will mean to the people of the United States.

I then asked the Comptroller what about business after the war is over, and he replied:

"Well, to return to our first illustration. How much would that same plank be worth after Mr. Rockefeller got safely back on shore? When he was struggling in the water a good plank might have been worth a million dollars to him; but when he got out of his trouble planks would have quickly returned to their former price of about one dollar each. Well, I guess there will be quite a drop in the price of war planks after this war is over."

I then asked Mr. Williams to give me his opinion as to interest rates after the war, and he said the indications are that in the large cities of our country they will be higher for fixed capital investments. For high-grade prime commercial paper of short duration rates may continue low, he thinks; but those wishing to borrow long-term money on mortgages had better borrow it now. There will be too great a demand from Europe after the war is over. The Comptroller then added:

"But, whatever happens, interest rates cannot be higher in many parts of the United States than they are now. Do you know that in many parts of this country to-day interest rates are much higher than they are in Europe? The records of my office show that more than twelve hundred national banks, including banks in forty-one states, were charging on some of their loans, as late as September 2, 1915, twelve per cent a year interest or more, and in numerous cases more than sixty per cent. In twenty-seven of these states, embracing approximately sixty per cent of the total area of the continental United States exclusive of Alaska, the rate of twelve per cent or more is, under any circumstances, usurious."

Higher Wages and Better Living Conditions

DURING the Pan-American Scientific Congress, held in January of this year, I had the pleasure of listening to President Wilson's talk to the delegates. Everything he said was worth its weight in gold; but I was especially impressed by his reference to the interdependence of nations, and the fact that commerce, finance and science know no boundaries.

No person realizes better than President Wilson that no one nation can be exempt from suffering when all the other nations are suffering; that, though we doubtless may suffer less than any other people, yet economically we are all brothers. He also understands that no artificial legislation can prevent it.

One needs only to refer to the President's writings and teachings when at Princeton to know that he fully realizes the uncertainty of the present situation. We are now sharing wonderful prosperity; but prosperity founded on the misfortunes of others cannot long continue. We are now receiving high prices; but merchandise manufactured at high cost cannot long be sold in foreign markets. We are now greatly benefiting from South American orders; but trade secured under such abnormal conditions is difficult to hold.

It certainly is a grave question whether, after the war is over and we must again compete with the rest of the world, we shall be in a better or poorer condition to run for the prize. Without doubt the present Administration is straining every nerve to wake our people to the needs and dangers of the present situation. The same truth, however, applies to manufacturers as well as to horses—you can lead them to water, but you cannot make them drink!

In talking, however, with several senators, representatives, and other officials, I learn that the Administration is quite hopeful of the ultimate results of the war. As one of these important personages expressed the situation:

"We, here at Washington, are optimistic as to the final results of the great European struggle on the world as a whole. Whether Germany wins or loses, or even if the war is called off, she has succeeded in waking the world up as it could be wakened in no other way. Efficiency will be the watchword after the war is over. The masses will recognize that, without them, the classes are powerless. Great social changes will follow this war. The scale of living will be raised the world over. Men will get more for a day's work than ever before.

"From reports which our consuls are sending us from Europe, we know that machinery is being installed in places and for uses never before imagined. Things that for centuries have been made by hand in Russia, Austria and other countries are now being made by machinery. As a war measure, the wooden plows are being cast aside and the governments are supplying the finest steel plows that money can buy. Think of the education it is for those millions of Russian prisoners in Germany! Will they return to Russia and be content to plod along as they did before the war? No!

"So we are not so pessimistic as are some of the bankers of Wall Street and the manufacturers of New England, who pretend Europe will make this country such a dumping ground after the war is ended that our mills will be obliged to close. Let me tell you that wages in Europe will be higher after the war; the scale of living will be higher also; and it should then be easier to compete with European products than ever before, if we will only wake up. What we have most to fear is that our manufacturers will have become inefficient and careless during this period of easy profits. If our manufacturers will keep their costs down and their hopes up they should be better able after the war to hold their own than ever before. All they need to do is to use these profits to pay up indebtedness, install new machinery, and become really efficient, instead of dissipating the profits on dividends and high living."

I next called on one of the biggest bankers of New York to find out how his friends felt. Said I:

"How will business be in the United States after the war is over?"

To this question he replied:

"Tell me how long the war is going to last and I will tell you what business conditions will be after the war is over. Everything depends on the length of the war. If the war stops next summer, after the Allies make the great drive for which they have been buying ammunition of us—which ammunition they have not yet begun to use—then conditions might continue good. If, however, the war lasts more than a year longer, no mortal man can foresee the result even on this country.

"England and her allies have already about come to the end of their credit in this country. They can sell no more bonds to advantage at present. The Anglo-French loan is still undigested. No one wants these bonds at the price at which they were floated. England has, in fact, now reached the second stage of her borrowing. She is now mobilizing American securities. But she cannot long depend on such collateral. This method of borrowing may be at an end before 1916 is over. The third stage will then be reached, when the fighting nations can buy only with gold. Think what will then happen to exchange! But how long will the gold last with the war costing twenty-five billion dollars a year! Why, the entire available gold supply of Europe would keep the war going only a few months.

"You will thus see that we shall then reach a third stage, about which we know nothing. I refer to the time when England, France and their allies will want to buy, but will have no credit, securities or gold. If the war lasts two years longer this time will be approaching. Then what shall we do? To be frank, there are no precedents to tell us what we shall or can do under such circumstances."

So much for the financial side of this question of overexpansion.

I find that a great many readers of this weekly are interested more in the after-effects of the war on our manufacturers and workers than on our financiers and speculators. I have received several letters asking such questions as these: What about wages, interest rates and taxation in Europe after the war? Will the changes to occur there benefit or handicap our manufacturers in the United States? Will Europe be able to sell goods for less money after the war than before, or will she be obliged to charge more?

If the War Should Stop To-Day

OF COURSE, if you knew that wages, interest rates and taxation would all be higher in Europe after the war, there would be no debate as to the effect of the same on our manufacturers. Such conditions would make it necessary for Europeans to charge more for their goods; and if our manufacturers would keep down the cost of production, this should tend to reduce the ultimate bad effects of the European war on the United States.

But will wages in Europe be higher after the war? What about interest rates, taxation, and the other factors? To answer these questions is not so simple as most people think. I will discuss them in detail.

If the war should stop to-day and the millions of men at the front should return to their homes, no doubt there would be an immediate decline in wages in Great Britain, and probably throughout Europe. The demand for workers to make the supplies for the war would suddenly cease. The workers already engaged in that line of business would be thrown out of employment. For the remaining jobs in legitimate industry there would be keen competition between these workers and the soldiers returning home from the front. This would be especially severe owing to the fact that the women will have been trained during the war to do men's work. Precedents have been thrown to the winds, and women are driving taxicabs, delivering mail, acting as policemen, as well as working in foundries and all manner of mills.

The workingmen of Europe think they already have a tremendous burden in carrying on the war, but the worst is yet to come! On arriving home—those of them who are lucky enough to do so—they will find keener competition awaiting them in London, Paris and Berlin than they had in the trenches at the front. I say this will be the result of things immediately at the end of the war! Surely, then, there can be no advance in wages, and very likely there will be a decline in wages in Europe at that time. To a certain extent these conditions will be reflected on this side of

the Atlantic. There may be no reduction in wages or keen competition here among workers, but there will be a certain slackness that has not been seen since 1908.

It is seriously questioned, however, whether this condition of unemployment will last long in Europe. Though the industries of the belligerent countries are now organized on a war basis, they will gradually return to a peace basis. The mills now making khaki uniforms for soldiers will again begin to make awnings for country homes. The factories that are now making woolens for armies will turn to making fancy dress goods. Those engaged in making the luxuries of war will turn to making the luxuries of peace, and gradually the employment situation will be cleared up. Within one year or more after the end of the war conditions will probably begin to improve. As the old industries start up again, and as the people return to some of the comforts and luxuries they enjoyed before the war, the surplus of labor will be used up and wages will be back again at normal.

Just how long a period this will be after the war no one can tell. It depends largely on the length of the war. On the principle that "all action is followed by equal reaction," the longer the war lasts, the longer will the nations be in getting back to normal after the war. It is an old saying that the dancers must pay the piper; and the longer the dance, the more it will take to satisfy the piper.

Business moves very largely by momentum. If you ever tried to move an empty railroad car on a siding, you will remember that it was a pretty difficult task, equaled only by the task of stopping if after you once started it to rolling. It is just the same with business. When it is declining it gradually acquires a momentum and declines much farther than it should; but when it is improving it likewise acquires a momentum and becomes very much more active than necessary. Expansion and depression go hand in hand; one is impossible without the other.

Therefore, after this readjustment period, when business again begins to improve and develop along the old lines, there will be a great rush for new material, new merchandise and new labor. This will, I expect, gradually develop into a stampede throughout Europe for workers. Then workers will again be in great demand; then the losses of war will truly be felt. During this period I should not be surprised to see wages in Europe go up higher than they have ever been before. During this period I think there will be little for our manufacturers at home to fear except their inability to get workers.

Immigration and Employment

IN TALKING with immigration experts as to what immigration conditions will be after the war I find a great difference of opinion. Some think that when the war is over the workers of Europe will be so disgusted that they will take the first boat to this country, with their wives and children. Others think that the nations of Europe will put an embargo on emigration and prevent their workers from leaving the country. Certainly, if the governments have the power to force the workers into the trenches to fight, they will have the power to keep them in their own countries after the war is over.

What I personally think on this subject may be guessed from what I have said above about wages. I think that immediately following the war there will be a great surplus of labor in Europe, and that there will be, at first, a flood of emigration to this country. We have had practically no European immigration for a year and a half, and in accordance with the law of action and reaction we are bound to have heavy immigration for a year or so after the war in order to balance things up. During this period I think our own Government and the governments of Europe will become frightened. Hence, I should not then be surprised to see our own Government, under pressure, put restrictions on immigration, making it difficult for workers to come to this country.

At the same time European countries may become panic-stricken for fear they may lose their best men. Consequently they will make it more difficult for workers to emigrate from England, Russia, Germany, Italy and Austria-Hungary. This will result in a rapid falling off of the immigration that will be witnessed here directly after the war. Within a few years after the war is over I expect to see very little immigration into this country, compared with what we saw before the war came on.

In other words, both are right—those who think there will be heavy immigration into this country after the war and those who think there will be little immigration after the war. The fact of the case is that directly after the war, when there is great unemployment in Europe, there may be heavy emigration to this country; but as soon as business picks up in Europe—especially when restrictions on emigration are enacted by both our country and European countries—emigration to the United States will rapidly decline. The emigration problem and the wage problem are most intimately related, and both are destined to work together, like two interlocking cogwheels.

If conditions are to work out in this way the effect on the wages of readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is self-evident. Directly after the war, while there is great unemployment in Europe and heavy emigration to this country, there will be unemployment in this country—especially owing to the many men who will be thrown out of work when the manufacture of munitions ceases. This means lower wages in many lines of business and will certainly prevent many readers of this weekly from then getting the wage increase that they otherwise would normally have. But do not get discouraged during this process. Hang on to your jobs. The thing will come out all right. The unemployment situation in Europe will cure itself, and before many years there will be a dearth of labor over there instead of a surplus. At the same time emigration to this country will again decrease, and before long your boss will be offering you more money in order to keep you.

As already suggested in this article the ultimate result of the war will be to raise the standard of wages throughout the world. This war is going to be a great education to the entire world. Everybody is going to learn something because of it. Efficiency will be the watchword; coöperation will be the password. Great social changes are liable to occur. The men who are lucky enough to return well and strong from the trenches will know their power and use it.

For this reason I fear that much talk of the Old-Guard protectionists is ill-considered. Certain things Europe will dump on our markets; but we want those things badly, and the cheaper we can get them the better for all our people. Temporarily there may be unemployment in our country, all of which will tend toward a complete overturn in political control in the congressional election of November, 1918. But these upset conditions will be only temporary.

If our manufacturers do not become panic-stricken, and will devote their attention to developing greater efficiency and abler selling organizations, they need have nothing to fear from Europe's dumping or from low wages in Europe. It will be only a few years before our merchants will be begging Europe for goods. It will be only a few years before our manufacturers will be begging Europe for workers. Let us not forget that every one of the shells we send to Europe to-day is killing possible immigrants, all of which will react on us both in higher wages and higher living expenses. As to the cost of living after the war I will treat that in another article.

A local storekeeper in Wellesley, Massachusetts, came to me the other day and asked whether now was a good time to borrow money to build a house, or had he better wait until after the war. I looked wise and told him that I did not believe it would make very much difference which he did. Of course, up to the breaking out of hostilities this country was very dependent on Europe for fixed capital. Our railroads were built almost wholly with European money; our public utilities—such as waterworks, gas plants, and so on—were built largely with European funds; and even many of our business blocks, apartment houses and general buildings were financed with foreign aid.

There will be no more of this after the war. We must get our own funds and finance our own construction work. Every country will use all its own capital for rebuilding itself. After the war no country will be able to get much financial aid from any other country. Therefore, considering only this point of view, it would seem that interest rates should be higher after the war than before. In most of the countries of Europe they will be. Were this the only factor operating in this country they would be higher here also.

After the war is over, however, we shall have a great deal more money in this country than we have ever had before. I have already told you of the hundreds of millions that have been pouring in here to pay for foodstuffs and munitions of war. Not only has our supply of gold increased by leaps and bounds but just about the time when war was declared the new banking law went into effect. This new law cut down the percentage of reserve our banks were required to carry. This permitted banks to loan much more money and greatly to extend their loans without breaking the law concerning the reserve requirements. These two factors, working together, have resulted in giving us tremendously easy money. Hence a period of inflation is now at hand. Though we shall be unable longer to get capital from Europe, we now have more than we really need at home; and we have a big factory in operation for manufacturing still more money on the least provocation.

The War Debts of the Powers

WE ARE now in a period of great prosperity, and it is natural for interest rates to increase from now on, so long as this period of prosperity continues. This prosperity will probably continue until the cessation of hostilities, which my Wall Street friends say will be within a year. From the cessation of hostilities until the final signing of peace terms there may be one or two years. During this time there will be a gradual readjustment, with a corresponding increase in money rates. After the signing of peace terms may come a general slump and depression in business, with accompanying unemployment, such as I have already mentioned. During this period interest rates should decline again. The net result of all this should keep rates on mortgages at just about their present level—at least so far as they affect the readers of this weekly.

Of course the cost of the war should be considered in this connection; but the figures for that are almost beyond comprehension. The united expenditures of France, Britain, Russia, Italy and Germany vary from two billions to two billion two hundred millions monthly, or about seventy million dollars daily.

The war loans raised up to the end of last October totaled more than $24,400,000,000. The Allies raised $14,660,000,000 and the Central Powers $9,821,000,000. The amount raised in the United States was $962,000,000.

Germany's military expenditures are eighteen million dollars daily. Owing to advances to Bulgaria and Turkey, and help accorded to Austria-Hungary, these expenditures will shortly reach twenty million dollars daily, or six hundred millions monthly.

France is now expending monthly five hundred million dollars; Britain, six hundred millions; and Russia, four hundred millions.

Italy, at the end of October, had expended seven hundred and seventy-three million dollars. By July she will have spent three billions.

All the world must unite in paying these debts, whether they are repudiated, reorganized, consolidated or left as they are. If they are left undisturbed, then the question arises: How shall they be paid? It is self-evident that

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SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA

By HENRY RUCKER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

IT MAY not turn out to be a matter of international interest and it may never get into the newspapers along with the war *communiqués* and the Yuma floods; but I wish to state at this critical juncture that I have just returned from a long, quiet and somewhat solitary trip. I am back again among familiar scenes. I have once more taken up my abode in my Pico Ranch, at the foot of Camel-back Mountain—and my friends are welcome to amble along in and wassail me. I desire to see them, one and all, and to shake hands with every male person I have ever known—except Hannibal Gregg!

Putting it briefly, I went away on account of threatened health, with a desire to conserve what health remained intact and to protect the said health from such bellicose attacks as might seem designed to undermine it. No; it wasn't my health. Mine's all right and always has been. It was Hannibal Gregg's health that bestirred me to anxious flight.

The facts all indicated at the time that Hannibal would have hung round my ranch in a low state of mind until he finally succeeded in visiting me; and when that was over there would have been some ready material for another one of those Phoenix funerals. I don't feel like adding any to the supply of Phoenix funerals, because they have one about every fifteen minutes, it being a dry climate and celebrated.

Even now, after it is all over, I still love Hannibal as one brother rarely loves another; and I certainly should have hated to rob him of his abundant supply of life, which is what would have been necessary in order to keep the misguided galoot from killing me off into a complete state of habeas corpus.

That, in a confused way, is why I went away on this health trip, from which I have quietly returned; and likewise, in addition to all this, there was Hannibal Gregg's brand-new spouse to be considered. She was not to be considered in a light, flippant manner, either. She was to be contemplated seriously and at extreme length. Her name was and is Myra, which means, in Latin or Greek, pippin or peach, and very choice. Now it is Myra Gregg and she belongs to Hannibal by virtue of holy wedlock; but hitherto it was Myra Lee. And when we assume that my own modest monniker is Luke Spangler we have most of the vital statistics, except a few unimportant addresses and the names of some staunch friends of mine who would saw off all their legs to do me a favor.

To go away back and corral the early facts, Hannibal Gregg and I are pals, and have been since the days when we split one silk necktie between us. We labored together on Joe Hick's ranch in the Salt River Valley a long while before the days of irrigation, and when old Arizona was as dry as the lining of a stove. Nowadays they have fussy little canals skittering over the countryside, distributing the water stored up in Roosevelt Dam, and you can grow anything, from an early June squash to a carbuncle. When Hannibal and I first rode over the hills in pursuit of Joe Hick's steers Arizona recognized water only in pictures. And Salt River Valley was where the man lived with the frog three years old that hadn't learned to swim.

Well, Hannibal and I grew up and saved money—that is, I grew and Hannibal saved the dough; and in the course of time he attached himself to a large and prosperous ranch on the north edge of Phoenix, about nine miles out of town and adjacent to the Phoenix Country Club. The Phoenix Country Club, I might as well explain, is the home of Arizona culture, and the one spot in the state where you wander in and dilute your system with polite, refined and genteel society. They have butlers, and all the servants wear uniforms and a chilled exterior; and it was the first place in the state to use cards for purposes other than playing poker.

As I said, Hannibal became a bloated ranch owner, with all the appurtenances thereto, including Mission furniture. I came into proprietorship of my own little homestead with some slight financial assistance from Hannibal; and, though it is a jitney ranch, it pays my board and makes people refer to me as Mister Spangler.

Hannibal is large and ferocious looking when irritated, but soothing to the eye under normal conditions. He is pretentious in the way of measurements and molded with regard for solidity rather than delicacy of line. He stands six feet five inches and is correspondingly broad in all directions. His face is rosy and inclined to good nature; and when he laughs, he laughs all over, beginning at his bald spot and rippling down to his key ring. I have heard him described as a good-natured slob—which is vulgar, but extremely definite.

On the other hand, I'm a little guy; and I own a little ranch and a little motor car. My former companion in crime is copious, owns a large ranch and drives a gasoline-propelled Juggernaut that just misses being a truck. Neither of us was, is or will be a society gentleman. There was a time when Hannibal did not realize that fact; but he does now. I know precisely how he feels with a two-ounce cup of orange pekoe in the fan-shaped object he designates as his hand, because that's the way I feel.

What Hannibal knows about polite and artistic drawing-room discourse would be chemically defined as a slight trace; and when they first rounded him up in a dress shirt I am told grown men had to sit on his head. Hannibal is at home with a sick steer or a saddle-galled pony; but if a society dame started to ask him what he thought of Chopin he would infer that she meant something about wood, and if the conversation drifted to Shaw, Hannibal would get behind a door and shudder. These are all unimportant items of detail, but they give you a clear comprehension of subsequent proceedings and show you that I was justified.

Until the blow fell Hannibal and I breezed along through life as happy and carefree as unmarried men think married people are. Hannibal produced alfalfa from the face of the generous earth by the simple process of hiring Mexican sleepwalkers, who broke down the laterals at proper intervals and flooded the land with grateful moisture. Sheepmen and cattlemen came down from the chilly north and paid Hannibal the pleasing sum of five dollars per animal per month for the privilege of grazing their stock on his alfalfa; and the money rolled into his bank so fast the directors used to unbend and shake hands with him.

Then, as I intimated, Disaster, brooding atop her melancholy height, looked down on the United States and selected Hannibal out of a total population of one hundred and two million human beings, according to the last census. The afternoon train drifted in from Maricopa one day with a herd of strangers, and Myra Lee, accompanied by her maternal parent, one sister, two maids, and a finger-size dog all covered with fuzz, descended from the Pullman and looked about her with an incriminating gaze. It happened that Hannibal and I were standing in the train shed in the futile hope of rounding up a strayed suit case when this social avalanche struck town. Hannibal remained rooted to the solid earth and fastened his eyes on Myra. Of course we didn't know her name then, but we found it out later. She looked at him, too, with an air that showed he was extensively none of her business. Porters grabbed the party right after this and whisked them out of sight, and Hannibal came over to me with a look in his eyes.

"Say," he rumbled, "did you see anything worth looking at just now? Did you get a peek at the doll baby in the pink hat? Or were you looking under the engine as usual?"

"I saw her," I admitted. "Nice-looking little girl. Might be better if she fattened up a bit. Let's us give up that suit case and —"

The Boot Missed My Left Ear by Inches

"I have seen a lot of girls," Hannibal continued. "I certainly have met up with a pile of young women in my life, Shorty, but let me tell you something about the girl who just got off that train. She's a bird!"

"Let's go," I went on uneasily, because I had a vague hunch, even that early, that the back wheels of our placid existence were beginning to skid. "I didn't want that suit case a whole lot, and — "

"Did you notice her eyes?" he insisted, as we climbed into his stone crusher. "There was a little brown curl over her left eye ——"

That's the way it began. It had to begin somewhere, and I suppose the railroad station was as good as any place else. From that hour Hannibal Gregg, cow-puncher emeritus and consistent avoider of women, began to take leave of the senses he had been using for many years. Being a person of importance in Phoenix it was no job at all for him to meet the Lees. He just about waited till the family settled down at the Alameda Hotel. And from that day and hour Hannibal Gregg has never been the same. He still looks like Hannibal Gregg, but you can't fool a guy who has knocked round with him for twelve years.

Of course the Lees began to infest the Country Club at once, and Phoenix society dusted off the furniture and entertained them in its most polished and refined manner. It seems the Lees were pretty nearly in the front row of all the Lees in their state, which was Maryland or Virginia or some other one of those down-east confederacies. It seems, as I remember it, that the ragtime steamboat Robert E. Lee was named after them, and they were all lathered up with ancestors and lineage. At any rate, when Phoenix found out that it was warming a bunch of Southern Lees in its bosom nothing was too fine or expensive, and the Country Club was a constant riot of balls, teas, parties, receptions and general disturbance.

Up to this momentous episode in his life, Hannibal Gregg had omitted to mingle with society of the kid-glove denomination. If you were to tell him, up to this time, that he had better go and dress for dinner, he would have informed you that he already was dressed for dinner and had been so since before breakfast. A six-round fight between lively featherweights, or a ball game, or an all-night poker scramble among friends, had seemed to him a fitting manner of amusement for grown-up men; and as to dancing, he knew no more about the elusive art than he did about the Centrifugal Theory of Esoteric Force.

Furthermore, until Myra Lee wafted into Phoenix with her family, Hannibal was a moderately contented man, waxing prosperous on the generous usufruct of the earth and getting himself mildly pickled about every three months, besides contributing largely to local charities and being mentioned in the papers every day or two. Now all was changed. He no longer blew into the Alameda Bar at three in the afternoon for a silver fizz and a general discussion with the boys. He no longer loafed round his ranch, overseeing the Mexicans while they oversaw the alfalfa in the act of enriching the land. He didn't do a dog-gone thing that he had always done, and he quit smoking cigarettes because they stained his fingers.

Of an afternoon you could see him, accompanied by Myra Lee, in the act of adding to his wardrobe. It appears that Hannibal had jogged along for years in the wrong kind of harness. He was wrong from his scalp to his shoestrings, and Myra took him in hand to correct his uneducated and barbarous sartorial mannerisms. I will also state that she

started in to correct everything else about him. The way I looked at it he might just as well not have been made at all until she landed in Phoenix and contracted the job.

He began ramping round loosely through the streets of Phoenix in speckled hats and patent-leather shoes. He surrounded his person with belted coats and skimpy pants which he couldn't sit down in until he loosened them up by hand. He came out before a stunned populace wearing plaid neckties and fancy vests and high collars, the points of which might have killed him through penetrating the jugular vein, but unfortunately didn't. He showed me a rackful of pyjamas that a clerk had forced on him; and if I knew how to blush I'd have done it. They were louder than a steam calliope. All of which shows you the general softening of the bean that was working on him.

He shook the sturdy wool socks of decency and invested his nether limbs in silk hosiery of an apologetic hue and maniacal designs. Instead of being shaved whenever he felt overly oppressed with bristles, he was barbered each dewy morn; and he put grease on his hair so he could slick it back like the moving-picture actors. And he came down to the Alameda barber shop every so often and had his fingers manicured! In a word, he went the limit and jumped off. It wouldn't have surprised me to find him running pink ribbons through some of his nighties about this time.

Mind you,-this was, to all exterior intents, Hannibal Gregg, the Arizona ranchman and ex-cow-puncher, who on one occasion cleaned out the Greasy Spoon Restaurant, in Yuma, with the busted leg of a table—and at a time when the said caravansary had a high mortality rate.

Do you wonder when I witnessed all this that I soured somewhat on Myra Lee? When you just take a peek at that name you begin thinking of a small person, don't you? And she was small too—in everything except her ideas, of which she had a quantity and all two-ton size. She was just about as cumbersome as an ordinary umbrella—maybe a little taller and a few inches wider. You could certainly dig up a smile when you saw those two wandering along Main Street on a shopping tour. It looked some like Mount Etna taking a chicken croquette out for a stroll. Yet it wouldn't have been safe to indulge in any satirical comment. Hannibal certainly was mad about that lady.

On the other hand, Myra held him in considerable esteem. She seemed to prefer him to the other men, for half the town of Phoenix was sending her candy and flowers and thereby supplying Hannibal with jealous agonies. But she wasn't a demonstrative lady. She didn't show any unconquerable desire to hold Hannibal's hand; and she couldn't have held it anyhow, because of its size. She didn't care to wander off into secluded nooks and listen to impassioned love talk. She just wanted to go along in a respectable fashion and act like a human being. In the course of time, I presume, she figured she might marry the big lummox and restore him to sanity. Meanwhile she was having a good time, according to her lights.

As time went on Hannibal began to fall away. He sprouted lines in his face that had never been there before, and he worried himself thin. He sat on the clubhouse veranda and drank green tea and learned to play bridge. She dragged him into the tennis courts and made him be her partner; and I have gone by on hot afternoons when you could have seen him running back and forth at full speed and giving off a light-gray steam.

Last of all, Hannibal Gregg, ship of the desert and man among men, learned to dance. He danced afternoons and evenings, in defiance of his past life and the law of gravitation, under the watchful eye of Myra Lee. He became proficient in the fox trot, the one-step and the hesitation. It was the girl's theory that a man who could not dance was a vulgar barbarian. One day I picked up the Morning News and discovered the full depths of his shame.

"One of the swellest affairs of the present season," it said, "occurred last night at the Occidental Hotel, at Beverly Springs. It was given for Charity, and the beauty and chivalry of Phoenix society attended. The program was long and interesting, and was interspersed with the folk dances of many nations, all given in picturesque costumes. Prominent on the program of striking exhibitions was the Desert Love Dance, by Miss Myra Lee, the Eastern society débutante, whose family is one of the famous Lees, and Mr. Hannibal Gregg, of Phoenix, one of our most graceful and accomplished society leaders and dancers.

"Miss Lee was a dream in white crêpe de Chine, trimmed with cluny lace and brilliant with diamonds. Mr. Gregg was clad in pink surtout, satin knickerbockers, pink silk stockings, and slippers ornamented with silver buckles and incrusted with precious stones. By his side dangled a sword and his manly strength was enhanced by a silver helmet and a yellow plume."

Suffering swordfish! Wouldn't that make you sick? I read the article from beginning to end over my morning coffee and found the names of other prominent citizens who had disported themselves in costumes. I also observed the photographs that were handed out to the newspaper men and I am ashamed to describe them. People will do things at a fancy ball that would get them in jail anywhere else and destroy the reputation of a lifetime. I began to reflect about Hannibal and to meditate that you never can tell how a man is going to turn out. Later on I jogged into town in my thirty-six flea-power auto, and when I was going down the chute toward the Gregg Ranch an overwhelming desire to see Hannibal oppressed me. I went on in and discovered noises in the garage, where I found the society leader and dancer soaking oil into a pair of rusty boots.

"Hello, poison ivy!" Hannibal remarked. "How's everything, and where have you been hiding lately?"

"I haven't been secreting myself at all," I stated. "I've been round. The trouble is with you. You're so taken up with social diversions that you have no time for ordinary people."

"Oh, no!" Hannibal answered lightly.

"Oh, yes!" I corrected. "I've been reading about you in the newspaper. I thought I'd drop in and see if your supply of manly strength was all right."

He glared at me over a boot.

"Yes; I've been some bored lately and I thought you might cheer me up by getting out your pink silk tights, or whatever you wear when you're all heated up with social excitement, and tear me off a few yards of the Desert Love Dance. And if it delights me I might unbend to the extent of handing you a small kiss."

She Glared Defiantly at Her Captors

Well, I'm pretty quick on my feet and the boot missed my left ear by inches and went on out through the window, taking part of the sash. Hannibal reached for the other boot, still homicidal, and then slowed up, while a rueful grin spread across his face, the same as it always used to.

"Say," he said, getting up from his knees and standing over me, "do you think I'm enjoying the kind of life I lead these days?"

"No," I answered, "I don't. And while you are leading it you sure are a repellent object to your former friends. When I think of you hopping round in pink knickerbockers before a lot of ladies, both male and female, it makes me sorry you didn't die that time you had the typhoid."

"Listen to me!" Hannibal went on, speaking earnestly and with a sort of piteous tremolo. "I feel as disgusted with myself as you do, but I can't help it. I'm trying to marry a girl. I'm doing everything she wants me to do, no matter what it is; but that's only a temporary state of affairs. When I marry Myra this foolishness ends. When she is my wife there will be no more society stuff in our lives. I will never dance again. I will never drink another drop of tea. I will never play tennis or talk art with elderly women. I will do nothing I am doing now during the period of my probation; because when I am married to her I will be the big boss and what I say will be the law."

"Well, why don't you marry her," I demanded, "and quit acting like a wild ass of the desert?"

"She won't have me just yet. It is only a matter of time. Until she walks down the aisle with me I shall do as she says. After that she shall do as I say; and I have no Country Club plans whatever. You wait till we're married, will you?"

I said I'd linger round until Hymen triumphed; and Hannibal dilated upon his plans, which consisted of taking his dancing clothes and his swallowtail outfits off to a large hole he knew and burning them with ceremony and mesquite. No longer the light fantastic! He wanted me to know that, in spite of the evidence, he was still a regular guy and retained his old fondness for plug tobacco and draw poker. He drew a picture of calm, peaceful life on the ranch, with little Myra starring as Queen of the Home in a sunbonnet and with flour marks on her. He talked all right, and when I went on into town he was cursing with his old-time fluency.

But there was no change whatever in his conduct. He remained a society leader and, if anything, became more obnoxious in the sight of mankind and a disgrace to his own past. He went right on annoying the populace in pearl spats and a thin cane. Myra drove him hither and yon until his life must have been a constant torment, and he kept on dancing whenever he heard a band. And the pleasant summer came and passed; and so did the winter.

"Anybody Who Tries to Stop Us Won't See To-Morrow. Is That Plain?"

II

IT MUST have been nine or ten months from the first Occidental ball wherein he disgraced himself to the day when I came across Hannibal in the Alameda Bar. I had been hanging my head over him all those months, until I began to wear a chronic wilted look. I regretted the day that brought the Lee family to Phoenix, because it looked as if I had lost my best friend. So far as the Lees were concerned I never made a knock-out with them, including Myra, the sister, the mother, and the vest-pocket dog. They all regarded me as a low person who probably smelled of the barn, and whose previous acquaintance with Hannibal was a knock to him. Mrs. Lee was a lady with a firm chin and an aquiline nose; and while Myra made Hannibal jump through hoops and lie dead, Mrs. Lee told Myra where she got off with equal success.

That was the situation early in the next year, when the flowers were beginning to come out along the roadside and things were turning green. It was one of those snappy spring days when everything seems to bubble with joy; and

along about noon, it being warmish, I figured I'd better drift into the Alameda Bar and bubble with a little joy myself.

I instructed Harry to fix me up something cool and partly transparent, and was settling myself against the mahogany when I saw Hannibal Gregg in a booth at the rear. He had a drink in each hand, his feet were on a chair, and on his face was the expression of a man who had just received a collect-telegram announcing a funeral. It was the first time I'd seen him in that place for some months, and he seemed queer to me.

"Why, hello, Hannibal!" said I, willing to forgive the big stiff everything. "This is an unexpected pleasure."

"Pleasure!" said Hannibal, speaking very carefully to keep his consonants from skidding. "There ain't any such thing as pleasure in all the world! Nor happiness, neither. This is a vale of sorrow; man is born full of grief, and when he dies there won't be anyone round to hold his hand."

Here he heaved a deep sigh. I observed with some satisfaction that Phoenix's leading society gavotter and most exclusive dresser was gently simmering. It was the first time in a year; but what surprised me most was that he wanted to talk about death and the tomb. His habit, when slightly listing to port, was to be happy and jubilant—the life of any party that he could butt into. This strain of melancholy was new to me. I tried to guess the cause of it.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked him. "Has your little friend threw you down, or something?"

"No, Shorty," he answered sadly. "No; but I've been sitting here thinking of the future. I've had a lovely past, but my future doesn't look any too good. Let's have two more drinks; then I have got to go home and take a hot bath and eat breathlets."

He rambled on loosely and after a while I left him, because he didn't need anyone in particular to talk to. He was just full of words and was spilling them out regardless. In front of the Alameda I bought a newspaper and a minute later I knew the reason for Hannibal's lapse. It said that the Occidental Hotel was planning a masked ball which would make all previous exhibitions unimportant. Society was going to come forth in such costumes as only the most heated imagination could conjure up; and among the names was that of Hannibal Gregg. He was down on the schedule for two dances, one of them called the Cleopatra Vision and the other the Mexican Sun Dance. No wonder the poor galoot wanted to talk about the manner of his death!

I went back and got him out of the barber shop, where he was making a speech to a lot of strangers who were being shaved, and found that he had bought the head chair and ordered it sent out to the ranch, along with the rubber floor mat. I canceled the order and took him home in my machine. After which I retired to Camel-back Mountain and reflected.

"I Can't Tell You All the Horrible Details Now, Because I'm in a Hurry"

Here was unquestionably a case where my duty was to save Hannibal. He couldn't save himself apparently; so it was up to me. He had told me more than once that he would stop all this social nonsense after he had married Myra. Unmarried, he was turning out to be a blithering imbecile.

Married, he would settle down; and he would settle Myra down beside him.

I decided that I was going to do something, and do it before the next Occidental bal masqué. A few days later I slipped out of town on the Maricopa local and wound up in Tucson, where I am intimate with Tom Boyle, sole owner and presiding officer of the Railroad Man's Tavern.

I laid my needs before Tom in plain English and he averred that the thing could be done. What I needed was a determined band of roughneck citizens who would perform meritorious but illegal acts for a cash consideration. Tom shook my hand and assured me that he could corral any number of lawbreakers who would obey my orders for money, and, for twenty-five dollars, Mex., participate in any enterprise.

"Have them as tough as possible," I explained, "and with whiskers. Each man must carry two guns and a knife and look fierce, because there is some intimidating to be done on this job; and if it fails there will be burials. We are going to deal with an impetuous citizen. I remember when four strangers tried to hold Hannibal up one dark night years ago, and right after that the nurses turned down the coverlets on four cots in the hospital."

"The sound of money makes these men wild," said Tom; so I gave him the cash, to be paid over when the job was finished.

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LOOT

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. LEONE BRACKER

V

HILDRETH stood only a moment on the curb. His white shirt and waistcoat limned his figure clearly in the dusk, he knew; and, hater of conspicuousness that he was naturally, to be conspicuous at the present moment was, he felt, to be a magnet for peril.

Thus deeply was he impressed with the manner and written words of Morn Light. Fantastic as her commands were, he had promised to obey them, and never for a moment did he consider breaking his promise. Even more than by the feeling of peril was he guided by the promise she had extracted from him.

He knew that it would attract attention for him to walk along the streets without a coat. If enemies—who or what he could not even dimly imagine, though by now he was certain that his danger had to do with one or both of his commissions—lurked inside the theater it was not reasonable to suppose that they would remain there long if he was absent. He beckoned to a stage-door lounger who gossiped with the doortender. He slipped a coin into the man's hand.

"Fetch me a taxi," he said.

A moment later he was inside the machine and was being driven to a clothier recommended by the chauffeur. At the door of the establishment he paid off his driver, entered the store, purchased quickly a black raincoat and emerged to stand again doubtfully on the curb.

For a moment the idea that he was the victim of some sort of elaborate practical joke possessed him. He weighed the evidence. If Morn had been joking the look in her eyes as she broke down in the middle of her song might have been a counterfeit emotion. But his close proximity to her in her dressing room! She could not have counterfeited fear there. There had been drops of perspiration on her face, drops that came from no physical exertion and that Hildreth did not believe came from the pain of her ankle. Terror had brought them there—real terror, no counterfeit.

He dismissed the practical-joke thought as swiftly as it had come to him.

But it was only a little after nine o'clock now. If the jeweler had not already started for the Vandergelt Theater it was Hildreth's polite duty to inform Arabin that circumstances had arisen making it impossible for him to remain in the theater. That was only common decency. He entered a drug store and shut himself in the booth. In a moment a voice answered him:

"Mr. Arabin's residence."

"I'd like to speak with Mr. Arabin—Mr. James F. Arabin," said Hildreth.

"Mr. Arabin's out of town," was the answer.

"Out of town?" asked Hildreth in surprise. "When did he leave?"

"He's been in Boston the last two days," replied the voice. "He is not expected back until to-morrow morning."

Hildreth was stunned.

"You mean to tell me that Mr. Arabin has not been in New York to-day?"

"I said he was in Boston," came the cold reply. "He leaves on the midnight train and will be in town to-morrow. Good-by!"

"Here; wait a bit!" cried Hildreth. "Tell me—this is the residence of Mr. Arabin, the jeweler, isn't it?"

"It is."

"Well, has he any relative in the business? A cousin—a son by the same name?"

"Are you spoofing me?" demanded the voice angrily.

Hildreth had imagination. At another time he would have smiled at the mental picture of the voice, with its London slang and accent, conjured up before him. But he was in too deadly earnest now even to think of smiling at the solemn, aggrieved English butler, whose like, if voices told anything at all, Hildreth had seen many times at home.

"I'm not chaffing," he answered. "I want to know."

"There is but one James F. Arabin," replied the servant, as one who should say that there was but one President of the United States, one King of Britain, one Church of England. And he rang off.

It was a temptation to Hildreth to ring the number again, declare his identity, his mission, and find out whether the servant could answer the puzzling questions that he could not.

But a servant was not to be lightly confided in, especially over the telephone. Moreover, if James F. Arabin was in Boston, if he had deliberately been absent from New York at the time of Hildreth's arrival, there was but one explanation of such action: Arabin did not know that Hildreth was coming. In that case it would hardly avail anything to question the servant. Hildreth left the drug store.

Someone, of course, had engaged quarters at the Battenberg for Hildreth, and that someone had posed as Arabin—or, at any rate, as his representative. Someone had wirelessed Hildreth on board the Lucantia and signed Arabin's name to the message. Someone had telephoned Hildreth and made an appointment at the theater; but that someone could not have been Arabin, for Arabin was in Boston and would not return until to-morrow. The servant spoke with certainty; there was no reason to doubt the correctness of his knowledge as to his master's movements.

So then, whoever had sent that wireless, whoever had caused that room to be engaged, whoever had pretended to be Arabin over the telephone, was an impostor. Had there not been the telephone message, had not the speaker said that he was Arabin, Hildreth could have understood it all. He would have assumed that some trusted employee of Arabin had taken the liberty—been instructed to do so, in fact—of signing Arabin's name to the wireless, of engaging the room. If the voice over the telephone had not stated that it was the voice of Arabin, but had said that it was an employee of the jeweler—but it had not!

There was but one conclusion—the sender of the wireless, the engager of the room, the donor of the theater ticket, was an impostor. And this, of course, led to another conclusion: Inasmuch as only an impostor had done these things, and inasmuch, further, as there had been no genuine effort on the part of Arabin to meet him, and as Arabin was in Boston—his arrival was not expected by the jeweler.

Up to now the cryptic warnings and message of Morn Light had seemed anachronistic, smacking of the days before police forces were the powerful machines they are now, of whimsical intrigue, of grotesque plot and counter-plot, as theatrical as their places of conception, staged in greenrooms, aided and abetted by beautiful adventuresses of the stage. But there was no stage play about this affair. It was in deadly, sober earnest, Hildreth could not doubt.

Morn Light did not exaggerate Hildreth's danger. How she, a lovely girl, knew of the plot Hildreth could not imagine. But that her connection with it was innocent, that her knowledge of it was innocent, he would have been willing to swear. Further, by warning him of danger she was giving proof of her innocence.

Unless, of course, her appointment with him at Bishop's restaurant was in the nature of a trap. But this Hildreth would not believe. And when common sense told him that he ought not to keep the appointment, he answered it with the argument that his conversation with Arabin's butler had shown him conclusively that there was a plot of some sort, that he would not have suspected such a plot were it not for Morn Light, and that to doubt one who had already been proved honest in a measure was foolish.

Having imagination, it occurred to him that there might have been two rival plots, and that Morn was but serving one of them. But that was a little too far-fetched. He dismissed it. And that his railroad mission might be the basis of whatever plan was being launched against him did not seem reasonable. No one—not even Arabin—had been informed of his connection with the railroad matter.

Anyway, all the evidence, the use of Arabin's name, precluded any possibility other than that the necklace was the objective of the plot. Mechanically he patted the pocket in which reposed the design of the beautiful necklace, the check for Arabin, his own letter of credit, and the ironclad power of attorney which empowered him to vote the Carlow railroad stock. He was glad he had them all with him, even though they did spoil the symmetrical hang of his evening jacket, folded in a wallet though they were. Also, he was glad he had changed a quantity of English gold into American bills aboard the Lucantia and that they were on his person; for he could not go back to the Battenberg to-night, and cash might prove useful.

A taxicab came down the crosstown street. Hildreth hailed it. The young Englishman, aside from the matter of elevators, had no nerves. Danger assailed him; very well, he could not ascertain the source of the danger until midnight. Two hours and more must be passed before he should receive an explanation. Why not employ those hours in seeing what he could of the city? He had heard and read much of New York's Chinatown. If it were remote enough from the Vandergelt he would go there.

To his question the chauffeur answered that Chinatown was some miles distant. Hildreth immediately ordered the man to take him there. And shortly afterward Hildreth entered the Port Arthur restaurant and ordered some Chinese food, finding that excitement had made him hungry. He ate with perfect calm. Trouble was in the pot, but until it was brewed, why worry needlessly?

After eating he wandered round Chinatown for a while, but was quickly disillusioned of the idea that here lay any great romance. It was sordid, distasteful, hideous with suggested vice. He left it and explored the Bowery, of which he had heard so much. Thinking that his silk hat rendered him a bit too shining a mark in the neighborhood, he entered a hatter's store and bought a soft cloth hat, leaving his high hat to be called for later.

He wandered through the East Side, his coat buttoned over his white shirt, and found it much less pitiful than London's Whitechapel, though here, indeed, was poverty enough. He came out beneath Brooklyn Bridge, made his way to Park Row and rode in a trolley across to Brooklyn, finding New York more wonderful at night than it had been by day from the Lucantia's deck. He recrossed the Bridge and found that it was half past eleven. A policeman directed him to the Subway and told him what stop was nearest Bishop's restaurant. Somewhat before the appointed hour he passed through the portals of that gay resort, gently but firmly refusing to surrender his hat and coat to the rather insistent check boy.

To the head waiter, who accosted him, he proffered a request to be shown to Jacques.

"I am Jacques," said the waiter. "Monsieur wishes?"

"Miss Light told me to ask for you," said Hildreth. "She said you would understand."

"Ah, yes," said the Frenchman. "And monsieur's name is?"

Hildreth's own name was on the tip of his tongue before he caught himself. Morn Light had told him that he was Ted Daly. Undoubtedly she wished him to masquerade as Ted Daly here as well as in her dressing room.

"Daly," he said.

"Very good, monsieur," said Jacques. "If monsieur will follow me ——"

He led the way to an ornate stairway and motioned Hildreth to precede him. In the hall above he moved up beside Hildreth.

"Monsieur will notice," he said blandly, "that there is another flight of stairs at the other end of this hall. It leads to a side street. Also"—and he opened a door and motioned Hildreth inside—"monsieur, if he looks, will notice that behind the curtain"—he pointed—"there is a door. It can be bolted on either side. At present it is not fastened at all.

"It is well to notice these things, monsieur. That door opens almost directly on a third flight of stairs, leading to another side street. Monsieur will order now or await Miss Light's arrival? That is better, yes? Meantime would monsieur care for something to drink?"

Hildreth sat down at a table.

"Jacques, what does all this mean?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"There is nothing I can tell monsieur. It remains with Miss Light. Undoubtedly mademoiselle did not invite monsieur to meet her here for the amusement of either monsieur or herself. Undoubtedly there will be explanations by her."

"Yes," persisted Hildreth; "but you must know something. You aren't showing me several ways of escape for nothing, you know. What is the game?"

Jacques shrugged his shoulders.

"That is for mademoiselle to tell."

"Oh, is it?" demanded Hildreth with choler. "And suppose it isn't Miss Light who will find me here? Suppose it is someone else who —— I think I'm rather an ass to walk in here blindfolded. I think I'll not remain if I am to be kept in ignorance."

"That," said Jacques, "is just as monsieur prefers. I, Jacques, know nothing—nothing, that is, which I am at liberty to pass on to monsieur. But I earnestly beg monsieur to remain. Mademoiselle wishes it. Monsieur would be foolish not to remain. However ——"

He made a gesture implying that Hildreth was free to depart. The Englishman laughed shortly. "I'll stay," he announced, chagrined at his inability to win any information from the head waiter.

"And will drink a cocktail?"

"Very well," said Hildreth.

Jacques bowed and left the room, closing the door silently after him. Merely as a precaution born of the circumstances, Hildreth rose and tried the door Jacques had closed. It yielded readily and he moved away satisfied. He pushed back the curtain the Frenchman had indicated and opened the door concealed behind it. He looked through and assured himself as to the location of the stairs Jacques had mentioned. Then he replaced the curtain in its original folds and sat down at the table, first removing his hat and coat. On second thought he put his hat on again. Jacques' words had plainly signified that there might be need for flight. It was as well to be ready to attempt it.

He started nervously as a knock sounded on the door, but it was only a waiter bringing the cocktail he had ordered of Jacques. The man put it on the table. He unfolded a newspaper and handed it to Hildreth.

"The gentleman might care to read," he suggested, and bowed himself out of the room.

Hildreth picked up the paper idly. He noted amusedly that it was dated Tuesday, though Monday had not been more than four or five minutes dead. But a glance told him that it was a theatrical paper, of which he had heard his actress cousin speak as denoting the importance of the stage in New York, where it commanded its own newspaper. He knew it was issued almost in time to meet the audience filing out of the theater, ready with a review of the performance they had just witnessed.

Then swiftly his idle glance became fixed. Alongside a picture of a comedian who had been arrested for speeding his automobile was a photograph of a bearded man, and beneath the photograph the man's name. Above it was a headline telling of the sudden death of John Madison Clinton, president of the railroad, to take part in whose annual election Hildreth had been primarily sent to America.

He read the article interestedly. Halfway down the column he came on a statement issued by the board of directors to the effect that, out of respect to the memory of the late president, the annual stockholders' meeting would be postponed for two weeks.

Hildreth's first thought was of delight. Then he should not have to cut short his trip to America; his stay in New York would be prolonged at least two weeks and he would have a chance, entirely aside from this mystery, to see Morn Light, to know her. . . . He was sorry that anyone should die, but if President Clinton must die he could not have chosen a more opportune time for Hildreth, or his directors a more satisfying way of evidencing their regard for their dead chief.

Whatever this mystery might be it would undoubtedly be settled in a day or so. It could hardly endure longer. And, with the introduction to Morn Light it had given him, he would make use of these extra two weeks. . . . The telephone, set on the wall, jangled and disturbed his pleasant musings.

He rose wonderingly, suspiciously even, and put the receiver to his ear:

"Mr. Daly? Ted? This is Morn. I can't come down; it's impossible now. But wait. You must wait! And don't go to your hotel under any consideration. Stay where you are! Do you understand?"

"I understand what you're saying," he replied, "but not its meaning. And isn't it about time you explained what ——"

"I can't! I can't!" she said, her voice so filled with repressed excitement that he could imagine her flushed face and heaving bosom. "If I could now—but I can't. Believe me, won't you? Trust me—please! And wait!"

"Hadn't I better go to the police?" he demanded.

"Police? You'd not pass the threshold of the nearest station. I tell you it's so! Wait for me; please wait; sometime to-night—before morning ——"

"But, I say," he protested, "I'm beginning to have an inkling. I'm beginning to see ——"

"You can't," she said. "You haven't the slightest idea of how big —— Will you wait? I tell you your very life—will you wait?"

"Of course," he said; "but ——"

Strangely changed, her voice came over the wire to him:

"Don't be absurd, Ted! You must know what a ridiculous hour this is to ask me to come to supper. Even an actress needs sleep once in a while,

Recently He Had Begun to Wonder Whether Ambition Might Not Well be Set Aside

"Yes, Morn; Tell Him My Name," Said a Voice From the Doorway

you know. And my ankle—you knew it was bothering me. You aren't very thoughtful, to say the kindest! Good-by."

He heard the click of the receiver; she had rung off.

VI

THERE was a pout of amused disgust on Morn's lips as she drew aside the portières and entered the drawing-room of her apartment. It vanished when she saw Atchison sitting on a divan.

"Oh, you!" she said. "I knew it couldn't be Celia that I heard. But I didn't hear you ring?" she added questioningly.

"I didn't bother to be announced," he replied. "It is late. The hall boy was busy at the phone and evidently thought me a resident here; the elevator was down in the basement. I presume the operator was sneaking a smoke. So I walked up. I would have rung the bell at your front door, but the door was ajar, so—I walked in."

"Ajar? I thought I'd locked it."

"The evidence goes to prove that you did not," he rejoined lightly. "You were telephoning? I interrupted you?"

"Not at all," she answered carelessly. "I should have been glad of an interruption, but none happened; so I was rude instead."

"Indeed? I can hardly fancy you being that. To whom, may I ask?"

"Oh, a silly boy who gets his knowledge of actresses from the comic papers, I imagine. Wanted me to go downtown and have supper with him. He'd been drinking, I fancy.

"He knew that my ankle was hurt; called at my dressing room after the first act to-night to offer sympathy and ask me to have supper after the performance. I refused and I imagine he's been brooding"—she laughed deliciously—"and drinking."

"Impertinent cub!" said Atchison.

"So I gave him to understand," said Morn carelessly. She sat down in a chair across the room from Atchison.

"Who is he?"

Her eyebrows lifted slightly.

"Ted Daly. Cincinnati. Stocks and bonds. Will that do? I don't know his politics or his religion. What did you want to see me about?" she asked abruptly.

"Mr. Ted Daly," he answered.

"What!" The word was wrung from her unawares, and the moment she had uttered it she turned her head as though to rearrange the cushion in the back of her chair. When she turned back to Atchison there was no sign of alarm on her face.

"What do you care about Ted Daly?" she asked with seeming perplexity.

The man's face was hard.

"Don't play with me, Morn! Are you keeping a love affair from me?"

"A love affair! Have you been drinking?" she asked contemptuously.

"You know better," he said shortly. "But I happened to be downstairs a few moments ago, as you know. I overheard the hall boy speaking."

"Well?" She seemed unmoved.

Suddenly his face was convulsed.

"Why do you lie to me, Morn? I heard the operator downstairs speak your name! I heard him say that he was getting a number for you! And now you tell me that this Daly called you up. Why do you lie?"

"If you must know," she answered, "it is hard enough for a girl to apologize to a man without letting other people know that she has done so."

"You! Apologized to this man? Why?"

"I was rude to him when he called at my dressing room to-night. My ankle hurt and I was—impatient. But I was silly, for at once he again insisted that I dine with him now."

"And the rest of the story—what you've just told me ——"

"Does that matter? It was none of your business! Since you make it yours, since you eavesdrop, I tell you. Are you satisfied?"

"So that it is not a love affair, I am."

"And if it were?"

"Then I should make New York most uncomfortable for Mr. Ted Daly."

She colored.

"But you promised that you would never again ——"

"Promised!" He sneered. "What is a promise when —— That, Morn, was because I loved you. Because I would not ask you to marry a man who had no security of place; who ——"

"And are you not the same man?"

He smiled.

"The same man, my dear Morn; but the security of place—soon, oh, very soon, Morn, I shall be secure. This last coup ——"

"Yes? And what is it?"

"That can wait," he answered.

"And yet you profess to love me. What is love without trust?"

"You must remember, Morn, that you have not yet told me that you love me."

"No. So I haven't. And I never shall!"

He smiled tolerantly.

"When the time comes, Morn, you will do as I tell you."

"In other things, perhaps, but in that—no."

"We shall see," he said.

She moved uneasily.

"You have strange ways of showing affection," she said. "You threaten; you rage; you ask me to do dangerous things. This evening I was to have been an accomplice in a murder, was I not?"

"Why be brutal? Call it an elimination."

"And suppose I had refused? Suppose I had called for the police?"

"In that case, Morn, you would have suffered great regret."

"And you call it love that inspires you! You speak of love and yet you do not trust me!"

"If we were married, Morn, I would trust you, though you did not love me. But as it is —— Enough of that!"

"Yes. Let it be enough," said Morn crossly. "I'm tired; I've worked hard; I want to go to bed. Why did you make me stay up anyway?"

"To tell you what I've already told you."

"And you have heard my answer. Is that all you came for?"

"Wait a bit!" he ordered sternly. She had risen, but she sat down again. "Would it create much comment if you missed a performance at the Vandergelt?"

"The house wouldn't close, if that's what you mean."

"Then—don't let your ankle recover too quickly. You may need it as an excuse."

"A headache would do as well," she told him. "Why?"

"There is a man with whom you may yet go automobiling," he replied. "He eluded us to-night, but he can't escape us long."

"The Englishman you spoke of? What was his name?"

"I didn't say," he replied. "'The Englishman' will identify him well enough. Names are dangerous things at times. Don't forget, Morn, we are not married yet."

He rose and picked up his hat. She rose, too, and faced him. He drew a step closer to her. Apparently without design she put a table between them and picked up a paper knife and toyed with it.

"And you'd use it, too, little spitfire!" he laughed, as though the idea pleased him.

She made no answer, but merely looked at him.

"Yes, you would!" He chuckled, but his eyes grew hard. "But you would not betray me, Morn. I can rely on you as I can on no one else. You hate me. When you, hating me, hoping to see me caught, cornered, set out to obey my commands, I know that your very hate will make you do exactly as I command. No enthusiasm for me will make you think for yourself and try to improve on my plans. No greed for self will cause you to read into my orders an interpretation that is not there. . . . Yes, Morn, hate will do—for the present. It means exact obedience—no more. And exact obedience is what I need." He walked to the door. "Pleasant dreams, Morn."

He passed out. Not until she heard the outer door close on him did she move. Then she dropped on the divan he had vacated, to lie there, brow ruffled, hands clenched, staring fixedly at the wall.

Atchison walked briskly down the one flight of stairs to the entrance hall of the apartment house. Now that he was out of her sight, the jealousy that had consumed him since the moment of his silent entrance into Morn's apartment held full sway in his heart. He had concealed it fairly well from Morn. At least, though he had broken into anger a couple of times, though he had threatened the elimination of Mr. Daly, he did not believe that Morn took him seriously just now.

Atchison smiled grimly. It was very unfortunate that Morn should be interested in any man—unfortunate for the man if the interest continued. Morn hated Atchison, she said; but, unless another man occupied her heart, it would not be impossible for Atchison to turn her hate into love. That there was a certain promise, of which Morn had reminded him, in the way of such an attempt, was not to be considered. He, Rennold Atchison, the Gray Ghost, had thought for many years that a woman could have no place in his affairs.

But now—recently he had begun to wonder whether ambition might not well be set aside in favor of Morn Light. That his career must end if he won Morn he knew, but somehow his career no longer seemed to matter. The one great incident—coup—planned for the near future, then—a place of security—with Morn at his side. This had begun to seem infinitely more desirable than the mere continuance of his career. It was more desirable; it did not merely seem to be. And now Morn was telephoning a man in the middle of the night!

But it would be a very simple matter to send a wire to Cincinnati, to one of those who had served the Gray Ghost in a certain Ohio matter. That person could decide on what sort of message would assure Mr. Ted Daly's immediate departure for the city of his residence. The telegram which would be sent to Daly might say that his father was dying, that his office had burned—anything; it could be well left to the judgment of the Gray Ghost's Cincinnati follower, who would look up Mr. Daly and find out what would be most imperative, most compelling.

Meantime it was necessary to find out Daly's address, and to have asked it from Morn Light would have been to rouse her immediate suspicion. If Morn was really interested in the man—Morn could be trusted in the great matters impending, but where her heart was concerned, and in a matter where action by her would not partake of treachery to those greater affairs—well, she might do as her heart dictated, might warn Daly. And it was better that Daly should be got out of the city at once without Morn's knowing the reason why.

The hall boy was asleep over his desk as Atchison gained the ground floor. But it was not necessary to wake him and ask what number Morn had called. There were his record sheets with all the day's calls. There was only one opposite Morn's name, and the time was marked next the number, so that Atchison could make no mistake. He made a mental note of it and passed out of the building without disturbing the sleeping hall boy.

At a drug store on the nearest corner he used the telephone, giving the number he had just observed. He made use of a simple ruse.

"Is this the Grand Central ticket office?"

"No; this is Bishop's restaurant," was the reply.

Atchison frowned as he hung up. This made it awkward. Confident as he was that his followers would apprehend Hildreth soon, until he knew that the Englishman had been located he was not anxious to divert any of his men to another trail. Yet, if he would find Daly this night—and jealousy urged him to do so—he must send a man to Bishop's restaurant at once to trail the young man to his hotel. For, of course, Daly was not living at Bishop's, which was merely a restaurant.

He lifted the receiver again and called Patello's restaurant.

"Ask Mr. Brant or Mr. Ashby to come to the phone," he said.

"Ashby?" he asked a moment later.

"No; this is Williams," came the excited reply. "I just called you up at Morn's—this very minute almost—and she said you'd gone."

"Well?" said Atchison as Williams hesitated.

"Don't lose your temper with me at what I'm going to tell you, will you?" demanded Williams.

"Have you lost Hildreth? Has he made his way to the police? To Arabin?" cried Atchison in fury that he could not control. "Answer me!"

"No—not that I know of," said Williams; "but but Morn Light knows where he is!"

"What? You're insane!"

"I told you not to get sore," said Williams. "It's the truth."

"How do you know?"

"He visited her dressing room to-night. It was there he went when he left his coat and stick behind him in his seat at the theater."

"Williams," said Atchison menacingly, "if you're lying—if you're even mistaken —— Go on!" His voice was hoarse.

"Why should I lie? And I can't be mistaken," said Williams. "I was in Merton's café, opposite the Vandergelt, directing my end of the search from there. A man in uniform came in—the uniform of the Vandergelt attachés. I bought him a drink; told him that a friend of mine had unaccountably disappeared, a stranger in the city. Didn't suppose it would lead to anything, but I wasn't overlooking a single bet. The man was the stage doortender. I described Hildreth as well as I could from Ashby's description. He said my description sounded something like that of a man who'd come round to the stage door just after the first act—the very time that Hildreth went out. And he asked for Miss Light—said she had sent for him."

"Rot!" cried Atchison. "I know the man you mean. Regular Johnny's trick to get inside. She hadn't sent for him; but she knew him and received him. His name is Ted Daly, and he's at Bishop's restaurant now, and it's about him that I was calling up Ashby. I want you to find out his hotel and ——"

"Daly?" said Williams. "But if his name is Daly, why did he tell the doortender his name was Hildreth?"

"What!" Atchison's voice rose almost to a scream. "You say he gave the name of —— Williams, you're right! You must be right! Morn has—I can't believe—I do believe it! I know it! She's double-crossed me, the lying, treacherous —— I'll make her pay! I'll —— Williams!"

By an effort he calmed himself.

"Williams," he began again more calmly, "he was at Bishop's restaurant within an hour. Get over there at once! Ashby and Brant with you? Take them. Wait! Have one of them phone the house and get everyone there on the trail. If Hildreth isn't there—and Daly is a name that might possibly help you in identifying him—find out where he went."

"And where'll you be?" asked Williams.

"Here." He gave the name and address of the drug store. "I don't want to start downtown. Hildreth may be gone from Bishop's. I'd only have to follow after you then. You telephone me the moment you've either landed him or found where he went; or, if you haven't learned that, phone anyway."

"And if it has to be done in a hurry and ain't easy shall we take chances?"

"The biggest chance we're taking is in letting him go," snapped Atchison. "Take any chance, no matter how wide open. That's why I want you to get the crowd at the house. No one, by any chance, could identify any of them. Have plenty of taxis, and if you can't kidnap him—do the other. Quick!"

Atchison hung up the receiver and left the booth.

"Waiting for a call," he told the sleepy clerk, who nodded uninterestedly.

He leaned against a show case; and now, when there was something tremendous on, when any wrath he had hitherto felt against Morn was made infinitesimal by comparison with the wild fury that possessed him now, his face was devoid of any expression save a granitelike hardness.

That he did not rush at once to Morn Light's apartment proved his great control of self. Morn had betrayed him, played with him, laughed at him, snatched his prey from his grasp. Williams' words fitted in beautifully with the other evidence—the overheard telephoning, Morn's false reason for the call, her later story that was the more plausible because it contained half truths.

He even remembered, with a flash of scorn for himself, that he had overlooked its potentiality—love had blinded his attitude toward Morn; in another he would have weighed these things—that Morn wore the same shoes she had on when she arrived at Patello's. Even the sprained ankle, then, was fictitious. She had pretended in order that she might have an opportunity to send for Hildreth. The latter had probably told the truth to the stage doortender—that Morn wished to see him.

But why? Morn knew nothing of Hildreth's unwitting connection with the plans of the Gray Ghost. At least, Atchison had told her nothing of it. Morn knew nothing definite, save that something tremendous impended—that is, from the lips of Atchison she had learned no more than that. And she could not have guessed names and details. Somebody must have told her! Who?

He was still expressionless as he came thus far in his reasoning, but his rage was directed away from Morn for a moment toward the unknown who had yielded up the Gray Ghost's secrets to a scheming woman. His thoughts went back to Morn.

A scheming woman! How dared she? How dared she! Had she pretended complaisance all along? Had even her questions of to-night been deeply thought out, uttered with a hope of winning knowledge from him that later she might hand over to someone else? It was impossible; but what else did her connection with Hildreth mean?

Still, he did not go to her apartment. If Morn was treacherous it would be better to keep her in ignorance of his suspicions, so that she might unwittingly inform the many who would watch her from to-night on of the identity of those who profited by her treachery. As soon as Williams phoned again he would have watchers stationed outside the Glenworth. Meantime—he could wait.

VII

HILDRETH rang for a servant and requested to see Jacques. The head waiter came in a moment.

"Miss Light," said Hildreth, "just telephoned me. The end of her speech sounded queer; not merely her words—they were disconnected, entirely foreign to what she had been saying—but her voice was queer. It was as though someone had quietly entered the room and she had discovered his presence just in time."

"It is probable, monsieur," said Jacques.

"And is she in danger at the hands of that person?"

Jacques hesitated.

"Mademoiselle is a brilliant actress; far more brilliant than her comic-opera efforts require. If she heard this someone in time—she can be trusted to play a part well. She is of quick wit, monsieur."

"But if she didn't hear his entrance in time? What then?"

Jacques' swarthy face grew a shade lighter.

"I do not like to think of that, monsieur," he said slowly.

"That's enough, Jacques," said Hildreth.

He started for the door, but the waiter barred his path.

"Monsieur! Monsieur, I beg of you!"

"But you yourself said that she was in danger!" cried Hildreth.

"But if she were—monsieur would be too late! He would only expose himself."

"And you'd have me make that a reason for sitting quietly here?" cried Hildreth.

He pushed the Frenchman aside, but Jacques clung to his arm.

"But listen, monsieur; but listen!" gasped Jacques. "Mademoiselle is wonderful—but wonderful! The chances are a hundred to one that she is not suspected yet; and, if she is, the chances are still the same that she will carry off the situation. She has brains. She has poise. Suppose she is not suspected and that monsieur goes to her apartment what then?"

"Well, what then? I'm a grown man, capable of taking care of her!"

"Against the Gray Ghost? Monsieur is big, is strong, doubtless, has courage of a surety; but against the Gray Ghost ——"

The Frenchman released his grip of Hildreth's arm; he leaned against the wall and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief. Hildreth stared at him, amazed.

"You don't mean to tell me —— Look here, Jacques; I'm not a child, afraid of the bogy-man. You're talking nonsense, aren't you?"

"Monsieur has heard of the Gray Ghost, has he not?"

"As I've heard of Arsène Lupin, Raffles, and others. He doesn't exist, does he? I thought he was a myth, a scapegoat when the police Johnnies over here came a cropper."

"Yet has not Scotland Yard permitted him to take the blame for certain affairs that have happened in England?"

"I thought they were taking a leaf out of the book of the police over here. You don't mean to tell me that there really is such a —— You don't mean to say that he might be with Miss Light now?"

Jacques nodded.

"It is not impossible, monsieur. And if monsieur should go up to her apartment now and the Gray Ghost should be there —— Monsieur is, as I have said, of a strength and courage most admirable; but—the Gray Ghost is the Gray Ghost! Monsieur would sign his death warrant. That is monsieur's business. But he would also sign the death warrant of Mademoiselle Light, who has risked much in his behalf."

He straightened up and moved away from the wall. He touched Hildreth on the arm and his eyes pleaded.

"But he's only one man, if he's not a myth and is a reality. One man!"

"But such a man!" cried Jacques. "And, though he seems to be alone—who can tell who lurk in the shadows? Who knows how many score of his followers are within a dozen yards. Monsieur, if you have any gratitude for a lady who has faced danger for you, you will stay here."

Swiftly Hildreth moved between the Frenchman and the door.

"I'm not a child, Jacques," he said warningly. "I've been playing puss-in-the-corner, darting from one place to another, long enough. What is Miss Light's connection with the Gray Ghost? Who is the Gray Ghost? Where do I belong in his scheme of things? You know; tell me!"

"You Hate Me, and Hate Will Do—for the Present"

Jacques shrugged his shoulders. He shook his head.

"Very well," said Hildreth. "I shall leave here. I shall go to the nearest policeman, as I should have done some hours ago. I shall tell him all I know. The police can round up this Gray Ghost in an hour, can't they?"

(Continued on Page 56)

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Stationary Population

THERE are a hundred million people in the United States, whereas three centuries ago there were not one million. Meantime the population of Europe has grown enormously. Not long ago the British Isles contained fewer people than are now in the state of New York. In Frederick the Great's time Prussia had only five million inhabitants. From the beginning of the present industrial régime of factory production continuous growth in population has been an important factor.

But for years the birth rate has been falling rapidly all over the Western World. So far, this has been virtually offset by a fall in the death rate. Only in France has growth of population actually stopped. But there are more positive limits to a decline in the death rate than to a decline in the birth rate. Already in countries where hygiene is most advanced—as the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland—the death rate is round fifteen to the thousand. Whether it can be got very much below that is a question.

Meantime, undoubtedly, smaller families are more and more the rule in the most civilized countries. It is pointed out that in such countries—or those of them that keep statistics on the subject, which, to our shame, does not include the United States—the birth rate has fallen to a level no higher than that of France several decades ago; and the French birth rate kept on falling until it virtually equaled the death rate.

Certain students of these phenomena see, in the not distant future—especially in view of the war and its possible after-effects in the way of enforcing economy of living—a positive cessation of that rapid growth of population which has characterized the modern era in Europe and this country; probably this is desirable. Humanity has been too cheap.

Gaining an Hour

AT MIDNIGHT on April thirtieth, conformably to legislative enactments, all the clocks in Germany and Holland were set forward one hour. The French Chamber of Deputies has passed an act to the same end. The change has since been adopted in England. Parliament considered it a dozen years ago and came near ordering it then. Benjamin Franklin, in the eighteenth century, advocated such a change.

The growth of cities seems, in the course of a hundred years, to have taken about an hour of daylight, about half the year, from about half the population of the Western world—those, that is, who do not live in the country. Even for our grandfathers the day began earlier than for us. Theoretically we could just get up an hour earlier and let the clock alone. But practically that is out of the question.

There is no use of anybody's doing it unless everybody does it; no use of A's getting down to the shop at seven instead of eight unless B and C, his fellow workers, and D and E, with whom the shop does business, also get down at seven. And no legislative enactment could sharply break through the settled habit of a whole population.

Laws and employers might threaten all sorts of penalties without getting all the inhabitants of a country out of bed at an unusual hour. There remained the simple and effectual expedient of just changing the clock. Everybody gets up at seven, as usual, and goes through the long-accustomed routine of the day with no inconvenience because the clock now says seven when it formerly said six.

It is a fine illustration of the field within which legislation is really effective. It can move the hands of the clock—in other words, change the figures in a convention.

Probation in Pennsylvania

A PENNSYLVANIA statute provides that when a person is convicted of any crime, except a few which necessarily involve gross moral turpitude, and it appears that he has not before been convicted of crime, then the court may take into consideration the defendant's character and all the collateral circumstances of the case—for example, whether he has been generally industrious or a loafer; whether he bears a reputation for common honesty or the reverse; how well he has discharged his obligations to his family or other dependents; what his motive was in committing the crime. And if it appears "that he or she is not likely again to engage in offensive conduct, and that the public good does not require that the defendant should suffer the penalty imposed by law," the court may suspend the sentence and place the defendant on probation, on such terms as it deems proper.

This is an intelligent law, and we are glad to note it in the Keystone State, which, by and large, probably has as many civic virtues as any other member of the Union—although current political criticism, with its powerful inclination to slapdash generalizations, has carefully picked out the vices that Pennsylvania shares in greater or less degree with the remainder of the sisterhood, and so made her a perennial horrible example.

A few crimes, like murdering a man by poison to get his life insurance, could be committed only by a dangerously depraved person. With those exceptions the general character of the defendant, his motives and the collateral circumstances are far more important than the nature of the crime itself. One man steals a ham. He is a tippling, quarrelsome loafer and chronic deadbeat, abuses his family, has been arrested a dozen times for small offenses; he stole the ham to get money to buy whisky. Another man steals a hundred dollars. He has been industrious, honest, attached to his family; but he fell into the hands of a loan shark who threatened to expose him to his employer, which might mean the loss of his job.

Law calls the first offense petty larceny and deals with it lightly; while it calls the second grand larceny and deals with it severely. Courts should have discretion, as under this Pennsylvania probation law and others like it in other states, to take character and circumstances into account.

Three-Price Stores

THE one-price store has a deservedly strong hold on public favor, because for the same goods it charges the same price to all customers. But most stores sell service as well as goods, and not all customers want the same service. So—especially on the Pacific Coast—quite a number of stores have tried a three-price system and found that it works satisfactorily.

The price for the goods is the same to everybody. But if a customer wants the goods delivered, that is a service; if he wants credit, that is another service. If a customer wants the goods, plus delivery, plus credit, he pays a certain price. If he carries the goods home, thus dispensing with delivery service, he gets a five per cent reduction. If he carries the goods home and pays cash, thus dispensing with both delivery and credit service, he gets ten off.

If a customer does not require the delivery service or the credit service he does not have to pay for them—which is obviously fairer than a rigid one price, whether or not delivery and credit service are included. If a customer does not want the bother of making change with every purchase he can deposit a given amount, against which his purchases are charged.

Those who have tried it say the success of the system depends upon the rigidness with which it is adhered to.

Land Titles

TECHNICAL defects in land titles are very common. A name is miswritten, an heir is unaccounted for, a judgment has not been formally released, an old tax deed is outstanding, and so on. But in all except a few cases these defects are technical merely; nobody, because of them, is in a position really to disturb the holder in his possession of the land. They are "clouds" rather than solid substances.

The holder of the land might ignore them—only he could not feel secure. He would fear that some actual danger to his possession might arise from them. If he wishes to sell his land or to mortgage it, the buyer or the mortgagee will insist upon the clouds being removed or upon a guaranty against them. There must be a lawyer's opinion that the title is perfect or an insurance of the title by a title-guaranty company.

In a pamphlet on the Torrens System of land-title registration the register of the county of New York says: "Contrary to popular belief, the losses resulting from defects in titles are comparatively small. Although fees paid to the title-guaranty companies in the past twenty-five years would probably aggregate one hundred million dollars, perhaps ten thousand dollars a year would pay the losses of all the title companies in the city of New York since they have been in business."

Under the old system, however, title insurance is advisable, because a layman can hardly tell when some technical defect may develop a real threat to his possession. The figures quoted merely indicate how expensive the old system necessarily is. The remedy for that expense is the Torrens System of land registration.

Boom and War

MOST of the business of England, like that of the United States, is conducted by corporations; but English companies publish reports of their earnings more commonly than American companies do. A review of the reports of two hundred and eighty-six English companies, engaged in pretty much all lines of trade except railroading, mining, banking and insurance, recently came to hand.

Net profits of these companies, taken in the aggregate, were seventeen and a half per cent higher in a year that was all war than in the preceding one, which was seven-twelfths peace. War has brought a boom in many lines of trade. In that connection, it may be recalled, the Chancellor of the Exchequer calculates that the tax on war profits will yield over four hundred million dollars this year.

Breweries, motor and cycle companies, tramways and waterworks show a decrease in profits. Stricter regulation of drink, some stricter individual economy, and lessening of home populations by the drain of men to camps, probably account for that. But, on the whole, the review gives the impression of something like a boom.

There is no moral in this. It is altogether unmoral. Undoubtedly the boom proceeds largely from the government's enormous expenditures of borrowed money; but it has a certain stimulating effect.

Two Kinds of Discipline

WE ARE sorry to hear the reiterated and transparent absurdity that peace makes people soft and war makes them hard. Any well-grown child ought to see that the discipline of peace is much more rigorous than that of war.

In peace your problems arise day by day. You must meet them with your own will and judgment. What you shall do is up to you fifty-two weeks in the year. Unless you discover a pretty constant degree of resolution and common sense, the penalty is upon you immediately. In war all that discipline is abolished. You shut your eyes, fold your arms and hand yourself over to another. Thenceforth all you have to do is obey somebody else's command. You have no individual discretion, no individual responsibility. You cannot fail except by an amazingly rare display of physical cowardice—under conditions when the display of cowardice is almost an impossibility—or by equally rare disobedience of orders.

Of all the French and German soldiers who were locked in the terrible struggle round Verdun, hardly one had ever seen a battle until the war began. The whole warring generation in Europe had received lifelong, unbroken discipline of peace, and naturally, when the test came, was hard as granite. Conceivably it would be possible by continuous warfare to soften a population into mere moral mush.

Buying on Time

IT IS our impression that a good many farmers—and other people, too, no doubt—get their cash and their credit wrong end to. They are careful about making a purchase for cash, but rather less careful about making one on credit; they would hesitate somewhat longer about buying the new implement if they were going to plank down the money for it than if they were only going to sign a six-months note.

Of course it ought to be just the other way round. A man can afford to take more chances with his cash than with his credit. He ought to be more wary about making a given purchase when he cannot pay for it but must give a note than if he had the money in the bank. If a man loses a hundred dollars in cash through an unprofitable purchase he has lost a hundred dollars, and that is the end of it. If he signs a note and cannot pay it he stands to lose finally not only the money but his credit too.

Obviously a man can afford to take chances in proportion to the width of his margin over and above necessities. If he makes a questionable purchase on credit he is gambling below the margin. This will look pretty self-evident, we think, to anybody who studies it over.

SEX REBELLION IN FAIRVIEW

THE way we farmers are being uplifted by the city people all over the country is as touching as it is gratifying. Our State Bankers' Association has appointed a Committee on Agriculture and is holding meetings in luxurious parlors of metropolitan hotels, figuring out what ails the people of the Fairview neighborhood. I think I could give them some significant hints. If they will come out here and look us over right on the ground I'll undertake to teach them in half a day's drive to tell in a minute as we pass a farm just what ails it. If it has a gone-to-seed look as to fields, and buildings that look as if they were struck with leprosy, it is probably owned in the county seat, and most likely by a bank director or some retired farmer. If it is in good tilth, well fenced, nicely kept, well equipped, spruce, bright, and a little given to beautification, it is owned by the man who works it.

For all that, we are glad to have people studying our problems, the chief of which are nonresident ownership and the retiring nature of our yeomanry. We suspect, though, that we people who live on the farms will probably have to solve our own problems. We like city folks, and will always gladly raid the chicken house and the strawberry bed for the pleasure of setting them down to a table of wholesome country fare; but when they try to do things for us we get furious. We don't like to have them do things to us, either. But if they will come out and take us by the hand and do things with us, as man to man, both hunting humbly and unselfishly for the answer to a riddle that is as important to city as country, we'll go along with them in amity to the end of the road.

But they've got to know more about us than they can learn from their roll-top desks before they succeed in working any great revolution in rural life. A person who never sees us except through the bars of a banker's cage is likely to miss when he tries to shoot rural folly as it flies.

The other night at the schoolhouse, for instance, we had a speech by Mrs. J. J. Faville, a lawyer from the county seat. Her subject was Sex Rebellion. She told us that the factories have taken away the women's work, and that "half the race, disinherited of its priceless privilege of labor, demands its share in the activities of a reconstructed society."

The gas and electric light company, she said, relieves the woman of the job of dipping candles. The mills rob her of the task of making clothes. They also hornswoggle her out of the priceless privilege of grinding corn in a mortar, curing meat, making soap, rendering lard, and all the rest of it. You know how the "Feminists" talk. Why, one would have thought, from what she said, that all the women in the country, except the women wage-earners, are obliged to sit day after day and twiddle their thumbs for lack of something to do.

Platform Nonsense

BUT we let anybody under the sun talk anything on earth at our new consolidated school auditorium. Tom Whelpley, our Principal and the Neighborhood Man-of-All-Work, says it's democratic, and that the schoolhouse platform must be an open forum. At first we shied at some things; but after Adolph Tulp, our German blacksmith, musician, artist, carpenter and chief teacher of handicrafts, worked a German anarchist in on us under the name of a "Voluntarian," and he spoke to a full house on the evils of government—any government, mind you!—and it didn't seem to do any harm, we decided that we wouldn't draw the line in the future on anything not actually obscene. So we had a good crowd at the sex-rebellion talk by the female lawyer, and enjoyed it—especially the chicken supper the girls of the domestic-economy class served after the speaking.

Well, it was funny to watch those farmers' wives sit and listen to that talk on women's need of something—anything; anything!—to do. Mrs. J. J. Faville was doing the best she could, but she didn't realize the conditions in the average farm home. Wilson Beebe's wife, who is a Suffragist—as, to tell the truth, most of us are—though not an insurrectionist, had got Mrs. Faville there, and I was sorry for her once or twice.

"I speak," said Mrs. J. J. Faville, "for the millions and millions of women who are reaching out to this man-made society and crying: 'Give us back our work!'"

And my wife broke out into a little giggle that broadened over the audience into a sort of general guffaw. We men didn't laugh quite so heartily as the women did, but we laughed—and Mrs. Beebe turned all colors.

As for Mrs. J. J. Faville, she hoarsened her voice a little more, the way they do when engaged in public speaking, and never tumbled. She went on to say that the men have taken from the women every job they ever had except that of wet nurse, and that the baby-food people are out after that. We men were able to laugh again at this, and without that sneaking expression which we had when the speaker lamented the paucity of women's work.

Well, I think I can see her side of the case. I have a brother practicing medicine in Moline, and his womenfolk have mighty little productive work to do, just as Mrs. Faville said. And yet dishwashing and sweeping and dusting and making beds and frying meat and cooking eggs, and doing in general what cooking the delicatessen miscreants have left—all these are just about as productive in Moline as they are in Fairview; but I don't notice that the womenfolk in the family of Doctor Dunham, of Moline, go to them with any more of a glad cry than do the wife and daughter of Abner Dunham, of Fairview. In fact, they seem to feel disgraced if they are caught at work. They hate like sin—and I sometimes think worse—to answer the doorbell when the maid happens to be on strike. What they want seems to be something different from what they have, rather than actual work. They appear to me to be in the same frame of mind as a man who makes the rounds of places where drinks are sold, to find something, as he says, that "will hit the spot."

I don't know much about these city women who are said to be yearning for their share in the productive work of the world, something to take the place of the task of grinding the corn, dressing the skins and planting the beans, which savage women discharge; but they seem to me to be just plain fed up on life and hunting for a new beverage that hits the spot. Maybe I'm wrong—and, as a matter of fact, the wives of a lot of drummers who travel out of our town, and the railroad men's wives, and many others, live pretty empty lives. Their arms are empty too—mostly; and I sort of suspect that when a woman's arms are empty the vacuum is pretty likely to spread over a good part of the field of life, like a patch of cockleburs

Doubtless there's a lot in this question that I'm just plumb ignorant of; but I do know that Mrs. J. J. Faville brought her oratorical pigs to a mighty poor market when she came to the Fairview Public Assembly Room with that talk about the women wanting work. There were nineteen automobiles parked about the schoolhouse yard that night, besides a lot of teams under the hitching shed; but my wife couldn't count up three women in the audience who have any hired help in their house, and Emmie Henderson is one of the two she counted. That's why we men felt a little sneaking when we joined in the laugh at the speaker's expense.

The Song of the West

FARMING is still one business in which wives and children are an economic asset, instead of a liability. Some young men engaged in farming say they can't afford to marry; but there are more of them who can't see their way clear to take leases of farms until they do. I could name a dozen men in the neighborhood who are rich because of the labor of their wives and children. A hired man or a hired girl may leave, but wives and sons are steadier help. We used to hear a song—I believe it was sung in the school—which shows that these facts got themselves embodied in verse, proving that they were generally recognized as valid arguments by the immigration agents.

"To the West! To the West!" it began; and then:

"Where a man is a man if he's willing to toil
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil;
Where children are blessings, and he who has most
Has aid in his fortunes and riches to boast;
Where the young may enjoy and the aged may rest—
Away, far away, to the land of the West!"

And it was against an oversupply of work and nothing to do it with that the first case of sex rebellion came to the Fairview neighborhood. That is what I started to tell about, but it reminded me of Mrs. J. J. Faville's meeting and the difference between her sort of sex rebellion and Emmie Henderson's.

Emmie is my wife's niece. Her husband, Charlie Henderson, is the son of old J. B.—John Bull—Henderson, one of the old settlers, and an Englishman. He was a fair farmer; and, what with the increase in the price of land and one thing and another, he left Charlie in pretty good shape; but Charlie took a flyer at keeping a store and leaving the farm to renters; and when the sex rebellion broke out he was badly mortgaged up, and he and Emmie and the children had been back on the farm for several years and were gradually gaining on their debts and working like dogs.

So I was surprised one day—a fine windy May day, right in the midst of corn planting—to see Charlie and Emmie drive into the yard in their Concord buggy. I knew that every hour was precious to Charlie, for he was late with his plowing and short-handed. They came just after we had finished dinner, but they wouldn't eat. Emmie and her aunt went into executive session; while Charlie, after trying to discuss the season, the prospects for hay, and a few other burning issues, gave it up and sat silent. He looked as if he had lost his last friend, but I could see that he did not want to talk about it. Presently my wife came to the door of the room and asked me to come in.

"Bring Charlie too," said she.

Emmie was sitting on the bed, but the prints of her were on the

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counterpane and there were wet spots on the pillow. I looked at Charlie with the gaze a man gives another just before he says: "Are you crazy or an infernal scoundrel? A man with as nice a little wife as you have to act like that! What do you mean by it?"

You know how we talk to each other at such times. Somehow, though, Charlie didn't look as if he had been up to that kind of meanness—he just looked beaten and crushed.

"Where's that paper, Emmie?" asked my wife, just as if it had been the third degree.

Emmie handed her a paper and my wife gave it to me, while Charlie averted his eyes as if from something unspeakably horrid. I took it and read that, in view of, and whereas, and wherefore, and that is to say, Charlie had given his note for twelve hundred dollars for a lot of farm-machinery junk, and had been duly constituted agent in several counties for the Tornado Stalk Cutter, the Holeproof Mower and the Never-Work Horse Rake—as I remember the names, using therefor a memory notoriously inaccurate. Anyhow, it was perfectly clear that Charlie had given a note for twelve hundred and the machinery was at the station.

"How did you come to do this?" I asked.

Charlie blushed and stammered. He didn't quite know. He had had an attack of sick headache, to which he was subject, and went to town for some medicine; and after getting some relief he met a fine-looking man, who took him over to the hotel, where the fine-looking man and his beautiful wife had taken Charlie into camp for twelve hundred dollars. Emmie was furious and tragic by turns. I think the beautiful wife of the fine-looking man had something to do with the fury, for Charlie had been a deuce of a fellow in his time; and the tragic fits came on when she thought of the ruin she saw in the twelve hundred dollars of absolute loss.

"What have you done about it?" I asked.

"As soon as I talked the matter over with Emmie," said Charlie, "I saw I had made a fool of myself ——"

Emmie reached over and patted his hand. I suspect this was Charlie's first admission that the transaction was not a perfectly defensible one.

"—— and I went to town and tried to find Mr. De Haven and his wife." Emmie frowned. "But they had left within an hour of the time I signed the papers. He told me this note was only a matter of form, Uncle Abner ——"

"Yes, I know," said I; "but, as a matter of form, what did you then do?"

"I went to all the banks and warned them not to buy that note."

"None of them had?"

"None."

"Good!" said I. "The sympathies of the jury will be against any outsider."

"I'll go on the stand and swear," said my wife in a kind of medico-legal ecstasy, "that Charlie Henderson is mentally irresponsible when he has one of those sick headaches!"

Charlie Stands From Under

I'd have given a dollar to have dared to suggest that a sick headache and Mrs. De Haven combined were enough to carry any man off his feet, as well as throw him off his head; but I didn't dare.

"I'm afraid you're not an expert, ma," said I.

"Well, I've had enough to do with darned-fool men; so I ought to be able to qualify if anyone can!" she retorted, and I dexterously shifted the conversation back to the Henderson crisis.

"Well," said I, "of course you'll fight, Charlie; but you'll probably have to pay the note."

"And costs and attorney's fees!" groaned Emmie. "Oh, Uncle Abner, we never, never can do it! And after all these years of toiling and denying ourselves everything—just as we could begin to see a little light after all our losses—to have this happen!"

"I wish," said Charlie, "that I had deeded you the farm the day we were married!"

"If you'd done as you agreed, Charlie Henderson, I'd have had something now to take care of myself and my little children with!"

It developed in the course of the little spat which ensued that Charlie had told Emmie, who was a milliner, he believed a wife should have her share of the income as it came in; and anyhow, he meant that as a wife she would never have less money week by week than she had as a milliner.

"He wrote me that," said Emmie, "and I believed he'd do it. But I know now that it was a pretty hard thing for a farmer to do; and after a little while a pinch or so of hard times pinched off my income and it never sprouted again." She giggled hysterically at her own jest.

"Have you got that letter?" exclaimed my wife.

"Why, yes, auntie," said Emmie. "I've got all Charlie's letters."

"Deed her everything you've got!" said my wife. "It won't half pay her. You owe it to her legally. Do it before that note turns up in some lawyer's hands. Do it to-day!"

Well, my wife is nobody's fool when it comes to a business matter; and Charlie made the deeds. He gave his wife bills of sale and deeds, and became a hired man. It wasn't necessary, though, as it turned out, for within a week Mr. De Haven was arrested at Springfield; and though Charlie's note wasn't found among his papers, it never turned up and was outlawed long ago, if it ever was valid. That's the prelude to the Henderson story.

Time then proceeded to roll on. Charlie continued to work the farm just as he always had done; and the transfer of his property didn't seem to hurt his standing any, because everybody knew the circumstances and gave him credit for being honest. Credit among farmers, and between them and bankers, is more a matter of the family and the farm, anyhow, than a question of the ins and outs of the record of transactions. Probably the banks would have given Charlie credit all the more freely because he took measures to fight a swindler instead of knuckling down.

Emmie's Hired Man

Besides, he was twelve hundred dollars nearer solvent than he would have been if he had paid up a debt for which he got nothing. Lawyers said the transfer was perfectly good, too, under our laws as they then stood; and my wife felt as pleased as Punch whenever we talked about the Henderson matter and her advice to Charlie to settle his antenuptial contract first, and await the De Haven onslaught second.

But Charlie Henderson didn't feel so pleased. He was humiliated every time he thought of the De Haven foolishness. He blushed and cringed every time he was told by any business man just to let his wife sign the papers with him. But still he was afraid to take the title of his own property, because that note had never appeared; and until it was outlawed by lapse of time an "innocent purchaser" might turn up with it any old moment. In fact, there were three or four sharks in town, and an indeterminate number of them elsewhere, whom Charlie Henderson visualized as searching the records daily for the transfers from Emmie back to him, so as to jump him with summons, *lis pendens* and attachment. He wasn't out of the woods; but as years rolled by he could faintly see glimmerings ahead of the openings between the trees.

Meantime things were continuing to improve with the farm. Charlie went into dairying, and built a whale of a barn and a good silo. He had every improved machine he could get for his fieldwork—binder, silage cutter, corn harvester, pumping engine, feed grinder, the most advanced styles in planters and cultivators—and was seriously thinking of a tractor plow when the Women's Club held its momentous session after the burning of Hugh Clark's house. That very day he had said to his wife, thinking that the statute of limitations would soon have run against that ghastly note:

"It isn't very pleasant to have to come to you to have every paper signed."

"No," answered Emmie; "I don't suppose it is."

"To be just the same in law as hired help in your own home, but without any fixed wages, and bound to stay through thick and thin, and with all the responsibility a person carries, is —— It kind of gets on a fellow's nerves," ventured Charles.

"I know just how you feel," answered Emmie. "I stood it for eleven years."

"But it's different with a man," said Charlie.

"Is it?" said Emmie, with the falling inflection and the emphasis on the "Is."

Charlie never admitted in his mind that her implied challenge had anything in it; but all the same, he took half a day to the job of crawling up out of his boots.

I think Emmie's sense of justice was sort of inflamed and congested that day, for she went to the meeting of the Women's Club

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in the lecture room of the new schoolhouse all het up inwardly and simmering. She found Mrs. Frank Wiggins, our minister's Daisy wife, presiding. The meeting was doing something rather queer, most people would say, holding a session of the Architectural Section on the rebuilding of Hugh Clark's house.

Tom Whelpley, the Principal, had organized the Fairview Cooperative Fire Insurance Company, of which he was secretary; and this being the first loss, he was present to assure Mrs. Clark and the rest of the women that the money to pay it in full would be ready on the next Saturday. And Adolph Tulp, artisan-in-ordinary for the district, was there with a lot of plans for up-to-date farmhouses, which he had gleaned from architectural books and farm papers, and with about twenty designs, made as class exercises by the older pupils in the school, and one of his own that followed pretty closely a rough plan given him by the Clarks. Mrs. Clark was there; and they were buzzing like a beehive, each as much interested in the new house as if it had been her own.

That's the way we do things in our district, since Tom Whelpley and Frank Wiggins give us the faculties. Lots of folks think that those two—a teacher and a preacher—and especially Daisy, and to some extent Maude Ackerman, who has become mighty important to us all, and especially to Tom Whelpley, since she came back to the neighborhood as one of our teachers—lots of folks say that they bamboozle us and make us do as they please. But we are a conservative people and mighty set in our ways, and we do just as we please.

We are noted for pulling together for the common good, and some lunatics say we have the most completely "socialized" neighborhood in the country; but, as a matter of fact, if we do things differently from our old ways it is merely that in Daisy and Maude and Frank and Tom we have four hired people who can run errands for us and organize labors which otherwise wouldn't be done at all.

This saves us a great deal of time, and of course it makes those four people pretty prominent; but anyone who thinks we old fogies don't know just what we are doing at every turn has another guess coming. This meeting on Hugh Clark's new house, for instance—it was nothing on earth but organized gossip. It was the ordinary chatter about a new house, only Daisy Wiggins had bunched it in a meeting, and Adolph Tulp had furnished it with drawings and estimates; and it was getting somewhere.

The Rural Idea of Heaven

It was just the same with my new hog house last fall—we had every design ever seen, and yet I held to my original idea, except for Wilson Beebe's scheme for letting in the sun, and Bert Wiley's idea for putting sawdust instead of sand in the concrete for the feeding floor to keep the hogs from getting rheumatism on account of the cold character of ordinary cement mixtures. We go to school to each other a lot in the Fairview neighborhood, and that's the whole secret of our progress; but we don't let anyone run us.

They decided that the bathroom should be finished in that white cement which costs so much less than tile and is perfectly sanitary, and should have a door opening on the veranda, so that Hugh and the men could go in and bathe before really coming into the house—and at the same time it would be convenient for use from the inside.

"Bathroom!" burst out Emmie Henderson. "My idea of heaven is a place filled with pretty children, and bathtubs of soft water—hot and cold. I congratulate you on your fire, Mrs. Clark!"

"Oh, thank you!" replied Mrs. Clark, just a little embarrassed at Emmie's remark. "And have you seen the way we get the water all over the house, and with so little expense?"

"Vell," said Adolph, "de oxpense alvays overestimates us. It may cost a liddle more."

"I'd like," said Emmie, "to have a definite proposition from Satan to give me for my soul running water, hot and cold, in my kitchen—or to mortgage a few years of my life for it."

"Well," said Daisy, "the thing that seems to give us the most trouble is the lighting system."

"Lighting system?" said Emmie interrogatively. "'Had I lain for a century dead,' you would find my hands smelling of kerosene from filling lamps. Are there such things in the world as lighting systems—for farmers' wives?"

"Well, Emmie!" said my wife reprovingly—for Emmie is her sister's girl—"ain't you getting a little free with remarks about serious things?"

Emmie gave a short kind of laugh and didn't reply. Charlie, her husband, drove up in his little car to take her home when the meeting would be over, having been to town after some castings for a disk harrow, and sat down in the back part of the room, alongside Hugh Clark.

He and Hugh and Adolph Tulp were the only men there, Tom Whelpley having made his financial report and gone upstairs to his school work.

"Well," said Daisy as the time came to adjourn, speaking in that bright and bubbly way of hers, "I'm sure this has been a perfectly splendid meeting. We shall all feel a warmer neighborliness toward the new Clark house, because we have all had something to do with making it just as nice as it can be. We'll feel toward the house a little as an artist does toward a picture he has painted—it belongs to someone else, but there is something of him in it. Why, as new houses replace old ones, if this Architectural Section of the Women's Club continues to work out the plans and arrangements, this will be a neighborhood of little farmhouse masterpieces. And the owners won't love them much better than the neighbors do—and I can't think of anything nicer than that! Has anyone any suggestions as to our next program? If not ——"

Emmie Henderson rose.

The Henderson Specifications

"Madam President," she said, "the remodeling of our house has become an imperative necessity. It has been decided that this work must be done immediately. I should be very glad if the Architectural Section will take up the plans at its next meeting.

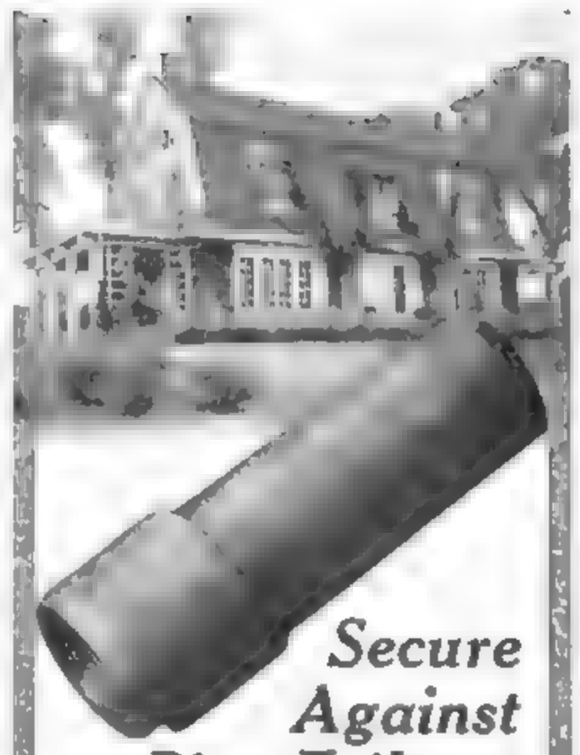
"Of course," went on Emmie, gazing steadily at Charlie, who was looking wildly from one person to another as if to verify his own impressions as to this incredible enormity—"of course I have my own plans, and have had for many years. Just as Monte Cristo or the Man in the Iron Mask or the poor wretches in Libby Prison thought about escape when it seemed impossible that it could ever come, and even planned for it when their plans appeared quite outside the field of reason, so, I believe, every farmer's wife who is sentenced to hard labor for life in a house like ours makes plans for a better one. I have, I know, for years.

"I think I should have dropped in my tracks, like a camel who decides that the load is too heavy for him, if I couldn't have planned. But I have heard so much here in the way of helpful suggestions that I don't want to miss having the benefits of the common thought. Everybody knows more than anybody. And you, Mr. Tulp I want your help especially; and if your high-school classes can, under your direction, help out with estimates, drawings and suggestions, I shall be very much obliged to you and the school"

"Ve would be almost glad to pay you for the problem," said Adolph. "It is ferry valuable work for the school. Ve do not get enough of it to do—and in our school ve dislike the problem vich iss not related to actual life. Perhaps you vill give us some cheneral idea of vat you mean to do in water supply, lighting, and such things."

"The intention is," explained Emmie with rising color as she noticed the gathering wrath as well as horror in Charlie's expression, "to make the house and the woman's side of the farm as convenient as the barn and the man's field of work. This means some central lighting system to relieve me of the disgusting and never-ending task of filling, cleaning and lighting kerosene lamps. It means a central heating system, which will take off my hands the barbarous labor of shoveling soft coal into sooty stoves and keeping my mind on what fires we have when the men are out of the house in cold weather, and which will heat the house evenly all over, and thus rid us of the drafts and physically shocking changes of temperature in winter, caused by the fact that only a portion of the house is heated at all.

"It means some arrangement for saving me the choice of hanging out my clothes on an outdoor line at the risk of my life in bad weather, or making the house unfit to live



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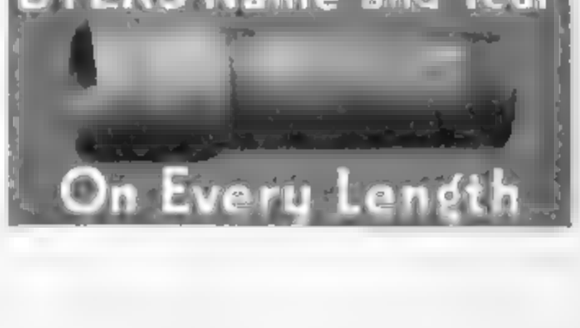

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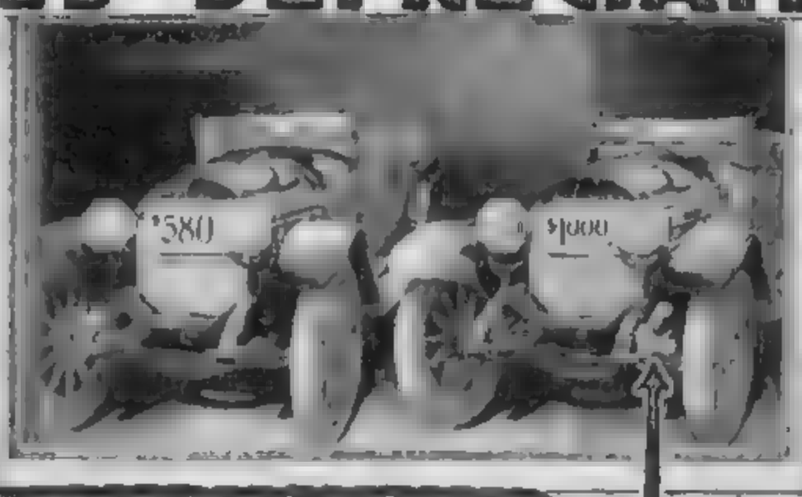

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in by putting them up in the rooms. It means a modern kitchen, with a dishwashing contrivance of some kind, and water always hot to use in it; a good kitchen cabinet; a refrigerator, with ice always on hand; a gasoline or oil range; a fireless cooker; and a linoleum floor. It means a thoroughly sanitary modern bathroom. It means a mangle for the clothes and a washing machine—both run by motors of some sort. It means the removal of the milk and cream from the house, and it means milking machinery—the whole thing to be run by the men.

"It means a house fit to live in! If I can get domestic help I expect to have it as soon as I have a house with a maid's room in which I can ask a human being to live in the winter. But there will be times when I shall not have help; and this house must be replanned to make my work just as easy as it is humanly possible to make it on a farm."

"About how much," inquired Adolph, who had been making notes, "do you expect to spend on this interesting vork?"

Charlie Henderson had been gripping his chair for five minutes; and as Emmie went on with her horrifying list of demands, as astounding to him as were Japan's to Yuan Shi Kai, he slowly rose; so that, as Adolph asked his epochal question, Charlie was about three-quarters standing. He paused in his attitude of pugilistic crouch, with a good deal of the pugilist's expression on his face—paused to hear his wife's estimate of cost.

"We expect to spend," said she, looking right at Charlie, "about twelve hundred dollars—with the interest on that amount for five years!"

Charlie dropped back into his seat as if he had been shot—down and out! People looked at each other in bewilderment for a moment; and then those significant glances began to pass from eye to eye, which showed they understood that the duel which they had witnessed between Charlie and Emmie related to that transfer of the Henderson property to the wife. The mention of the sum and the five years' interest left the work of our amateur Hawkshaws pretty easy. Emmie had rebelled. She was taking the bit in her teeth. She, as the legal owner of the farm and the personal property, was going to remodel the house whether her husband agreed to the project or not.

And right there sex rebellion started in the Fairview neighborhood. It was rebellion, not of the sort described by Mrs. J. J. Faville, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, the rallying cry of which was "More work!" but a crusade for less work, more help and better equipment in the home. The light of battle spread from face to face. Daisy Wiggins, who was one of the latest to understand what was taking place, felt the tension and began to talk in some soothing strain to let things down to their normal level.

Successful Coöperation

The situation was saved by Tom Whelpley, who came in just at the last and, hearing something about washing machines, introduced the subject of a coöperative laundry. He and Miss Falk, our teacher in Domestic Economy, and the big girls in the school, together with Adolph Tulp's boys, had been making plans for a laundry to be run in connection with the school. There would be one or two hired people, but a lot of the work would be done by the students of domestic economy; and the boys could construct the building, with some hired assistance, and install the machinery.

If they could start a coöperative creamery at the same time, said Tom, the overhead would be cut down; and the experience in one or two places in Minnesota and Wisconsin showed that the two establishments fitted into each other like a finger in a glove. It would all be a significant development of what the world was beginning to call The Fairview Idea.

Amid this diversion the Hendersons escaped and went away in their flivver. Then Tom saw that something kept the women from paying attention to what he said and the meeting adjourned—but the laundry-creamery project had been started and will be in operation within three months. That's the way we do things in Fairview—show us a good, conservative, common-sense proposition, and we hop to it. Washing and butter making are really collective jobs. Why saddle them on our womenfolk?

Nobody knows just what took place between Emmie and Charlie; but it is known that they went clear round by the old Simons schoolhouse, got home late, and acted like lovers coming home. Emmie tells my wife that she stood pat and told Charlie that she was going to make those improvements and he might as well make the best of it. She had the property and she guessed the property was good for it.

He said he couldn't afford it. She said if they couldn't afford to make life worth living for her and her children she wouldn't stay on the farm another year—anyhow, he never held back from buying things he needed in his work. He argued that he never bought anything that didn't add to the earning capacity of the farm. She retorted that if her health and comfort, and everything that makes the difference between a slave and a free white person, were to be sunk in the mire of earning capacity, she was ready to quit. She would not live a life that put a woman so far below a dollar. So there!

Well, as a matter of fact, I don't blame him for giving up. They really couldn't afford the outlay; but they made it, and they lived through it; and the only thing I see in which they have been the worse for it is their inability to show as great a "labor income" on Doctor Spillman's balance sheet as they could have done if they hadn't rebuilt the house. I'm sorry the books cannot be made to show happiness. If we all lived in dugouts there would be less investment on which we should have to earn interest before Doctor Spillman's investigators will give us credit for labor income. I believe Emmie did Charlie a real favor in making this fight just as she did, rather than to make his life a burden until he left the farm and took her to town, as so many farmers' wives have to do in pure self-preservation.

The Hendersons Celebrate

Women run the world, after all: They don't run it this year, but their grip on the years hence is unshakable; and we can never have a firmly established country life with the women rebellious and dissatisfied, as so many of them are. To be sure, according to Mrs. J. J. Faville, the women in the cities are rebellious and dissatisfied too; but there's nowhere for them to go, while there's always the city beckoning to the countrywoman. The current is running toward the city, anyhow; and it's a whole lot easier to stop the driftwood in the mill pond than on the riffles.

Then, as I said before, and as a conservative business man I repeat it, the women of the farms are economically important. They feed the men who till the farms; and, until men can go to work without breakfast and to bed without supper, the women who feed them must be given credit for their share in the growing of the crops. The food they preserve is no small item in the national wealth.

And as for production, the women and children of Iowa, for instance, sell more eggs every year than the entire orange crop of the United States is worth.

Why, when you give the women of the rural districts credit for what they do to make it possible for the men to work and for what they actually produce in good tangible wealth, their economic importance is just as great as that of the men.

I shouldn't make this distinction if it were not the immemorial habit of the world to make it. In neighborhoods like ours it is just as impossible to segregate the economic value of women from that of men as to tell whether it is the oxygen or the hydrogen in water which quenches thirst. I suspect that, except among wage-earning classes, the case is different in the cities. The farming business, however, rests on the conservation of the woman crop. In making that statement I'm putting it on a pretty low basis; but anybody with a grain of sense can see the humanities of the case.

At best, the farm is no place for the lazy or frivolous woman; but we can prove to you that it is a good place for women of intelligence, refinement, some learning, a lot of public spirit and good looks. And much of our condition—which we are assured is rather exceptional—dates from that day when Emmie Henderson laid the foundation for the celebration of the fifth anniversary of the day when Charlie became acquainted with the seductive Mr. and Mrs. De Haven.

She celebrated it in her remodeled home by laying on Charlie's plate the deeds and bills of sale that legally wiped out the whole De Haven episode.

WORLD PICTURES

I will give $5,000 in prizes
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I invite the co-operation of the writers of the country—amateur and professional—in the work of producing better scenarios for picture plays.

As Director-General of World Pictures, it is my ambition to heighten the standards of the silent drama. Frankly, I am convinced that one of the first needs is much better scenarios. There has been too much trash!

So I have deposited $5000 at the Mutual Bank, New York City, to be awarded on September 15th to those who present interesting stories, ideas or scenarios that I can use in making photo plays.

Of course, I am now receiving most of the choicest scenarios on the market, and they are being made into World Pictures. Included in them, I believe, are some of the greatest film dramas so far.

But I want to continue buying better-than-usual stories for every new World Picture. I cannot stand mediocrity.

Surely there are hundreds of people—yes, thousands—who have ideas which could be worked up into first-class photo plays, to meet the new standards set for World Pictures.

$1000 for the Best Story

For the best story, idea or scenario, I offer $1000; for the second best, $750; for the third best, $650. The stories taking fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh places, each will receive $500, $400, $300 and $200 respectively. The next twelve successful stories will be paid for at the rate of $100 each. We will therefore accept nineteen stories.

You need not submit a technically perfect scenario, such as are prepared by experts. You may submit merely the story in narrative form. Of course finished scenarios by professional writers will be welcomed.

To give you an idea of the kind of material we are seeking, I have prepared a chart showing what will please and what to avoid. If you wish a copy, write to me for it.

Let me suggest here, however, that the World Film Corporation is interested in unusual plays of present-day life, full of human interest and realism, with plenty of action and with tense, dramatic situations. People seem to like the love element and some comedy in each play.

Please avoid stories of the underworld and of war. Nor do I care to handle anything that is sordid or gruesome. I want clean, wholesome stories for the entire family to see and enjoy. Each story should make a five-reel picture.

What I Seek

Probably you have seen either House Peters in "The Closed Road" or Clara Kimball Young in "The Feast of Life" or Kitty Gordon in "Her Maternal Right." If not, see these pictures and you will get an idea of what we like. At present, thousands of people everywhere are enjoying and applauding the first of our new-day pictures.

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See World Pictures

To further study what appeals to us, see some of the coming World Pictures which will be shown at first-class theatres everywhere. They include: Robt. Warwick in "Sudden Riches," Alice Brady in "Tangled Fates," Carlyle Blackwell and Ethel Clayton in "His Brother's Wife," Kitty Gordon in "The Crucial Test," Holbrook Blinn in "The Weakness of Man," Edna Wallace Hopper and Frank Sheridan in "The Perils of Divorce," Mollie King in "Fate's Boomerang" and Gail Kane in "The Other Sister."

Send your stories or scenarios to me personally. If you wish them returned, include postage. Your name and address should be plainly marked.

WM. A. BRADY, Director-General, World Film Corporation
130 West 46th Street, New York City

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Robert Warwick

Carlyle Blackwell

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House Peters

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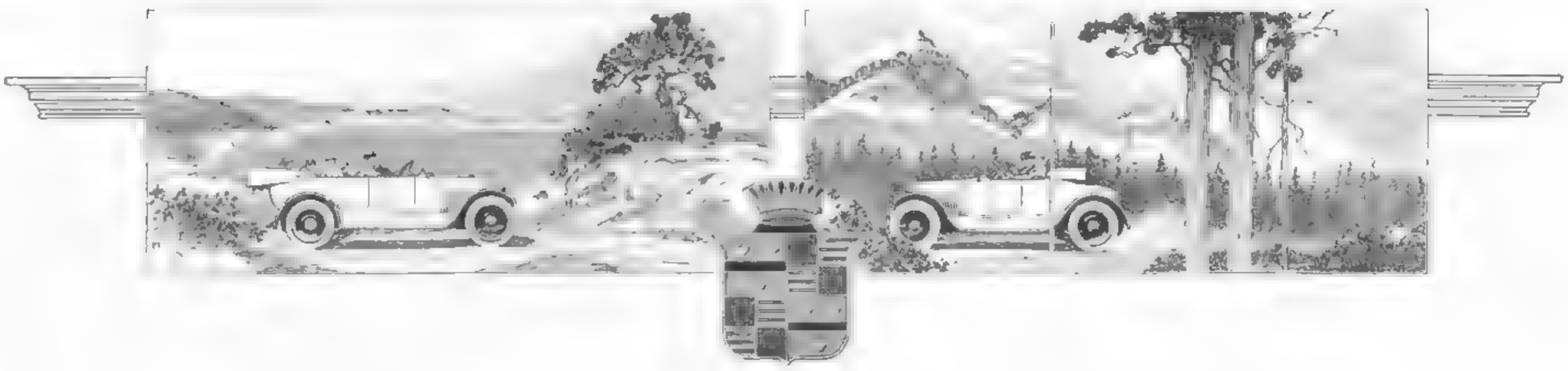

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ONE of the greatest boons which the Eight-Cylinder Cadillac confers upon motorists is, that it removes the strain and the weariness from long-distance motor travel.

Men and women all over the world are awakening to this delightful discovery.

The roads of the continent are calling to them with a new charm and a new insistence.

The Cadillac "Eight" has supplied the last necessary link in the chain of causes which constitute the thing called luxury.

It sets the traveler free from taut nerves, from tense muscles, and from constant concentration on the performance of the car.

All the glorious tingle of a noiseless flight through space is there in increased measure.

But the strain is gone—gone and forgotten, because the flow of power is so continuous, so smooth, so flexible and so quiet that you are scarcely conscious that the engine exists.

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You relax and rest, in the Cadillac, because the unpleasant reminders of effort and labor are removed.

You forget the engine, you forget the mechanical system which is carrying you forward. You luxuriate in a sense of serene well-being and comfort.

Your mind is released from its thraldom to the car, and turns a thousand times more often to the beauty of the road, of the sky and of the landscape.

The joy of touring is not only a greater joy in the Cadillac, but it calls into being a new set of physical and mental sensations.

Heretofore, no matter how gallantly your car mounted a hill, you were conscious every moment that it was climbing—that it was laboring.

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You travel almost continuously on high gear—under throttle control.

The power-application is so fluid that, when you accelerate the speed, the effect is very much as though you had "turned on" the power, as you "turn on" water by opening a spigot.

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The car simply glides from one rate of travel to another, without apparent effort or hesitation.

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Cadillac thoroughness is responsible for the accuracy of every function which contributes to the efficiency of the engine.

The known stability of the Cadillac inspires a confidence which removes all anxiety for your safety.

The pleasures of today are not marred by apprehensions for tomorrow.

And, too, the spring suspension, the deep, soft upholstery, the smooth, easy-acting clutch and brakes, the ease of handling and control, all share in resting and soothing mind and body.

With bad roads largely robbed of their terrors, and good roads made almost doubly delightful—with hills no longer to be dreaded—with a sense of velvet softness in every motion of the car and every movement in its operation, there is a renewed and irresistible call to long-distance touring, which—in the Cadillac—becomes an unalloyed delight.

Cadillac
Standard of the World

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IVAN REVOLTS

(Continued from Page 17)

Ivan was wakened in the morning by a kick from the officer. He sprang to his feet, saluted before his eyes were well opened, and exclaimed:

"Glad to try, Your ——"

A violent yawn prevented his completing the shibboleth of obedience. Clouds of snow fell from the peasant as he shook himself and rubbed open his eyes upon a scene that brought from his lips an exclamation of amazement:

"God have mercy upon us!"

He stood and gazed, speechless, at the appalling transformation the mountains had undergone during the night. Snow to the depth of his chest completely sheeted up the pass and the endless ranks of mountains. Not a speck of green was anywhere visible in the little forest of stunted pines. The tops of the trees thrust themselves up here and there like white haycocks harvested during the night.

The rugged sculpture of the rocks, daubed over by the dazzling curd, had turned to monstrous specters. And still the flakes were falling—streaming earthward so silently and steadily in the windless air that to Ivan it seemed as if the earth were rising up to meet them.

The mushik, who had often slept in the snow, protected by the warmth of his own body, woke refreshed and rested. His one misery was his gnawing hunger. He glanced at Zalukin, who stood hip-deep in the snow, twisting his bedraggled mustaches and cursing volubly at the white terror spread round him. The scenes and ceremonies to which Ivan had been accustomed on waking in the morning were wanting; now he was less a soldier automaton and more a self-reliant man.

As he waited to be commanded, an instinctive feeling connected the officer with this growing hunger; he remembered how the officer had eaten his bread the day before, and an unreasoning wrath began to sprout in his soul.

Zalukin crossed himself, swore, tightened his belt, and kicked the Jew under his feathery covering. Simon came out of the drift coughing and sputtering, and waving his short arms like a man who had tumbled into a creek.

"*Bozhe moi!*" he gasped as he blinked his eyes at the walls of snow rising about him. "What a goose-picking! You there, Ivanushka!" he called to the peasant. "Dear God, my breast!"

He clutched at the front of his *shuba* and rolled his eyes in dumb agony. As the officer ordered him to make ready to march, he began frantically to poke about in the snow for his pig. When he finally found it, white and rigid, he took it in his arms, exclaiming pityingly:

"*Ech*, little dove—dead! Poor, poor little piggy! God's will be done."

Ivan took the animal and looked at it hungrily; but at a sharp command from the officer he placed it in his *meshok*.

The peasants tied their blankets over their shoulders and followed the officer, who waded forth into the snow.

The three men began to retrace their steps of the day before. As Zalukin struggled through the drifts he profaned heaven for his ill luck. He cursed the Austrians for leading him to "hunt roast chicken in a wolf's lair." Then he began to argue with himself that he had been in pursuit of the enemy when he left the battlefield. Yes, his distracted mind told him; his real purpose in entering Uzok Pass had been to scout among the enemy. Who knows that he might not have performed some heroic exploit had he kept on!

As he fought his way through the feathery drifts his gloved fist now and again swept grandly about him as though he was carving his way through the encircling foe. Hectic visions of heroism arose in his brain. He saw himself staggering, exhausted, into the snow-bound tent of his fellow officers—the two peasants, of course, would long since have succumbed to the hardships of the mountains. He saw devoted comrades reviving him with rum and hot tea while he told how he, single-handed, had slain fifteen Austrians in a narrow defile of the pass. "A hero! A hero!" they would cry. "Give him the Cross of Saint George!" Ah, what a moment! His blood warmed at the thought. He saw Imperial adjutants and generals crowding into the tent to kiss him thrice. How sweet it would be then to have them offer him a staff position in some country house where there would be a canopied feather bed for him, rich food, strong wine, women

"Your Excellency! May it please your High Excellency!"

An abrupt cry came from Ivan Ivanitch. Zalukin faced about and saw Ivan striding along in his trail several yards to the rear, the Jew's head far behind, bobbing along level with the top of the snow. Angry at having his agreeable meditations interrupted, Zalukin exclaimed:

"*Nooka*, what the devil's the matter now?"

Ivan halted, brought his heels together, saluted, and said:

"Simon, Your Excellency—he can't go so fast; he ——"

"Damn the Jew!" the officer snapped.

He ordered Ivan to keep close behind him, turned about, and waded on down the pass.

Zalukin's violent effort rapidly exhausted him; perspiration broke out over his body; a pang of hunger seized him. About the middle of the day, unable to proceed farther, he sank in the snow and commanded Ivan to produce the carcass of the pig. With his penknife the officer cut off one of the animal's legs; but the taste of the flesh nauseated him and he threw it from him with disgust.

Instantly Ivan, whose eyes had watched the officer's movements with doglike absorption, sprang forward and seized the flesh.

"Drop it, dog!" shrilled the officer, his small fist raised and a note of terror in his voice

Fear that the big peasant might be maddened by the taste of food, overpower him and eat it all, sent shudders through the officer's body.

Ivan looked sullenly at the dry, bony face, the thin lips; he saw on his superior's breast the string of bright medals which the colonel, contrary to general practice, wore even at the front; he remembered the blows and kicks with which the officer had disciplined him on the march. The deep-seated fear of the peasant for the *chinovnik* paralyzed his resolution; his grip on the flesh relaxed and he slowly thrust his big hands into the sleeves of his *shuba*. But this time he did not salute.

Zalukin compelled the peasant to return the pig to his *meshok* just as the Jew, minus his rifle, staggered up and threw himself exhausted beside Ivan. Zalukin, unheeding Simon's pleadings for a rest, swore at the Jew for throwing away his rifle, and then, it suddenly occurring to him that the big peasant might attempt to commit some act of treachery, commanded Ivan to throw away his rifle also.

"The simple calf!" he reasoned. "He might forget his training and dare to resist authority."

Again the order was given to march. Ivan swung along easily in the erratic wallow made by the officer. From time to time he glanced back at the struggling Simon or tried to soothe his aching jaws by scooping up snow and melting it against his palate.

The snow had ceased falling. The pale sun, embedded somewhere in the leaden sky, was not warm enough to melt the frosty stifle from the air. The staring, unbroken uniformity of the landscape; the faint, choking odor of the frost; the utter absence of sound—even his felt boots sinking soundless in the feathery drifts—oppressed the peasant's simple soul with loneliness and forced upon him an oblivion to all else but his growing agony of hunger. As clumps of mountain beech trees, piled high with their shining thatch and great dolmans, like solemn phantoms hooded and caped by the eternal white, marched slowly by, the peasant's imagination remained fixed upon the food which he carried upon his back. In his imagination a score of times Ivan ate the piece of pig flesh that the officer, for some unaccountable reason, had cast from him. Why hadn't he, Ivan Ivanitch, eaten the flesh when it had been so near his mouth? he asked himself again and again. He could not answer the question. He recalled the words which the revolutionist, Sasha Zarkinski, the comrade of his marching squad, had often whispered to him: "It is no use to resist the clenched fist, brother—not yet—but a day is coming ——" Although Ivan never understood words like these he instinctively resolved that the next time he came so near to a meal

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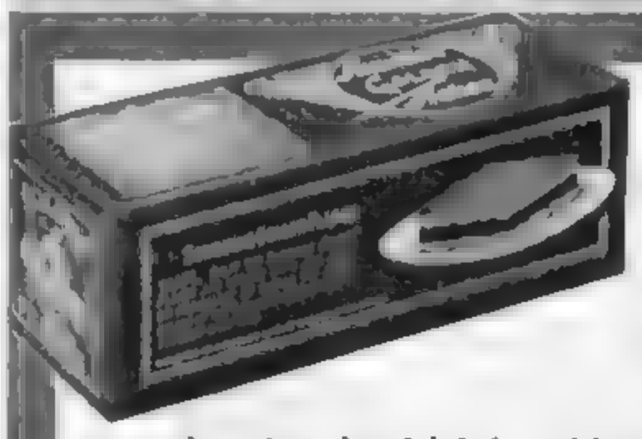

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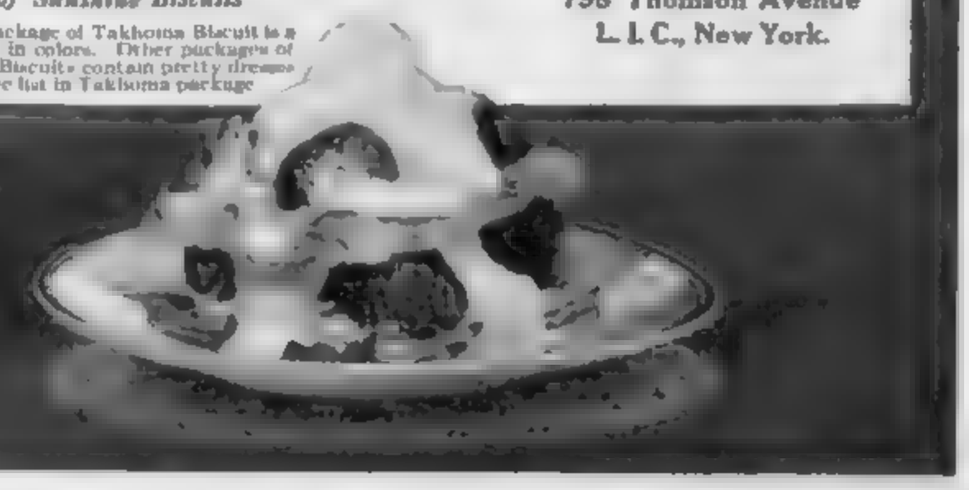

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he would put the meat into his mouth and eat. Otherwise he might die; and no peasant who was raised in the Ukraine and has a Katya for a wife wants to die.

An opportunity was soon provided for Ivan to test his new resolution. By the time several pauses for rest had been made the sun had disappeared in a pink flush behind Czerna Gora, and the dismal gray of an early twilight had settled rapidly over the pass. Zalukin was forced to call another halt for the night. Ivan discovered a bight of shelter between two bowlders, swept out the snow with his hands, and spread his blanket. He unslung his *meshok*, dropped it at the feet of the officer, who lay gasping on his back, and without saluting said simply:

"Let us eat; I am hungry."

Ivan squatted upon the snow and waited. Zalukin, alarmed at something in the hairy, set face of the peasant, sat up with a start. Hurriedly he fumbled at his revolver holster, removed the weapon and laid it across his knees.

"The brute!" he muttered weakly to himself. "I'll show him his place! If the clenched fist hasn't taught him by this time I'll try something that can't fail."

He commanded Ivan to open the *meshok*. The starving muzhik obeyed with alacrity. As his trembling fingers removed the pig, Zalukin shrilled:

"Drop it!" And he raised his revolver.

Ivan's fingers clutched ravenously at the flesh. He paused like an animal, beaten and at bay. He looked at his master; he saw the bright medals shining on his blue tunic, the familiar thin nose and cruel pale eyes. The ancient, instinctive terror of uniformed authority cowed him; gradually his fingers relaxed, a great sigh of despair escaped him, and he slunk back into a corner of the rock.

Again the officer tried to eat the raw flesh, but again he suffered a revulsion that forced him to desist. The tonic air of the mountains and the violent exertions during the two days since the battle had made his ague of hunger as poignant as though he had been denied food for a week.

With his nerves racked from lack of his customary alcoholic stimulant, his thin body shivering from the stinging air, which melted the heat from him as soon as he ceased exerting himself, and his stomach crying for the nourishment in the flesh, the sight and odor of which made him sick, the colonel fell into a white rage and screamed at Ivan Ivanitch:

"You damned muzhik cow! What do you sit there gawking at me like that for? Why don't you do something! Why didn't you take more bread in that accursed *meshok?* Dog! You'll be well beaten!"

As he looked at the big muzhik, crouching motionless and attentive in a shadow of the rock, the officer remembered that he had not saluted that day. His terror of the peasant's size and strength mounted, and he resolved that he would kill him rather than let him get hold of the carcass of the pig.

"Now is the time I must show my authority as a *chinovnik*," he reasoned desperately with himself. "The clenched fist! Ha, ha! I'll show the cattle who's master. Colonel Zalukin, the terror of the First Army Corps! *Da da!* There's nothing like obedience. The damned sheep! Why should Pavel Alexandrovitch fear? No, no! The clenched fist, sweethearts, that is my Gospel! *Dalói* with revolt! *Dalói*——"

Just then Ivan suddenly rose to his feet and started to walk rapidly back along the trail leading to the shelter.

"*Stoi!* Where're you going?" challenged the officer, his heart gripped with the naked terror of being deserted.

The big muzhik halted, faced about and said sullenly:

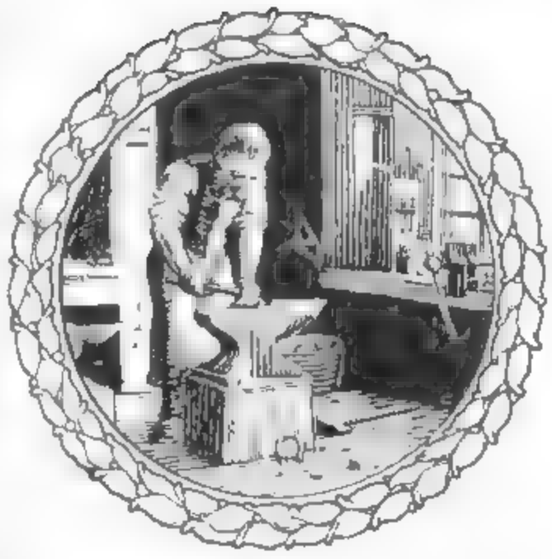
"Semka—he may be lost. I'll give him a little lift."

"Let the Jew alone!" commanded Zalukin, raising his weapon. "Have you forgotten your soldier's literature? Would you desert your officer? Go back and sit down. If the Jew gets lost, *noo—ach*, here he comes now!"

Simon Levkovitch reeled out of the gathering gloom and collapsed, groaning. After puffing violently for a few moments and looking about him, dazed, the Jew clutched one of the boots of the officer, and pleaded piteously:

"Semka wants food! Where is the little soup kitchen, comrades? Semka has smelled it all day. Food, food, or Semka will die!"

(Continued on Page 37)



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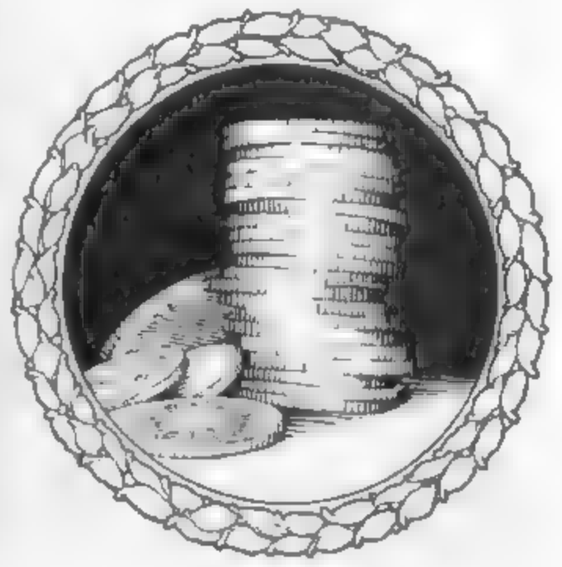

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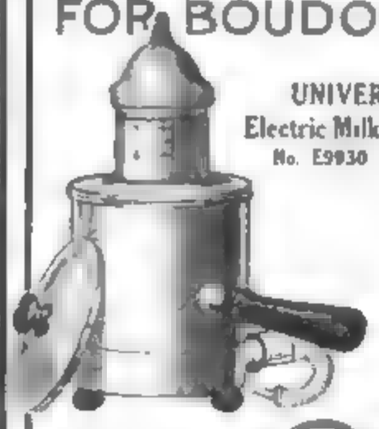

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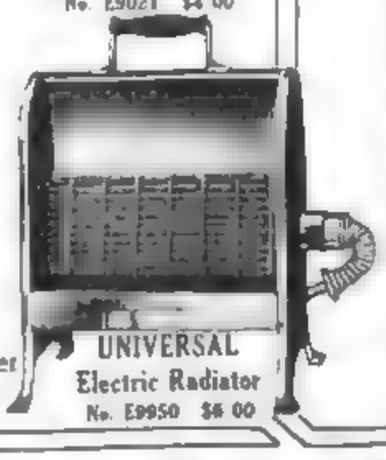

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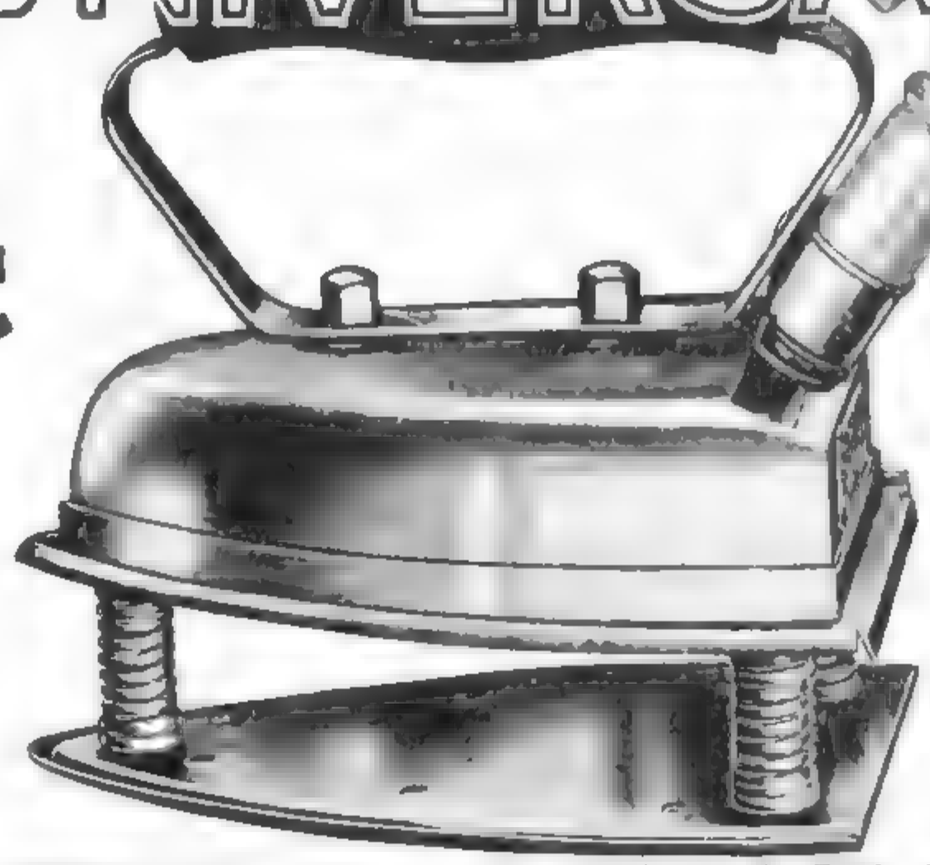

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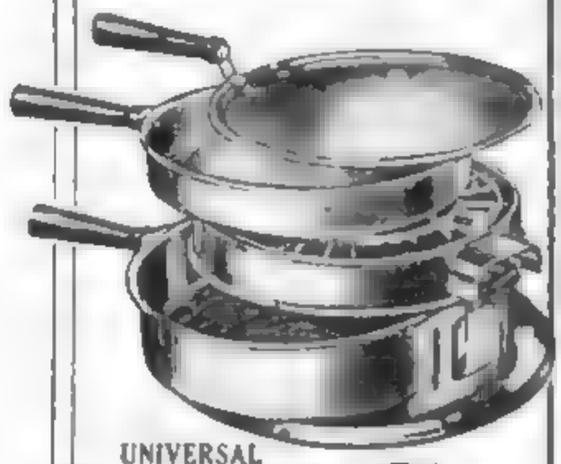

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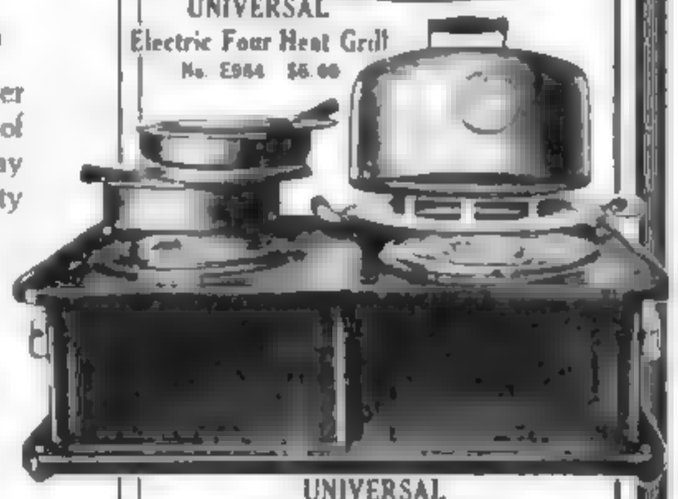

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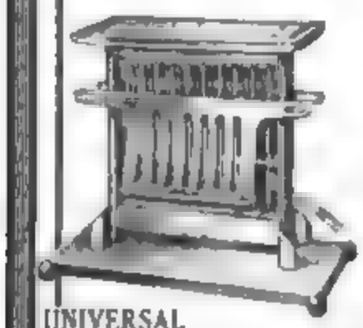

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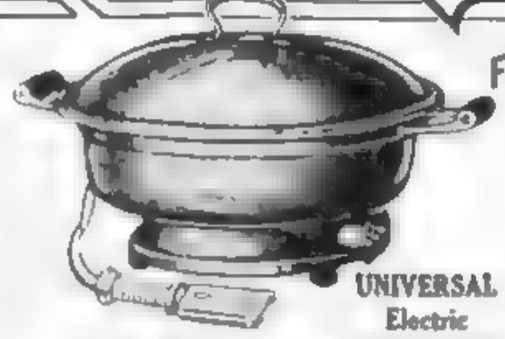

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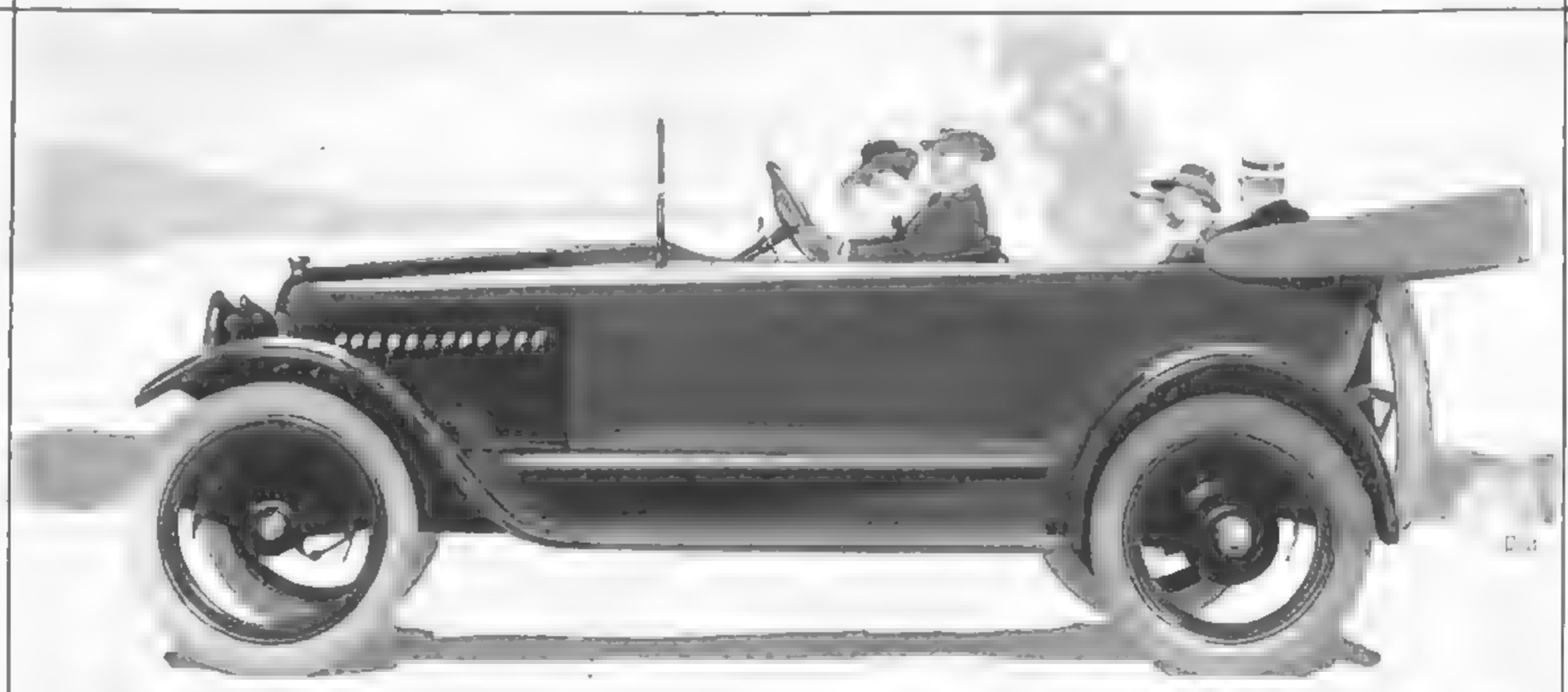

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Comparison is the acid test. Comparison reveals values

We do not and have not urged buyers to buy the Grant Six because of ***hidden*** values.

The values in the Grant Six are ***obvious*** values.

The 1917 Grant Six needs no adjectives to make enthusiastic buyers. The car itself is a beauty. Its mechanism is thoroughly tried out and developed. There is nothing about it that savors of conjecture, speculation or experiment.

It is absolutely true that the best way to appreciate Grant Six values is to ***compare.***

With some purchasers it is the ***full floating*** rear axle with equalized 12-inch brakes that determines the sal

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WITH greatly increased manufacturing facilities and still larger equipment under way, a production of 20,000 cars—of this 1917 model—is assured. Deliveries now being made.

(Continued from Page 34)

Zalukin had already suspected that Simon was suffering from some internal injury. The little soldier's utter helplessness and heart-rending appeals stirred the pinch of humanity left in the officer's bosom.

"*Nooka*, Jew," he said, "you seem to be having a hard time of it too. Here, take this." He tossed the leg of raw pork into the Jew's ragged mittens.

Simon clutched the meat, lay back and sank his teeth into the cold flesh. He rolled his round, white eyes, sat up slowly, coughed, spat disgustedly into the snow, dropped the meat and sputtered:

"Pig! *Ech*, my little pig! No, no, no, Your Excellency—pig isn't food! Semka can't eat pig, Your Excellency! Semka will sell the pig to Your Excellency for bread for just five little crumbs of bread" Again he clung to the officer's boot. "*Nooka*, it is a good little bargain, Your Excellency! Come! God's mercy, don't let me die! Semka forked five Dumb Ones, dear little Excellency; five—and one was—a brother Jew!"

A quarter of an hour later the three wanderers were rolled up in their blankets for the night. The *meshok* was again buried in the snow. Sensible of the rising wind and increasing cold, Zalukin, fearing he might freeze to death if he slept alone, commanded the peasants to lie next to him, one on each side, with one blanket over and the other beneath them. Soon his teeth no longer chattered and a tingling warmth coursed through his veins.

Sleep for him was, however, impossible. He was exasperated by the Jew's constant moaning and coughing. As he lay listening to the wind grow more and more violent and shriek past the mouth of the retreat, the throbbing consciousness of his growing weakness threw his soul into a deeper panic of fear. The grinning horrors of starvation rose in his mind. He clutched his companions in terror. He had hallucinations of death.

At first, Ivan Ivanitch's mind was fixed solely upon his intolerable aching sense of hunger. He gave the terrors of the night no thought; he was used to them. He felt the meat again in his fingers, saw the officer's menacing gesture, and heard his sharp voice forbidding him to touch that which his whole strong body called out for with maddening insistence. He did not reason about his misery. He merely struggled with memories of the brutal disciplining he had undergone at the hands of his *chinovnik* masters. He felt again the kicks of the gendarmes in his home village; he winced at the bloody blows His Excellency the colonel had administered before the whole regiment. He remembered Sasha Zarkinski's quiet advice not to resist authority until the time should be ripe. But, instead of patiently murmuring as heretofore, "*Nichevo*, God's will be done!" he thought now of the food that had been so close within his grasp; and, with no effort of will, his mind repeated the thought: "Next time Ivan Ivanitch will eat; next time ——"

As he communed thus with himself, the gentle anæsthetic of drowsiness soothed away his aches and sufferings, and gave him pleasant, fleeting recollections of home. A vision of a russet field of waving grain and the great wooden wings of a windmill turning languorously in the bright sunshine brought peace to his simple soul. Before sleep quite overcame him he felt Katya's trembling arms clinging tightly to his neck. He opened his lips to speak to her; but, then, feeling the officer's head move in the hollow of his arm, he merely hugged it to his breast and then relaxed, lost altogether to a bitter world.

The three Russians faced daylight the next morning in desperate straits. The colonel's nose was white—frozen. Ivan offered to rub it with snow; but it was too late. The pain caused by this catastrophe, adding to the officer's increased misery of body, sharpened the words on his tongue and induced him to continue his flight from starvation with maddened desperation. He dug the *meshok* from a drift, forced Ivan to sling it beside his blanket, and ordered the peasant to precede him into the howling wilderness of snow.

Zalukin was appalled at the transformation the pass had undergone during the night. The wind had swept the great burden of snow from the *klippen* and garnered and packed it into drifts and glaciers. The sun was no longer distinguishable. Sunderings of snow tumbled, booming, into the gullies. Tornadoes of snowflakes rose from nowhere, scudded up the glaciers, exploded silently against precipitous turrets of rock, and shot clouds of floury mist into the air. The swirling confusion of the pass defied the judgment of the officer's eyesight.

"We're lost, babes!" declared Zalukin, gazing in dismay at the scene.

As the peasants, however, offered no word of comment, but merely looked at him with pleading abjectness, the officer murmured to himself: "*Nooka*, what's to be done? One never gets to town sitting by the fire." He gave the command to march.

For five hours the three Russians struggled on, floundering among the baffling drifts. Finally, when farther advance seemed impossible, Ivan, who was leading, stumbled into a fresh trail.

"A search party of patrols sent out for us!" exclaimed Zalukin eagerly as his eyes followed the windings of the half-drifted-over footprints.

He suspected that one army or the other would soon send patrols into the pass. He was beside himself with joy. He took the lead and, without further thought of his direction, plunged frantically along the beaten track. He had not proceeded more than two hundred yards, however, before he fell back as if he beheld some frightful apparition, and screamed:

"Our own trail! We've gone in a circle!"

Several yards in front of him the officer caught sight of the little crevice in the rocks that had last sheltered them during the night. He sat down on a rock and buried his face in his hands. "Trapped!" he groaned. He felt as if he were pinned down by the peaks rising about him, as if the tons of snow booming earthward were falling on his chest. He longed to get up out of the gullies, to reach an elevation where at least he could see—he remembered that he had observed a wide ledge of rock high up on the *klippen* near which he sat, and he determined to spend the rest of the day in an attempt to reach it. Perhaps from there he could see—could signal—fire his revolver ——

As he raised his head to make known his decision, he saw a sight that filled him with wrath. Simon lay on his back, his chubby face as white as the snow beneath his head, his mouth open, a bright crimson stain on his swollen lips. Ivan Ivanitch, on his feet, was removing the pig from the *meshok*.

"You whelp of a ——" The Imperial officer swore gross oaths as he drew his revolver from its holster. "You will disobey ——" he shrilled as he raised his weapon and fired.

The big peasant let the sack drop to the snow and swayed slowly an instant in his tracks; with his eyes fixed on a distant peak he solemnly crossed himself and murmured: "God's will be done!" Instead of saluting, he brushed a trickle of blood from his cheek, which had been slightly gouged by the bullet.

Once more he was forced to shoulder the sack and the three men began the ascent of the glacier.

Before they had gone a hundred steps, Simon cried out that he could go no farther and pleaded with his companions not to desert him. Ivan, whose strength, in spite of his hunger, was far from exhausted, retraced his steps, got the Jew on his back and staggered up the glacier. When the trio had gone halfway the officer collapsed. Ivan then got Zalukin on his back; and thus by carrying first one and then the other, with many rests, the three men, as night again closed over the Carpathians, crossed the snow saddle at the top of the glacier and reached the rocky shelf.

All three were exhausted. They stumbled about, dazed and speechless, looking for a sheltered nook where they could huddle away from the stinging blasts of the wind. Unable to find a rocky fissure, Ivan scooped a hollow out of a deep drift and spread the blankets.

While thus he was busy at this task Zalukin once more buried the *meshok* several yards away in the snow. He yearned to try again to eat the flesh, but now fear of the hungry muzhik deterred him from making the effort in the latter's presence. Faint with weakness, he walked to the edge of the precipice and for a moment looked down at the brawling world of rocks and snow, which the rising moon made dimly visible. As his gaze rose from the black, bottomless valleys far below to the ranks of mountains, rearing their splintered peaks against the sky, one last heroic impulse came to the *chinovnik's* quaking heart. He tried to straighten his body against the

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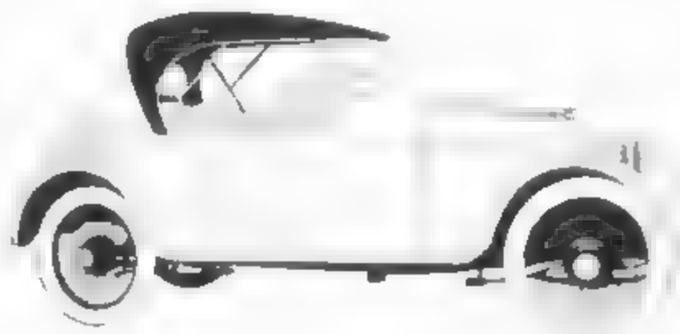

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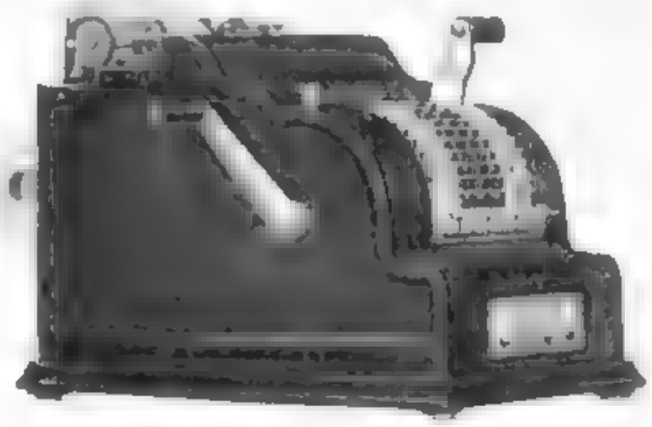

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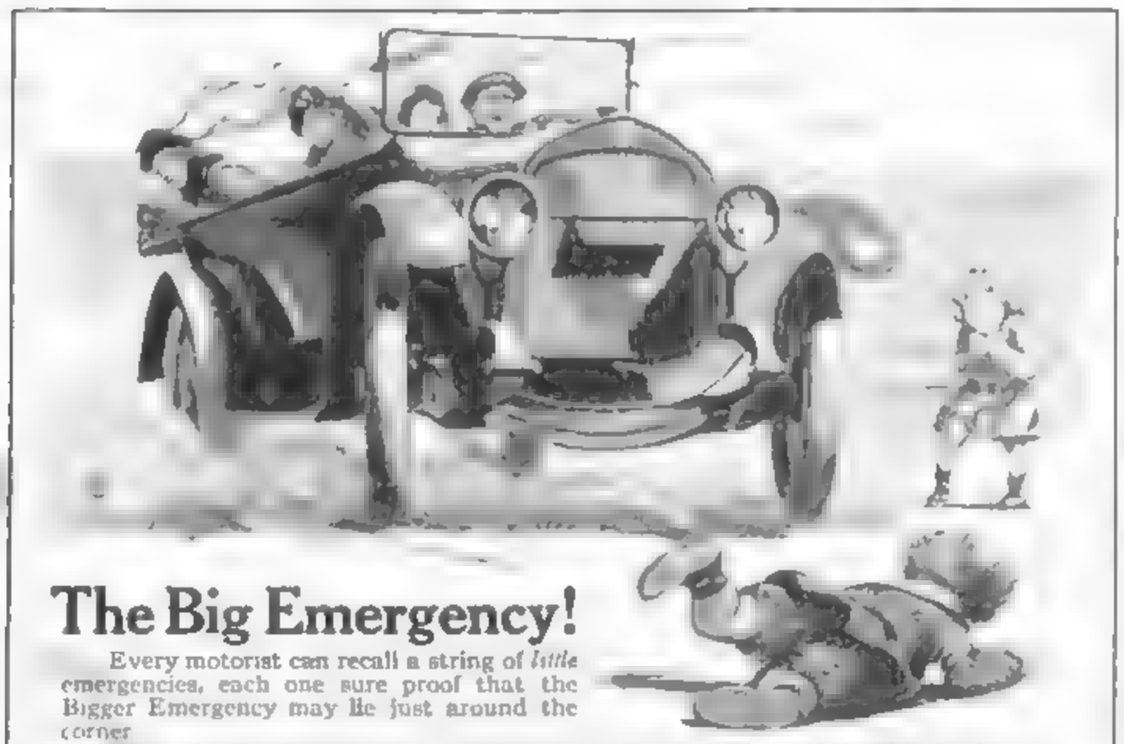

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pushing force of the wind; he shook his clenched fist at the summit of Czerna Gora, rising white under the moon, and muttered:

"Thus Napoleon and the great Suvaroff stood unconquerable on the Alps! They mastered by the clenched fist. I too—I am not afraid of that peasant. God's blood, I'll kill him! I'll die here—I'll freeze, I'll starve, but—he will obey! I am a *chinovnik.* I am master. I'll kill him! I'll kill ——"

It was the grandest moment in the life of Col. Pavel Alexandrovitch Zalukin. Whatever may be said against the brutality of his philosophy of life, he believed in it with all his soul and was ready to die for it.

Again the three men crept into their rude shelter and tried to hold off the terrors of the cold by huddling together between the two blankets. Simon no longer groaned. His teeth chattered loosely for a time; then he lay quite still, with only a faint rattle issuing from his throat. Neither Ivan nor Zalukin could sleep; though Ivan, unconscious now of anything save a racking agony of hunger, in time fell into a drowse.

When Zalukin finally heard the deep breathing of the peasant he slowly raised his head and looked at the Jew's face. It had a deathly, rigid pallor. Even the rattling sounds were gradually dying away. Cautiously Zalukin removed the blanket from the Jew and rolled him on his face on the frozen rock. Then he wrapped the covering more closely about himself and gave his consideration to Ivan and the pig.

Having made certain, after several minutes, that Simon would not move again, and believing that Ivan was asleep, Zalukin stealthily slipped from the blankets, crossed the ledge and dug the *meshok* out of the drift. He drew forth the frozen carcass, hacked pieces of flesh from it with his knife and began to eat. So great was his hunger that he discovered a relish for the meat; and, though terror clutched him for fear of interruption from the muzhik, he ate ravenously.

Meanwhile Ivan, shifting his position to avoid a sharp projection of rock, awoke, reached out in vain for his companions, and sat up abruptly. He was dazed. His wits at first refused to grapple with the tragic fact his eyes discovered. By the light of the moon, now much brighter, he caught sight of the Jew. He crawled toward him, turned him over on his back, saw his stony face, shook him, and called to him softly:

"Semka! Semka! *Ech,* little brother! Semka!"

There was no response. The little soldier's body felt to his fingers like a log of wood. "Dead!" slowly muttered the muzhik. He dropped his chin into his beard and reverently crossed himself.

A spasm of hunger again roused Ivan. He thought of the pig, of the officer—the fact of the officer's absence surged through his mind like some primitive terror. As he rose to his feet and looked about him, no more memories of *chinovnik* discipline, no more visions of bemedaled chests and flashing officers' swords came between him and his animal craving for the food that he knew to be near at hand. Semka was dead and he himself was dying—of hunger. That was enough.

The big peasant moved cautiously out on the ledge. There in the moonlight he saw the officer, blotted against the snow, devouring the pig. Zalukin looked up. For an instant the men gazed at each other, motionless. The pallid moonlight fell upon the wild, aerial stage of rock, transforming the frost-whitened faces and clothes of the men to ghostly apparitions.

Ivan's knees began to bend slowly into a crouch. His shoulders bowed forward; his fingers balled into clenched fists. The thick muscles of his young, powerful body grew taut. The strength of a starving animal at bay came upon him. But one instinct moved him—slay or die! He took a step toward his enemy.

"*Stoi!*" shrieked the officer in a voice of horror. He scrambled to his feet and fumbled for his revolver. "*Stoi!* Another step and I'll kill you! *Stoi!*"

Ivan, without speaking, took another step, and another. The revolver was leveled at him.

"*Stoi!* I command—in the name of the Czar ——"

Ivan rushed upon the officer. The crash of the weapon roared out on the moaning desolation of the night. Zalukin was too weak to aim steadily. His bullet missed. Before he could fire a second time, the peasant struck the weapon from his grasp and over the precipice, and dealt the officer a crashing blow on the head. Zalukin reeled and collapsed upon the rocky floor. The muzhik kicked him aside as if he were a cake of snow, squatted, seized the carcass of the pig, and began to pull and tear it voraciously with his strong teeth.

While Ivan fed, intent only upon completing his long-delayed feast, the officer again stirred, raised himself painfully on his hands, and dragged himself, moaning, toward the peasant.

"Ivan Ivanitch," he pleaded, "let me have some; don't let me starve. Don't let me die!"

He caught at the peasant's *shuba.* With a swift blow Ivan sent the officer sprawling.

Again Zalukin crawled, this time whining like a beaten child, to the scene of the feast, clutched the peasant's boots, and whimpered:

"Ivan Ivan'ch, just a wee bite! I'm dying, Ivan Ivan'ch. Mercy, Ivan Ivan'ch, in Christ's name! Dear little Ivan Ivan'ch—for the Little Father, in the name of the Czar ——"

"To hell with the Czar!" growled Ivan between his teeth. He continued his gnawing and gulping.

"Dear Christ, don't let me die!" again whimpered the breaker-in of muzhiks.

He cringed and groveled at the peasant's feet and broke into sobs. Seeing that his petitions were of no avail, Zalukin closed his trembling fingers upon a large rock. He raised the rock with both hands behind the peasant's back, intending to bring it down upon the latter's head. Ivan ducked forward slightly over a bone at that instant, so that the rock grazed his head and crashed down upon his shoulders.

Instantly he turned and fell upon Zalukin. The two men grappled. The officer expended his last ounce of strength in an effort to bite and choke the muzhik. But Ivan's fingers closed upon his antagonist's throat.

The fingers remained there, driven deep by years of suffering, by the present madness of hunger. Finally a shudder ran through the officer's body and he lay quite still. Once more Ivan crouched over his meal and finished it in peace. He rose, stretched his arms languidly, crossed himself, and muttered:

"*Ach,* how fine I feel! *Da da,* it was a good meal." He smiled faintly beneath his frost-caked beard.

Deliberately he removed the fur *shuba* from the officer's body, wrapped it about himself, returned to the shelter he had made in the drift, rolled up in the blankets and immediately dropped into sound slumber.

The next morning Ivan scrambled down the glacier, reached the pass, caught up with a party of Austrian patrols, was taken prisoner and conducted into the enemy camp near the village of Nagu Berezna.

Ivan was herded with several hundred other Russian prisoners within a high stockade. Their jailer sat beside a machine gun on a platform in the center of the inclosure. The ragged, underfed peasants swarmed about Ivan in a dementia of curiosity, fingered his fur-lined coat and plied him with a rush of questions.

Endless discussions of the tragic lack of ammunition in the Galician campaigns had changed their peasant stolidity to a wrathful discontent. Revolutionary agitators, among whom was the student, Sasha Zarkinski, Ivan's former squad mate, had employed the opportunity for free speech still further to fill them with a desire for revenge against their bureaucratic masters.

As Ivan told grimly but simply how he had slain the colonel of his regiment, the haggard soldiers raised a cheer.

"Oorah! There's a daring fellow! Some day we'll all be wearing fur *shubas!*"

The student revolutionist, Sasha Zarkinski, pushed his way through them and demanded of Ivan:

"You really killed Zalukin, that monster of the clenched fist?"

"I was hungry," replied Ivan solemnly.

While the soldiers, with tears of sympathy welling in their eyes, applauded, Zarkinski, the revolutionist, his great poet's eyes glowing with bright visions of liberty for his peasants, threw his arms about Ivan's neck, kissed him passionately on both cheeks, and cried out:

"Hunger, lads, has before this overturned dynasties, toppled kings off their thrones, and goaded slaves to freedom. Your hunger, little brothers, will set you free! I kiss you, Ivan Ivanitch! You and your millions of brothers will be the next Czar of all the Russias!"

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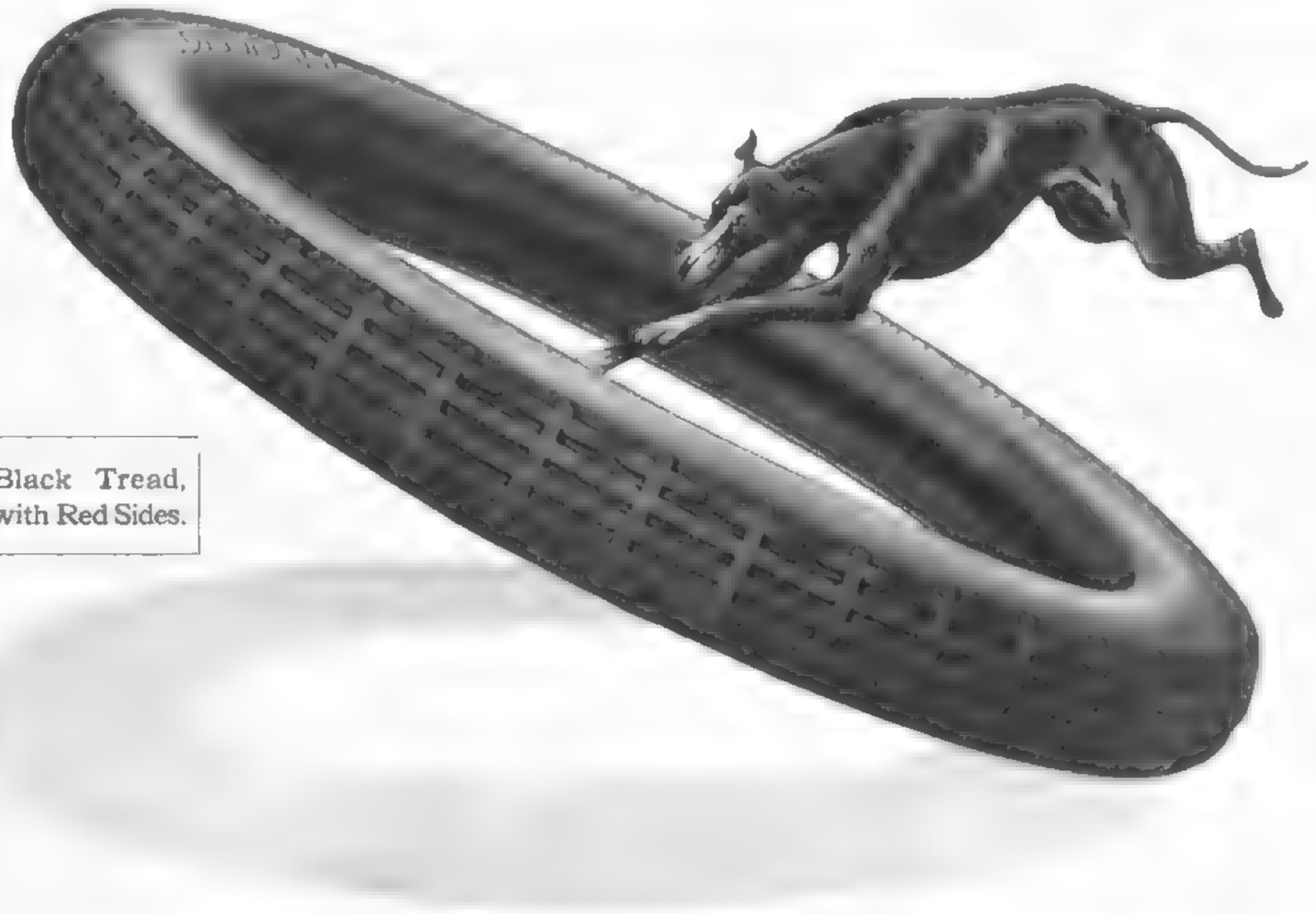

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THE SLIPPER TONGUE

(Continued from Page 11)

"You take Pete back with you, will you, Dick? I think Dell must be over in Pleasant Vale. I'll go for her."

"No, sis, you take Pete. I'll ride over and get Dell."

"Very well. I'll wait here and see if you've found her."

Dick picked his way down the slope and galloped off. As soon as she was sure he was out of hearing Anna began talking into the blow-out.

"Listen, Mr. Thief. I shall go to the house and prepare you something to eat. As soon as possible I shall return. That will be after dark sometime. I shall have my shotgun with me, and Duke. Duke and I will bring your lunch as far as to the edge of the blow-out, on the higher side. Please eat what you care to and bury the rest, dishes and all. I'll find them later.

"After you have eaten you will find two horses staked out near the house. The one with a white face will be tired -don't take him. But the other you may take. You will find him already saddled, with his bridle hanging from the pommel. You heard what my brother said about the plans of the searching parties. I don't know whether they will make any difference to a man on a horse. Probably not. I hope you'll get away safely, and I hope you'll let this be a lesson to you and quit stealing. Stealing doesn't pay."

IV

CRANNER waited patiently for the coming of night. He was hungry and thirsty, and his bones ached, but he did not dare rise from the sand. Instead he tried to doze. He knew he could not, because of the picture of the girl with the gun that filled his eyes; but trying gave him an occupation. Then a more interesting task suggested itself, that of giving the girl a name. He considered all the names he could think of, and then made up some names. Finally he decided that he would call her Miss Heart-of-Gold until he knew her own more beautiful name.

She came at last; came with the dog. She placed her supplies upon the edge of the blow-out, as she had promised to do. Then she addressed the crater.

"Your supper is ready, Mr. Thief," she said, "and thank you for staying where you were. I had to wait until my brother went to sleep. Your horse is already saddled. I shall keep the dog in the house until morning, so that you will not need to fear stirring up trouble. Good night and a safe journey!"

Then she returned to the house.

Cranner now rose from his uncomfortable couch, shook himself free of sand, climbed the slope of the blow-out, and found the promised supper wrapped in a napkin, where it had been left. The night was dark, but light was not needed. On top was a layer of sandwiches—lettuce, ham, mustard-sardines between the sweetest slices of bread ever spread with fresh butter. Then came the two halves of a fried prairie chicken, smothered in bread crumbs and still hot. Then more sandwiches. Two slices of sand-cherry pie on a plate, most delicious of pastry, formed the dessert. For drinking there was a quart fruit jar almost filled with hot coffee tempered with pure cream.

She must have counted on his being as hungry as he was. When he rose the coffee-jar was empty, the prairie chicken had been reduced to bones, the plate contained no more sand-cherry pie, and the pile of sandwiches had shrunk until only four remained for breakfast. These he wrapped in the napkin and thrust into his pocket. The coffee-jar and plate he buried toward the bottom of the blow-out.

He now gathered up the chicken bones and made his way downhill to the lake, but in a direction away from the house, where he threw them into the tall grass. He then started out round the edge of the lake in search of a sandy beach where he could take a plunge.

The water was gloriously cool and refreshing. Cranner swam out a way, scared up some mud-hens, and then decided to swim after them and scare them up again. After a time he began making his slow way back to shore. He did not come out at the exact point where he had left his clothing, but a little farther on, at a field that had been broken and planted to corn. However, the error was soon remedied, and no one the wiser.

After he had dressed he returned to his blow-out, walking past it and round to its upper edge from behind. Here he took his bearings, and a little later walked softly down to the horses near the house.

The girl had kept her promise to the letter. The fresh horse was standing already saddled, bridle hanging from pommel. The dog was in the house. No complications of any kind occurred. He could have bridled the horse in twenty seconds, slipped the tether-rope, jumped into the saddle, and ridden off to safety beyond possibility of pursuit.

But instead of doing this sane and easy thing he now did a curious and difficult thing. He unfastened the saddle girth, removed the saddle, placed it upon his shoulder, and after some reconnoitering as to the best direction of approach, softly made his way to the house, where he deposited saddle and bridle beside the door without arousing the dog inside. Then he made his way back along the edge of the lake to the field of sod corn, where he worked until three in the morning pulling weeds left-handed. This work served to give him occupation during what otherwise would have been a long night.

Another plunge in the lake, and the first flush of dawn began to give way to daylight—the signal for his return to the hills. Here he ate his remaining sandwiches, buried the napkin, made the necessary re-excavations for his own use, smoothed out his tracks and, placing the tumbleweed between his teeth, drew the concealment of the sand over him as before, ready for what the day might offer. He hoped it would offer further acquaintance with the lady of the dunes, the lady of glory, the lady of yesterday, Miss Heart-of-Gold, who lived near Popocatepetl in the Sand Hills.

■

AT ABOUT the time Cranner was swimming ashore after his first plunge, before beginning work left-handed in the Jones plot of sod corn, a party consisting of Stub-Lou Tate, Mennie Wade and Rickets Levy from the BB, and Jowls Harrison and Shorty Fuller from the Circle Cross to the north, had gathered at his deserted shack for the purpose of making a search.

Cranner's shack was one that a man named Keeley had built two or three years earlier in the next valley east of the BB ranch buildings. Cranner had heard of it no one knew how or where, and had moved into it no one knew why. It was a rough board structure of two rooms. Since taking possession of it Cranner had hunted chickens a little, trolled for pickerel a little, and weeded radishes and onions a little in his garden. His desertion of it had been as sudden as his occupancy.

"Ut ain't in the shack—that's a cinch," said Stub-Lou after the mattress had been slit open, cupboard ransacked, and supplies spread out for inspection.

"He must a-buried ut."

"Mebby ut's under the floor."

"Rip her up, boys!"

They found Cranner's hatchet, and after trying for some time at a crack succeeded in raising the first board. Board after board followed, until little remained of the floor but the joists. The most careful examination of the ground underneath showed no disturbance of the original sod, but, nevertheless, a spade was brought and several test holes dug to make certain.

"Not there!"

A similar search was made in the sand floor of the sod-barn. The surface of the ground in the neighborhood of the house and barn was also inspected, as far as it could be by the light of the flickering lamp, without result.

"Try the well. He mebby chucked ut in the well."

"He ain't that much fool!"

The well was shallow and easily examined; but the plunges of the spade revealed nothing but quicksand.

"Not there!"

"What udds slipper tongue 'a' did with ut?"

"Hid ut in some other blow-out!"

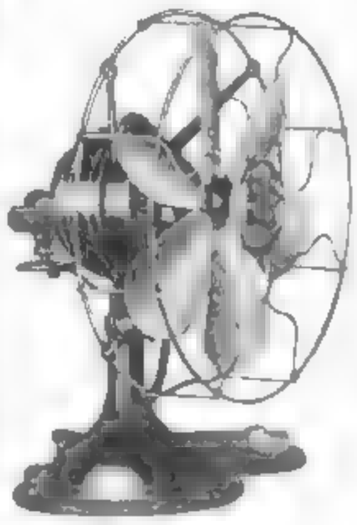
"Or rode ut out to the railroad and hid ut."

"He ain't been away sincet Wednesday. He couldn't."

"Yuh say yuh seen ut Wednesday?"

"Mennie and me bot'. We rid over and looked."

Comfort In Your Kitchen



The really efficient kitchen of today is fan-equipped. Women no longer have to tolerate the double heat of stove and sun.

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And comfort is matched by economy. A Robbins & Myers Fan gives a healthful breeze at a cost of only a few cents a day—the small sizes operate for less than half the cost of an ordinary electric light.

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Robbins & Myers Fans come in all sizes and designs—ceiling, desk, bracket, oscillating, exhaust—for direct or alternating current.

You can get a Robbins & Myers Fan for a few dollars.

Robbins & Myers Fans

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Springfield, Ohio

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The World's Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electric Fans and Small Motors

Stitching Cuts the Rubber Strands

When a stitch or seam is made in a piece of elastic some of the rubber strands are cut. This weakens the webbing and takes away some of the "stretch." It does not last as long.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Has No Seams in the Webbing

The elastic—of the very best quality—is not weakened at any one point. There are no cut "rubber threads"—no weak links in the chain. It wears well and doesn't lose its stretch. The Ivory Garter has many other unusual features—very light—no pads—no metal—a [illegible] binding. It looks so spick and span—it is a gentleman's garter.

At your Haberdasher's. Silk 50 cts.—Lisle 25 cts. If he can't supply you, we'll mail direct upon receipt of price.

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DEALERS Order through your jobber or direct from us

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GIVES the history and principles of the player-piano. Describes the two lines of player-piano development one striving for hand-played effects through mechanical devices, the other working for such complete control of tone and accent through the pedals that no devices would be necessary. Explains in detail how this personal, intimate, absolute control has been perfected in the

Baldwin Manualo

The Player-Piano that is all but human

Tells why the Manualo is *responsive* to your natural tendency to express musical feeling with the feet. Explains why it makes each note play with just the expression your pedaling instinctively tries to produce. Shows how it enables you to *play* the piano through the player pedals as an artist plays through the piano keys.

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THESE fine-stitched silk hose will please you most by the way they retain their shimmer, softness and graceful fit *after* being worn and washed repeatedly.

This is because they are made of superfine Japanese silk and pure dyed. It is quite unnecessary to load the dye with metallic compounds to give body and lustre as is the case with some hosiery.

MEN'S SILK, 50c
Women's Silk, 75c, $1, $1.50

Made also of fine Lusterized Lisle and Gold-Ray, the new scientific silk, from 25c a pair up —for Men, Women and Children.

Ask in the stores—write for dealers' names and descriptive booklet.

LUXITE TEXTILES, INC., 579 FOWLER ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
New York Chicago San Francisco Liverpool
Makers of High-Grade Hosiery Since 1875

"I told you guys a blow-out's no place for hiding of ut. I told yuh we'd get ut stole. And now we has. Ef you'd 'a' listened to me "

"Oh, you're not so hell-wise!" retorted Shorty. "I told yuh the slipper tongue was wrong all along, 'nd what did yuh say? Yes, what? Yuh said he was a bug, 'nd that's all. Only a bug. Now see what he's did!"

"Ferget ut, both o' yuh," said Stub-Lou, interposing. "Ut's gone and he's went, and what we got to do's to find ut and find him. We can't poke blow-outs at night and we can't hunt him at night. He put one over on us to-day. Prob'bly found a hole under a bank somewheres an' crawled in. To-morrer we got a-find that hole. After that's did we got a-get back what he stole from us."

"How yuh gon't a-find a hole under a bank to-morrer when yuh couldn't to-day? That's what I want a-know."

"We uses dogs to-morrer, see?"

"I told yuh when he moved into this shack he was wrong," continued Shorty, reverting to his grievance. "And sincet then I told yuh."

"Drop ut, Shorty."

"What was he here fer? What did he do? Hunted chickings and fished. What else? What else?"

"Pass ut up, Shorty. We ain't lost nothun—yet."

"Ain't lost nothun?"

"Not yet The slipper tongue's went, but he didn't take nothun with um. Don't we know? Didn't we go through um? We'll find ours—bone and meat too."

"Sure! We got a-find it!"

"Then what's grindin' yer ear?"

Anna did not sleep well the night of her treachery to Stub-Lou's thief hunters. It was not conscience that kept her awake. She had no regrets. She had assisted an acknowledged horse thief to escape, and was glad of it. The reason she could not sleep was that she was too glad of it.

She arose at daybreak, dressed, let out the dog, and stepped outside to see how old Bill looked with old Pete missing.

Why was it that stealing was attractive to men like her horse thief? If the man had been ignorant, like Jim Blatchford or Fred Harding or Pap Dickerson or Zed White, she could have understood. But this man, compared to whom Zed White was a yokel, and her brother Dick a schoolboy!

She had to rub her eyes and look again, to make sure she was awake. Old Pete was not missing. Bill was not missing. The saddle and bridle were not missing either; but instead of resting on Pete's back where she had left it, the saddle now lay against the house, with the bridle thrown across it. What could it mean?

It could mean only one thing. It meant

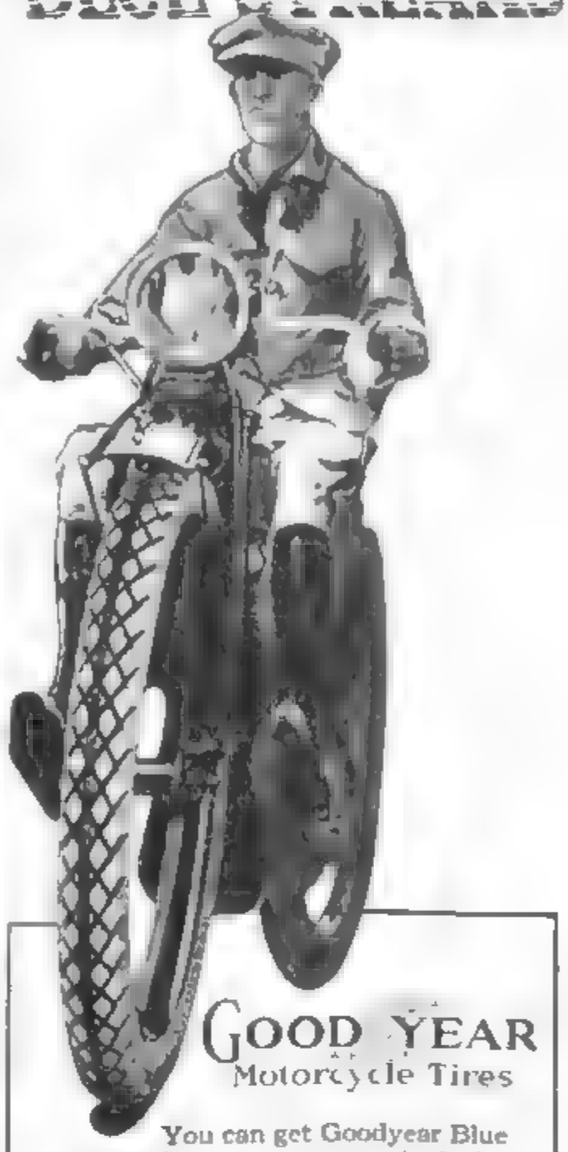
But she did not wish to face the meaning of it. Instead she called Dick, milked the cow, and began preparations for breakfast—a cereal with cream, and fried corn-meal mush with bacon and hot sugar-sirup. By the time Dick had watered and fed the horses breakfast was ready. A little later she was watching him as he rode off to White's to learn whether the man hunt was to be continued.

Later still, but she could not have told how much later, she saw a horseman far to the southwest, and another in the hills to the north of him. Then she saw three horsemen riding along the slope of the high ridge of blow-outs to the northwest—Dick, Zed White, and one other whom she recognized eventually as Stub-Lou Tate.

She had known they would hunt these hills again; but that was not what kept her away from Popocatepetl crater. What kept her away was the belief that the horse thief was still there. The sight of old Pete had startled, disappointed, pained her; but since thinking the matter over she was inclined to be angry. The man had no right to stay round under such circumstances. She did not desire his further acquaintance. She would not turn over her hand for him further.

It was Stub-Lou's dog that changed all that. She saw him soon after she saw the horsemen. There was no mistaking that menace. The moment she saw the dog she knew that she could not remain behind in the house and allow the inevitable to happen without trying to save the man in the sand. She thereupon took down the gun, called Duke, got the horse—Bill instead of Pete to-day—and set out for Popocatepetl. She did not allow her dog to roam to-day.

BLUE STREAKS



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Three out of every four new motorcycles in 1916 will be equipped with Blue Streaks.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
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in 30 Minutes with 15c Worth of

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Above is one of many difficult repairs actually made with TIRE-DOH. It repairs smallest punctures, biggest blowouts or inner tube tears as long as your arm

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Arriving at the foot of the blow-out, she staked the horse in the hollow where the blue-joint was tender. Then with Duke at her heels she climbed the slope.

The tumbleweed was in place. Nothing else was in sight—no tracks, no dishes, only the sand of the dunes, lying as the wind had left it.

"Listen, Mr. Thief, if you're there! The Heron Lake people are after you with a dog. They're very near. Can you hear me? Don't move; only listen. Whatever happens, do not let go of that tumbleweed you have between your teeth. Keep tight hold of it all the time. And do not move a muscle. You should have gone away last night, while you had a chance. Perhaps you did. I hope for your sake that you did, but I have to act as if you did not."

The horsemen, meanwhile, had worked round from the north. They were so close now that she did not dare say more. During her speech she stood looking out over the hills to the northeast. She now turned to her dog. The strange dog was beating the hills in every direction in advance of the riders.

"Down, Duke! No hunting to-day, sir!"

"Well, sis!" called Dick. "What do you see?"

Anna turned as if surprised, then waved a friendly greeting. It is only for the stage that women have to learn to act—and not always for the stage. She moved over to one side so as to make room for them.

"I see sand," she replied.

"Huh!" said Stub-Lou, looking into the crater. "Sand is right. Thought mebby you'd scared up a bee you was chasin'."

Anna was standing on the southerly higher portion of the rim. Dick was the nearest of the three riders; he was stationed perhaps ten feet distant to her left, and the others beyond him, so that Stub-Lou, who was farthest from her, was looking into the crater from the westerly portion of the rim.

It was more than sand that Anna was looking at. She was watching the strange dog. She saw him nosing round among the hollows and slopes to the east; then closer; then sniffing his way diagonally up the north slope of Popocatepetl itself until he passed out of sight behind the blow-out. She was afraid he had struck a scent. Her thief might well have come up from the lake by that route if, as was likely, he had visited the lake. She laid her gun carefully upon a tuft of bunch-grass and bent down over Duke, waiting, with her eyes upon the opposite rim. Then she laughed and seemed to whisper to the dog. No one would have suspected her of an evil intention toward any living creature.

The new dog appeared above the opposite lower edge of the crater and stood there for a moment. Perhaps he had seen Duke. Perhaps he had got wind of the man below in the sand—if he was still there.

"See the other doggie, Duke," said Anna aloud, for the benefit of Dick and Stub-Lou. "Aren't you going to say hello to the other doggie?" And she turned his head toward the stranger.

The new dog by this time had advanced into the crater with the apparent intention of descending it. In another twenty seconds he would have discovered all there was to know about the mysterious tumbleweed at the bottom.

"Sick him, Duke!" she said, leaning low. "Sick him!"

There was a flash down the side of the crater from the south, so swift that Duke had cleared the bottom of the crater and was part way up the other side when he crashed into his enemy. For Duke was only half pointer. The next instant the new dog had forgotten every suspicion he had ever cherished of tumbleweeds and was defending himself against the flesh and the devil.

"Duke! Duke!" shouted Dick.

"Call off that dog!" commanded Stub-Lou.

Anna, as the only one of the four on foot, ran down into the crater to where the dogs were fighting. By this time they had rolled to the bottom. While they had not landed directly upon the tumbleweed, they were so close to it that its danger was great.

"Come, Duke!" she said, thrusting her hand into the dog's collar. "That's enough, sir! That's enough! Come!"

She managed to drag him off in the direction away from the tumbleweed.

"Call your dog!" she cried. "I have Duke!"

But the formality was not needed. The other dog was no longer interested in that

(Continued on Page 46)

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO – CLEVELAND – DETROIT

THE summer country—to which thousands of vacationists look the year round—

The three lake cities centered in the heart of this vacation territory—

Here are the locations of the three Hotels Statler—known as "the complete hotels" because, providing all necessary conveniences for guests, little conveniences and extra comforts are not forgotten.

In any of these cities—whether it be a stop-over or your destination—go to Hotel Statler, where *absolute satisfaction* is guaranteed to every guest.

***Every* Hotel Statler room has:**

Private bath, outside light and air; circulating ice water; local and long distance telephone; pincushion, with needles, thread, buttons, etc., candle for low night-light, and numerous other *unusual* conveniences. Morning paper delivered free to every guest room.

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The Gem has the preference of millions of self-shavers-an example worth following

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The Gem Damaskeene Razor outfit includes razor complete with 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, shaving and stropping handles—all in handsome leather case

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O.K'd by the Nation

Exacting, appreciative, practical, hard-headed America—has, as one unit, O. K'd the small, light, economical, $615 Overland.

They like its style; its good-looking lines; that smart, individual air of exclusiveness.

They like its power and pep. It shoots up a hill like a streak of greased lightning. It gives, but seldom gets, the dust.

Put five in (there's lots of room), give her a little gas and away she flies—free from vibration, rattle, stress or strain.

What do you suppose appeals to the more elderly people? Just the solid comfort. This car, unlike most of the smaller and popular priced makes, has none of that stiffness or rigidness about it. Deep, soft, divan upholstery and shock-absorbing cantilever springs take all the stiffness out and put all the comfort in.

Large tires (4-inch) also add materially to the riding qualities of the car. Also, and just as important, they help keep upkeep at a minimum.

Another thing to remember. This car comes complete. No expensive starter or speedometer or anything extra to buy.

It's the little conveniences that seem to have the broadest appeal. The electric control buttons on the steering column, convenient foot pedals and shifting levers bring everything within everyone's reach—even the price.

It is but $615—complete.

The Willys-Overland Company
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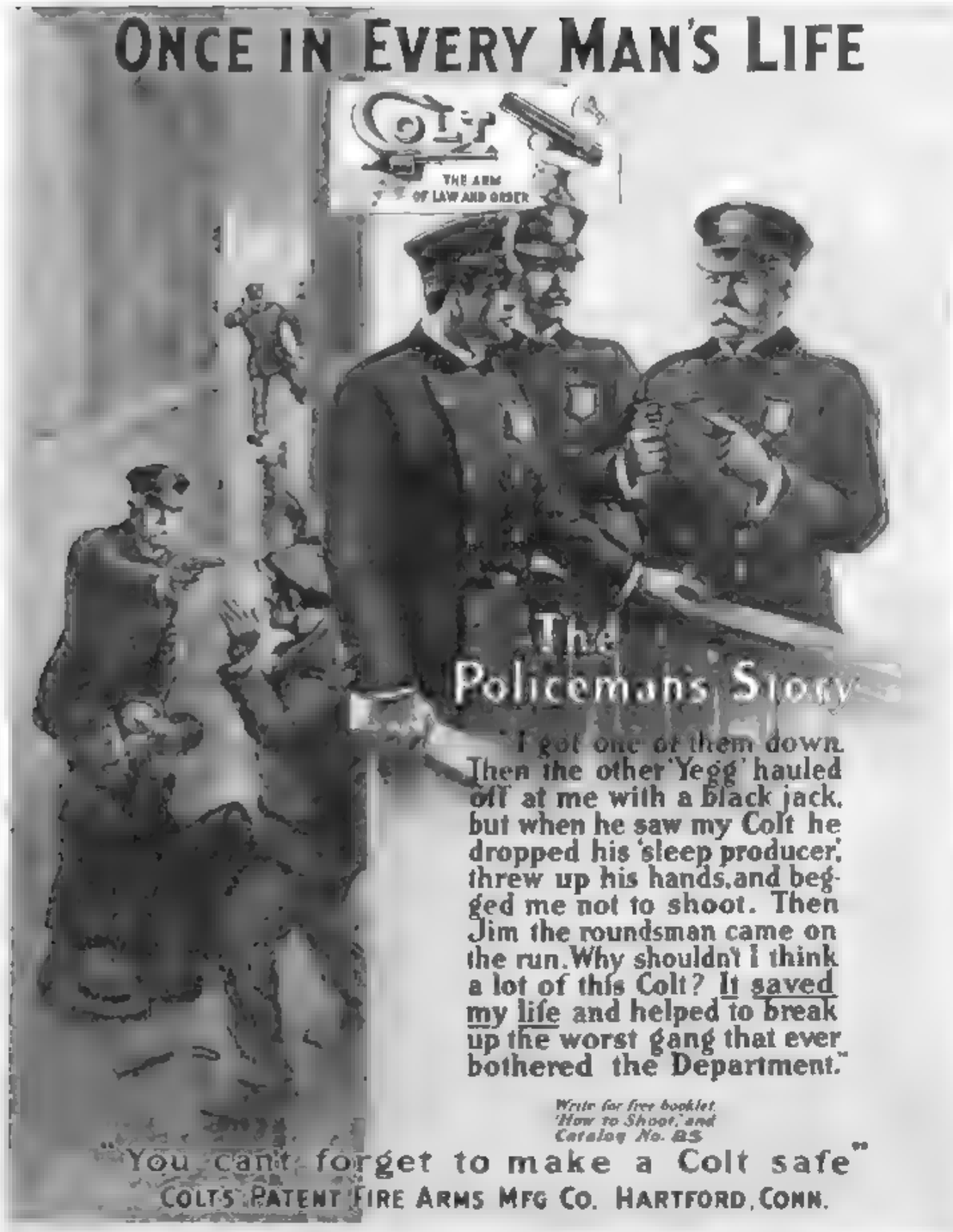
"Made in U. S. A."


ONCE IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE
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THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER
The Policeman's Story
I got one of them down. Then the other 'Yegg' hauled off at me with a black jack, but when he saw my Colt he dropped his 'sleep producer,' threw up his hands, and begged me not to shoot. Then Jim the roundsman came on the run. Why shouldn't I think a lot of this Colt? It saved my life and helped to break up the worst gang that ever bothered the Department."
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One Pound Glass Humidors

(Continued from Page 43)

blow-out. One dog to a blow-out is enough. There were other blow-outs.

"I'll hold Duke," continued Anna, "until you are a little ways off, and then I'll take him back to the house."

"Anything to keep 'em from chewin' hair," said Stub-Lou. "Come, boys! We're wastin' time. Spread out a little and move on." And they picked their way down the slope and rode off to catch the horse thief.

Anna did not remain in the blow-out, but climbed at once to the rim, leading Duke. The precaution was not necessary, however. Duke knew a thing or two himself.

"Good old Duke!" she said, patting the dog's head. "He understood exactly what had to be done. We're proud of him, so we are!"

But to the crater: "You'd better lie low, Mr. Thief, if you're there. The hills are black with men looking for you. They're likely to find you at any moment."

Then she took up her shotgun, got the horse, and returned to the house, accompanied by Duke.

VI

ONE, two, three hours passed, and the sun appeared over the rim of the blow-out. The man in the sand guessed that the time was ten o'clock. The girl, however, did not return. Then another slow two hours, and the sun stood directly overhead. He did not dare rise, because of the girl. Buried beneath dune sand he was like a man in a hospital, helpless and harmless. But risen and walking about, he, Cranner, a stranger, an acknowledged thief, an outlaw, desperate, in danger of his life, was an altogether different character. No girl, nor man either, would care to talk longer than necessary with such a person, even at the point of a gun. Buried, he was a patient to be pitied and helped. Risen, he was only a dangerous horse thief.

Then there was the element of mystery that was sure to bring her back sooner or later, provided he did not destroy it. He guessed that she was angry with him for staying. At first she might ignore him, but in the end she would become curious and return. All the higher animals, including women—and men—are like that.

In any event it would be disastrous to frighten her. If she became frightened she would lock herself up in the house and refuse to have further talk with him.

Anna returned to the house after seeing the man hunters safely away. There was no likelihood now that the blow-out would be again disturbed. She was no longer angry with her thief—it is difficult to remain angry with a person one has just saved from death. But she could not get him out of her thoughts. She kept forming pictures of him, constructed round a voice. Then she began wondering whether he was still in the blow-out. If he were not, she had had her trouble with the strange dog for nothing. She felt an illogical annoyance at the thought.

She did not visit the blow-out to make sure until both hands of the nickel clock stood upright. Then she placed some sandwiches in a little basket, filled another fruit jar with hot coffee, got her shotgun, called the dog, and set out for Popocatepetl.

"Mr. Thief," she said, "I have brought you coffee and sandwiches—if you're there. No one seems to be in sight. I shall sit up here where I can keep a lookout. If you care to run the risk of being caught you may come out from behind the tumbleweed for a little while. But I warn you I have my gun and Duke, and you are still my prisoner."

Any doubts she may have had were instantly dispelled. Cranner at once began working himself clear of the sand. First he freed his arms; then he carefully laid aside the tumbleweed that concealed his face; then he pushed back the sand from the upper portion of his body and assisted himself to a sitting position; and he followed this movement by further careful excavations that released his legs without destroying the nest he had dug for himself. He then sprang to his feet, shook his clothing and hair free of the clinging granules, and removed the tightly tied red bandanna handkerchief from his neck and shook the sand out of it.

"May I come up?" he asked.

"Not all the way. Make yourself a seat in the side of the crater over yonder."

Cranner climbed the slope to a point at the girl's right. He seemed strong and agile, and carried himself well.

"Lower, please," she said, and added: "Some of the men have glasses. They may be in hiding—you can't tell. That is better. And here is your coffee, which you really do not deserve, because of your folly in remaining after I offered you a horse."

"You are very good," said Cranner humbly.

"Why did you stay?"

She knew why he had stayed, but womanlike could not resist asking the question.

"Perhaps because I was frightened."

"But you weren't."

"Perhaps because it was safest."

"It wasn't. If Duke hadn't stopped that dog ——"

"You mean if you hadn't."

She ignored the suggestion.

"It wasn't safest. It was the most dangerous thing you could do. I was very angry with you."

"Perhaps it was because I wished to learn your name."

"Why should you?"

"I knew the name of your dog, and your cow, and your horse, and your brother ——"

"That is no reason."

"If I knew your name I could perhaps write you."

"Why should you write me?"

"Why should Leander swim the Hellespont?"

She looked at him in amazement. She would as soon have expected from this Sand Hills horse thief a casual reference to the Holy Grail.

"Did you say that just to surprise me with your knowledge?"

And then the meaning of the words surged in on her, and she felt her face flushing crimson.

"I think you'd better leave Leander out of it," she said. "The Sand Hills aren't the Hellespont, and Leander wasn't ——"

She checked herself.

"How do you know he wasn't?" he asked.

"Wasn't—what?"

"A thief."

She found herself revising her estimate of him. He was finer looking than she had expected, and better educated, and with a keener, quicker mind, and bolder, and less ashamed of being what he was.

"Why do you do it, Mr. Paradox? A man like you! You ought to feel yourself above it."

"I am as I am. Why ought I?"

"If for no other reason, because of your education."

"Referring to my chance shot at Leander?"

"Your language. You don't use thieves' argot. You don't even use the idioms of the Sand Hills. Zed White says 'lookut' and 'makut' and 'crackut'—sand-burr English. Zed White says 'them things'; you say 'those things.' Zed White says 'like I did' or 'like I done'; you say 'as I did.' Any man who knows that 'like' is not a conjunction, connecting verbs, but a preposition, governing a noun, is educated."

"Or, as Zed White would say, a slipper tongue. Moral: Use sand-burr English and stay honest."

Anna, a little embarrassed at the turn he had given her argument, began a careful scanning of blow-outs and valleys, to make sure no thief hunters were approaching.

"You know what I meant," she remarked at last.

Cranner could not keep his eyes from her face.

"I wonder if you can say the same of me!"

"How long have you been engaged in your present work?"

"In my present work—six years."

"And in that time you've accomplished what?"

"Oh, I don't defend myself, Miss Heart-of-Gold! I haven't accomplished much, I will admit. I've made a living, and have a little money laid by—that's about all."

"Tainted money. Give it back to its rightful owners."

"But I don't want you to misunderstand me. I haven't been what you would call a bad man. I've never killed anyone. I don't get drunk—that sort of thing."

"The trouble with you, Mr. Thief, is that you don't recognize the wrongfulness of taking other people's property. I haven't finished asking you questions. Is your father living?"

"Yes."

"And your mother?"

"Yes."

"Do they know you're a horse thief?"

"I suppose they don't."

"That's all I have a right to ask you, and a good deal more. Thank you, Mr. Thief."

Cranner ate his sandwiches slowly, in order to keep the girl at his side as long as possible. But after a while she noticed the ruse. They had been talking of impersonal matters, as new acquaintances will, but with continual reference to themselves as persons.

"I see you have eaten your lunch. I must go now."

"Why must you?"

"I have work to do."

"Work!"

"You had better return to your hiding, I think. I will wait and smooth over the sand, and to-night you can ride away. You will find a horse saddled and bridled ready for you—not Pete this time, but the white-faced horse, Bill. I will leave your supper in the same place as last night. I hope you will get safely out of the Sand Hills and to the railroad before morning."

"If you go now I shall not see you again."

"No."

"Must you go? Can't the work wait? You'll have all the rest of your life for the work, Miss Heart-of-Gold."

"No."

"You know why I stayed. I told you, but you thought I was jesting. I was not jesting, Miss Heart-of-Gold! I was in desperate human earnest!"

The girl rose as if in alarm.

"Please listen to me! I am not hoping for more than a kindly extension of your tolerance; but let me tell you in asking it that I risked my freedom, if not my life, just for the one chance in ten thousand of talking with you again!"

Cranner held out his hand appealingly. Anna brushed the sand off her skirt and took up her shotgun.

"Please do not misunderstand me, Miss Heart-of-Gold! Please do not! I am asking what will cost you little to give, but what, nevertheless, I have no right in the world to ask; and I am asking it with all the force I possess, because it means all that to me! Just your sitting there on the edge of creation listening!"

He thought he saw ever so slight a wavering in her manner.

"If you can grant this additional kindness, this day will be remembered by me as long as I live as the most wonderful day of my life. It will be that anyhow, Miss Heart-of-Gold! I shall never forget, while breath remains in my body, that for a little while the most lovely and beautiful woman I have ever beheld sat on guard at my elbow while I broke her bread!"

Anna unconsciously pressed her hand upon her heart, as if to quiet its beating.

"Oh, you must not say such things!"

"I am pleading for a costly favor—a little more of your time—before I pass on out of your life! It will not hurt you to hear what I have to say. I shall not offend you."

He could see it she was yielding.

"It's just that I want to talk to you a little longer!"

Anna smoothed out the sand and seated herself.

"What shall we talk about, Mr. Thief?"

"About yourself," he suggested. Then, seeing the startled look in her eyes, he hastened to add: "You will not misunderstand me, will you? I meant about any subject that pleases you."

"I think I understand," said Anna thoughtfully. "You are tired and lonely and discouraged, and need company. And I have been scolding you for doing what you don't see is wrong. Therefore, you would be glad if I were to quit scolding and stay long enough to say something pleasant."

She stayed longer than she had intended or realized. She had reached Popocatepetl not long after twelve; but when she finally rose and asked her guest to return to the concealment of the blow-out it was after three o'clock.

VII

IN THE Sand Hills, as in other sparsely settled regions, human interest is centered largely in the roads. The Sand Hills do not change much. The lakes do not change much. But the roads change continually, for they are the highways leading out into the world, over which friends and strangers depart and arrive.

The windows of the Jones house were placed to look out upon the roads, one to the west, one to the north, one to the east, with an added window to the south for symmetry. Anna's room was partitioned off the north end of the house by a canvas wall, so that the north window was not visible from the living room. The door opened to the east.

Toward the middle of the next afternoon but one, Anna Jones went to the west window to see if her brother Dick were in sight. He was not, but someone else was—a horseman coming in over the long hill at the upper end of the valley. The horseman was leading a saddled and bridled horse that had no rider. Anna leaped to the instant conclusion that he was a messenger, and that the led horse was the borrowed Bill. That meant the horse thief had got safely away. She was glad that Dick was not present to ask questions.

She suddenly felt as if she would like to stand at the window and sing, with all the blow-outs in the Sand Hills for audience. Her heart was racing for joy. She never doubted that he would escape, but this visible evidence that he had done so was knowledge. Faith is sweet, but it cannot compare with knowledge.

During the last quarter mile the road swung to the north behind a jutting ridge, remaining out of sight until within a hundred feet of the house. Anna, therefore, did not again see the rider until he was very close.

She recognized him then. The thief had not sent a messenger, but had come himself.

Cranner rode up, turned the corner of the house, dismounted at the door, which was standing open, and knocked.

She knew only too well what had brought him back. The knowledge was appalling. But the knowledge that she was glad to see him was more appalling still.

"What—what are you doing here?" she asked, with her hand on her heart. Cranner remembered the gesture.

"I've brought back your horse," he replied simply.

"You did not go away after all?"

His eyes, she was aware, were looking into hers very steadily and very seriously. There was less humor in them than there had been at the blow-out. She was sensitive to other differences also—she could not name them at once, but she felt them.

"Not to stay," she heard him say.

"You are in great danger! The BB men have sworn to find you! You had no right to come! No right! I will not talk to you!" And then, when he did not reply: "Why did you run this risk?"

"I had to return your horse."

"You could have left him somewhere and written! Any way would have been better than this!"

"Using what address?" he asked. "Just Miss Heart-of-Gold, Popocatepetl, Sand Hills? Do you think the postman would have understood? Have you forgotten that you would not tell me your name?"

One of the differences was, he was more carefully groomed. Another was, he was holding something in reserve—a fast horse or a clever disguise or some other high card—conscious of it but not speaking of it. He was more sure of himself than before—or so she felt.

"I don't remember your asking me twice for my name, Mr. Thief. I'm Anna Jones. Did you forget to ask again?"

He looked curiously at her, as if about to inquire further; but instead he made a bald statement of fact:

"I needed an excuse to see you."

She felt the blood rushing to her face.

"My name is Charles Cranner."

His voice now became more vibrant, touched with feeling.

"This is Thursday. I hadn't seen you since Tuesday, Miss Heart-of-Gold! And each day as long as a year!"

"Would you mind removing the saddle from Bill?" she asked hastily, to change the subject.

"What do you want done with him?"

"Turn him loose."

The horse thief deftly removed saddle and bridle and laid them against the house; whereupon Bill, always a thirsty beast, trotted off to the lake for a drink. Anna withdrew into the house. Cranner then turned to his own horse and unstrapped a satchel from his saddle.

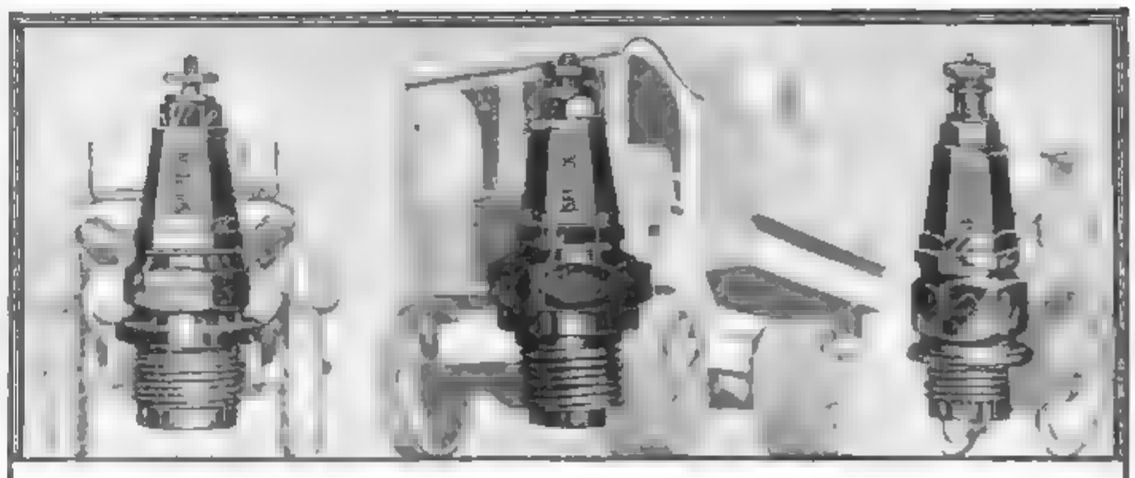
"May I sit in your doorway?"

The thought that he proposed to stay threw her into a panic. What if someone were to pass? She could not hide him in a blow-out to-day and, besides, there was his horse.

"You'd be seen! You must go at once! If you start now, and ride to-night, you can still escape. Otherwise ——"

"Otherwise be it!"

(Continued on Page 50)



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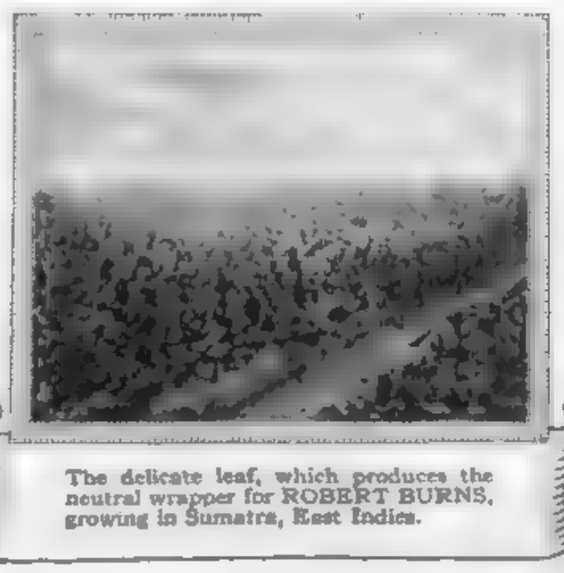
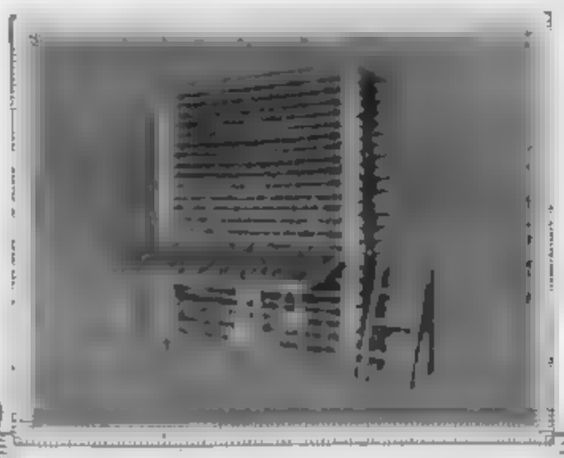


The delicate leaf, which produces the neutral wrapper for ROBERT BURNS, growing in Sumatra, East Indies.



ROBERT BURNS Havana filler which, stored in the factory—often for years—is gradually cured to extreme mildness.

Plain—and frank—talk concerning them

MEN ARE aiming higher.

—AND THINKING deeper.

THEY NO longer accept things as they come. They apply thought to them and they improve them.

THOUGHT HAS built higher buildings and ventilated them better.

—HAS MADE nourishing foods more appetizing, and kept them cleaner.

—HAS PRODUCED better balanced cigars—and made them milder.

THINKING MEN aimed high—at a better cigar.

DEEPER THINKING produced the *Robert Burns*.

—WITH LESS nicotine, less of the heavy oils, a balanced, fine smoking quality, a needed, *actual* mildness.

SUCH A cigar-type, intelligent men welcome—welcome, too, the ideals and the forward-moving thought that produced it. It helps them to mix common sense with their smoking.

FOR THERE IS a right way to smoke.

WE SHALL TRY to explain it.

Right Smoking and Wrong Smoking

"HOW CAN I tell if I'm *smoking right?*"

IF NOTHING but enjoyment comes from your smoking—you're *smoking right.*

BUT—SOMETIMES a still, small voice whispers, "Smoke fuddled"—and you wonder where your business edge has gone!

TIME TO think, brother!

PERHAPS THE cause is heavy cigars.

PERHAPS IT is too incessant smoking.

OBEY THE smoke-signals! *Moderate*—either the strength or the quantity! Get into line with the better-living trend of the time!

STRANGE TALK from a cigar manufacturer, you say? Not at all.

AS MANUFACTURERS we are interested in the permanence of our business.

INTELLIGENT smoking helps our sales.

BECAUSE WHEN you smoke wrong you are only limiting your capacity to smoke in future.

SMOKE MODERATELY! It will be better for us both.

The Kinds of Cigars a Smoker Needs

MATCH YOUR cigar to your temperament, and your smoking pleasure will be doubled.

OF THE BETTER type cigars there are two kinds.

EACH HAS its place—and time.

THE TIME for the heavy Havana?

"AFTER MEALS" the doctors say. Its powerful leaf tastes better then—and the system is ready for it.

MORNINGS afternoons evenings—it's different. That is when one's "fitness edge" says: "Treat me to a *moderate* cigar. Mild Havana leaf and a mild, mild wrapper are what I want!"

THAT SMOKING bill of fare will have the approval of a smoker's conscience, and is at one with the modern spirit, too.

THAT SPIRIT says, "Be moderate, be intelligent in smoking. *It is worth while.*"

Where Robert Burns Belongs

ROBERT BURNS—the "moderate—and modern—cigar!"

WHY IS HE called that?

BECAUSE, THOUGH famous for three generations, he has moved forward with the times—being better indeed today than ever before.

AND BECAUSE never does he violate a single right-smoking principle.

FOR THOUGH his Havana filler gives him a rare flavor, our own special curing gives that Havana a rare mildness—a mildness which the neutral Sumatra wrapper helps.

THIS MAKES him a *soothing* smoke, as opposed to an unsettling, exciting smoke.

SO HIS followers have felt the better for his healthier, more progressive influence—an influence which we have endeavored to build up.

THINKING MEN are producing *Robert Burns* for thinking smokers.

AND THINKING smokers are smoking moderately—smoking intelligently—smoking *right*.

Where Little Bobbie Stands

AND NOW—for Little Bobbie. Just where does *he* stand?

CALL HIM a pocket edition of *Robert Burns!*

THE MAN who smokes 10c cigars likes a short smoke—sometimes. We made Little Bobbie for him.

THE SMOKER of 5c cigars likes quality, when he can get it. We made Little Bobbie for *him*—and he swears by Little Bobbie.

THE CONSIDERABLE amount of Havana in his filler *tastes* good.

HIS MILDNESS feels good—or rather, the *nerves* do after smoking.

IN FACT, HE, too—like his sire—has proved a "far, far healthier, more modern smoke."

AND A FAR, far healthier smoke should really be the only smoke a progressive man should consider.

* * *

A WORD about ourselves and *you* and then we're done.

FROM OUR point this is good advertising. It's frank. It *should* be interesting—coming as it does from one of the largest manufacturers of cigars, today, who consistently aims to make *modern* cigars, better cigars.

NOW—FOR your smoking problem.

THINK IT out for yourself though our remarks here should *help* you, at all events, to answer it.

IF, HOWEVER, there is even the slightest shadow on your smoking pleasure

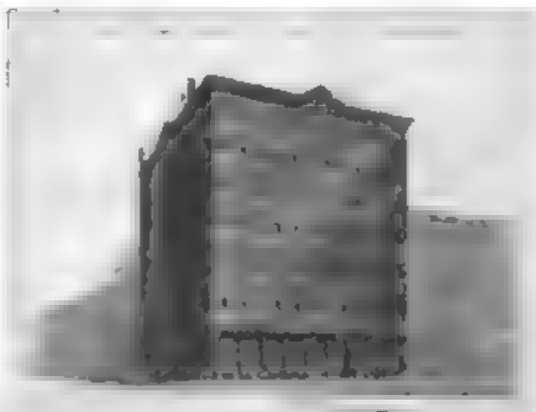
MODIFY YOUR smoking bill of fare!

MODERATE! TRY *Robert Burns* for a between-time smoke.

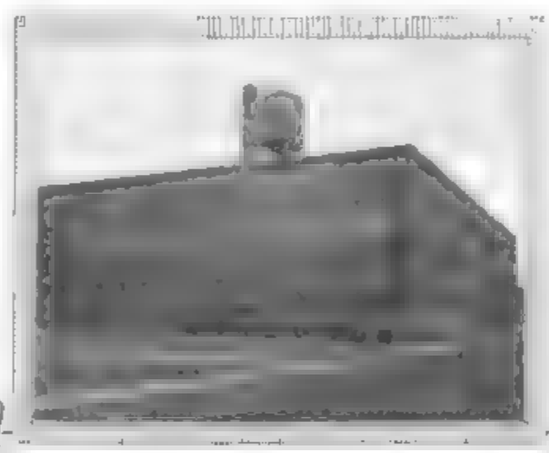
MANY SMOKERS who have discovered that even one heavy cigar is too much for them, have, since smoking *Robert Burns*, never felt "edgier" or better

HAVE YOU tried one *lately?*

Office of the President, who spends much of his time in the factory, superintending leaf-curing, leaf selection and workmanship.



Where the ROBERT BURNS Cigar has been made, since 1897



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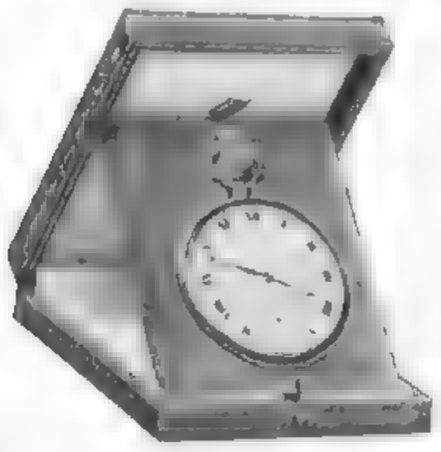

He

She

will like especially the slenderness, the grace, the splendid time-keeping of the Waltham "Colonial A." This and our Opera Watch are the most reliable thin watches made in America for gentlemen. Here is an aristocrat among watches, but the price is by no means forbidding. Cased, timed and adjusted at the Waltham factory. In a handsome leather container. A Gift to serve and adorn a whole lifetime.

will be charmed by this tiniest, neatest, and most convenient of all wrist-let watches. It actually tells the right time! And the Disappearing Eye (which closes flat when the watch is worn apart from the bracelet) enables the owner to wear this one watch in four different ways—with the bracelet, as chatelaine or sautoir, or merely as a pocket watch. The price is moderate—the Gift a gem.

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(Continued from Page 47)

He seated himself without receiving her permission.

"You must! And not come back!"

"It won't do, Miss Heart-of-Gold."

She crossed to the door and stood facing him.

"And not come back!" she repeated. "It was very wrong of me to talk with you the other day. Don't you see? A serious friendship between you and me would be impossible. I speak plainly to you, because you have spoken plainly. I admire you in some ways—please remember that. I believe you could become an honest man and rise to a position of importance if you would. But even so ——"

She was very lovely, and the tones of her voice were music. Leave her? A man who had ridden as far as he had to see her?

"I shall not leave now until I have your promise."

"What promise?"

"Your promise to marry me."

She frowned and drew back; and yet she felt her breath coming faster and her heart beating more violently.

"What nonsense!"

"I don't mean to-day, Miss Heart-of-Gold. I'm not a fool. But I tell you plainly—I intend to stay in these Sand Hills until I have your promise. I love you and I intend to marry you, whether it takes one day or a hundred."

Anna stood above him, very calm, very white.

"Hasn't it occurred to you, my poor friend, that there is an insuperable obstacle in the way?"

"Another man?"

She made a gesture of impatience. "That!"

"No," he said, "it hasn't."

"I thought I had spoken plainly, but I will speak more plainly still. How can I marry a common thief?"

"Suppose I give up—stealing?"

"Even so, you give it up merely for gain. You would still be a thief at heart."

"Suppose I could convince you that I am not a thief at heart?"

The color came into her face.

"Oh, I wish you could!" she cried. "I wish you could!"

She stood leaning against the edge of the door, swaying it slowly back and forth. Cranner sat for a moment pondering.

"A thief, I think, should always begin his confession with his last theft instead of his first. It's his last crime that must condemn him, not his first. I will begin with those horses Sunday night. Or shall I omit them?"

"Tell me."

"The thing started with my unexpected return to my house just at dark. He who does the unexpected must expect surprises. I had been away; the house was empty; and yet—the lamp chimney was hot! What would you have done, Miss Heart-of-Gold? Empty house, hot lamp chimney?"

"What did you do?"

"I fear I am a coward. I bolted through the back window. There were three strange horses tied behind my barn. I didn't stop to ask whose horses they were. Would you? I took all three to keep from being followed."

"Someone was in your house?"

"In my house. And they had five horses instead of three."

"What did they want?"

"I think they were hunting for something."

Anna did not misunderstand the significance of the words.

"Something you had taken?"

"Yes."

Her eyes filled with tears, partly from disappointment, partly from vexation, partly from pity at his moral dullness. She turned and crossed to the west window. But Cranner had seen.

"You need not tell me what," she said. "It does not matter anyhow!"

It mattered more than she thought. Cranner and his led horse had entered the little valley from the west. The same winding sandy road now served as highway for a larger party of six, riding two abreast. They were already well toward the house when Anna saw them.

"The BB men are coming!" she cried. "Ride into the hills!"

Cranner rose and walked over to the window. She was undoubtedly right; he recognized two of the riders even at that distance as Stub-Lou Tate and Big Bill Angus, and thought he recognized Mennie Wade and Rickets Levy. The other two he did not know. One of the BB outfit must have come across his tracks and scurried to the ranch for help. Since then they had picked up the two recruits, and were now following him. He had special reasons for desiring not to be captured with his satchel by Stub-Lou Tate, Mennie Wade or Rickets Levy. At the same time he had equally important reasons for desiring to remain at the Jones place somewhat longer.

"Is your brother's room upstairs?" he asked.

"Yes, but you can't use it! My brother is with them! You can't stay here! Take the north road into the hills!"

He did not go, however, but deliberately looked at his watch. He seemed to have no immediate intention of going.

"Do as I tell you!"

The tears still stood in her eyes—that had a good deal to do with his further action. There was something he wished to say to this girl before complications set in, something he might not have risked saying but for her tears, and not even then had he seen more of women's tears. The time of day also had a little something to do with it.

"Do you really care, Miss Heart-of-Gold?"

"Yes! But hurry!"

She did not mean him to infer quite what he did, but she was growing excited. Haste was imperative. In another three minutes flight would be impossible. She would have given him any answer to get him away.

"Enough to marry me?"

She scarce heard what he was saying. His peril was uppermost in her mind. If he delayed and was captured—the thought was unendurable.

"Please hurry!"

"Will you marry me?" he asked, again.

Even a level-headed business man is sometimes rushed off his intellectual feet by an attack during a moment of emotional stress. Had Anna remained cold to his danger, and Cranner not spoken, he might have pounded at her doors for months and then not gained admission. The lists of eligibles do not ordinarily include horse thieves. But Anna was so little cold to his danger that she would have given anything she possessed to have him away, and barely heard his words. Call it love. Call it impulse. The business of the world is done upon love and impulse.

"Will you marry me?" he asked the third time.

"Yes. Oh, hurry!"

He bent down and pressed his lips to her forehead.

"God bless you, sweetheart!" he cried.

The touch of his lips brought her to her senses, and at the same time robbed her completely of them. She had promised to marry a thief, and he had kissed her! Had he not left when he did —— But the next moment he dashed through the door, and she was alone.

Cranner did not, however, mount his horse. Instead, he swiftly wound the bridle reins round the pommel of the saddle, reached down to the other bridle on the ground for a strap, headed the animal round up the north road, spoke to him sharply, and gave him a stinging cut across the flank. The startled creature at once bolted. Cranner watched him disappear over the hill to the north. Then he reëntered the house.

"Keep your brother here!" he said hastily. "Don't let him ride with Stub-Lou Tate. Keep them all here as long as you can."

"You're too late! They've rounded the hill! Upstairs! Quick!"

Cranner seized his satchel and ran up the ladder. Anna snatched up a silk tie she was knitting for Dick, seated herself, and began working languidly upon it. Even as she did so the horsemen turned the corner of the house and drew up at the door.

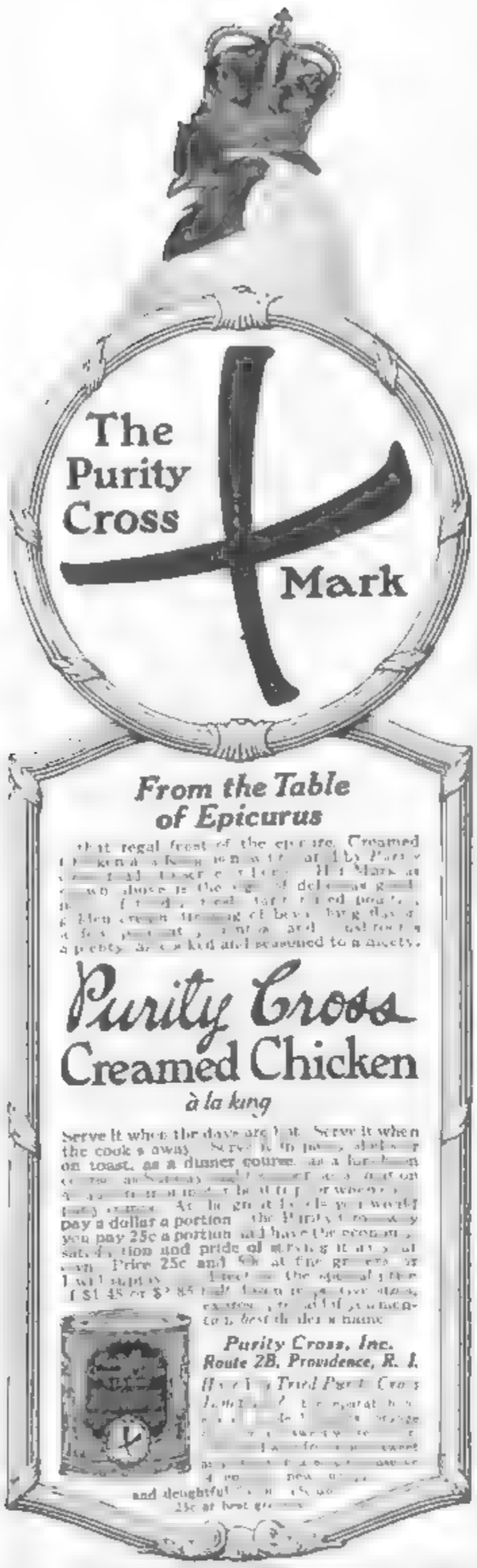
"I say, sis!"

She rose and answered the call.

"We're off on another thief hunt. Same thief, another hunt. Old Dan Gildersleeve told the BB bunch he heard he's working over at Fox's, thirty miles east. They're going over to see. Zed and I happened on Stub-Lou and the boys, and we're going along."

"Very well," said Anna.

She remembered vaguely that Cranner had said she should or should not let Dick do something. Whatever it was, she could not keep him from riding over to Fox's with Zed White and the four BB men if he wished to go.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"And, sis, we haven't had any lunch. You couldn't scare up something to eat for this bunch, could you?"

"Yes, I think so. But some of you will have to sit on boxes."

VIII

THE time was half an hour later. Six men wearing neither coats nor vests were seated in the living room of the Jones house eating their midday meal. An abundance of cool, fresh milk, good bread, firm butter, ham and eggs, potatoes and sand-cherry pie formed the bill of fare. Dick Jones and Zed White sat at either end of the table. Big Bill Angus, foreman at the BB ranch, sat facing the open door, with Stub-Lou Tate at his left. Opposite him sat Mennie Wade, with Rickets Levy at Mennie's right. Both the latter had their backs to the door.

A seventh man, likewise coatless, was standing in the door.

"Who's boss here? Which o' you is named Jones?"

"I am," said Dick.

"I'm lookin' for a feller goes by the name o' Cranner. Maybe you know the party I mean. Lived over this side the BB ranch in a shack knocked up out o' seconds. What's become o' him?"

At the mention of Cranner's name Anna, who had been cutting a pie, stood with arrested knife.

"What you want of um?" asked Big Bill.

"I'm Deputy Marshal Rogers." He produced a nickel-plated star from his pocket and attached it upon his shirt. "This is my star. See?"

"Ut's too hot a-chew," observed Mennie Wade nervously. "Let's get out inter the wind."

"Set still a minute. Marshal's talkun."

Rogers was now reënforced by three other deputies, also coatless. These stood behind him, outside.

Stub-Lou exchanged glances with Rickets, the muscles upon whose bald head had ceased working; then with an assumption of calmness he did not feel he repeated Big Bill's unanswered question.

"What you want a-Cranner? What's he did?"

"Say!" cried Rogers. "Who are you anyhow? And suppose I told you, what good would it do you? I jest want him. If some o' you cow-punchers is hidin' him you'd better think again."

Big Bill took up the reply as if it were directed at himself:

"That was Stub-Lou Tate speakun. I'm Bill Angus, foreman o' the BB ranch, and them there is my men, 'cept the one on each end. That little remark kind a-got under my hide. We ain't hid Cranner. We been wantun um our own selves. He's a horse thief, is why."

"Maybe so. All I know is we want him for another matter. Call it murder. It ain't that, but that'll do. He's wanted down to Omana, and I figger on takin' him out with me. Dead or alive is my orders. Get that?"

Anna did not try to complete cutting the pie, but laid the knife on it and carried it to the table as it was. Her hand trembled so that she could hardly set it down. She felt that she had to be alone instantly. How she did not know, but she managed to reach the shelter of her canvas partition-wall without attracting attention, where she threw herself on the bed sick with horror.

"Dead er a-live! He must be some wanted!"

"Had your dinner, marshal?" asked Dick, to be hospitable.

"Don't bother. We eat back at a spring a couple miles."

It was a curious thing, but although Big Bill did not know where Cranner was to be found, and Rogers and his men had already eaten their dinner, the deputy, nevertheless, stepped farther into the room as if he still had questions to ask.

"These are members of my posse," he explained, indicating the three deputies in the doorway.

As he spoke these men also stepped inside.

"What did Cranner do, did you say?"

"He stole a horse and a-way he run. Horse thief."

"Three horses," corrected Stub-Lou sullenly.

"What's a couple horses? He beat ut out Sunday night. My boys here nailed um afore he got three mile. Then I rid up an' said put um in Andy McShane's storeroom come daylight. That's why we're

(Continued on Page 53)

Quick Decision, Mr. Sportsman

For the Hatch ONE-Button UNION SUIT as an all-round garment

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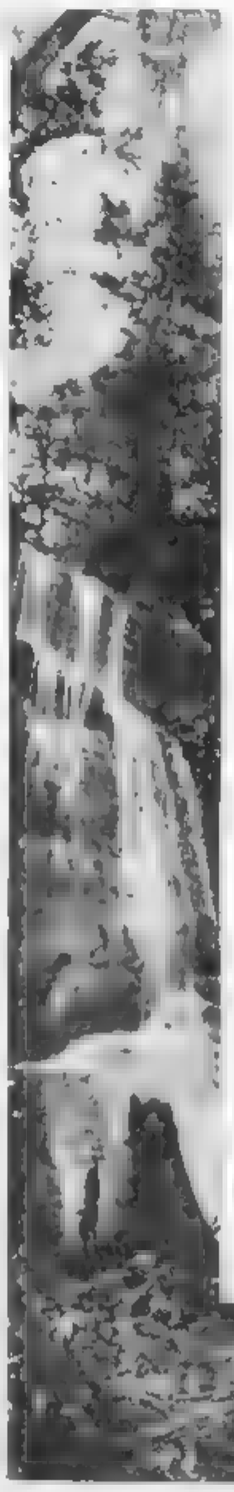

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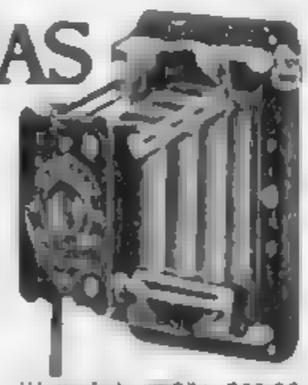

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Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is the best liked of all the cereals—most mothers know their crisp delicacy and delightful flavor.

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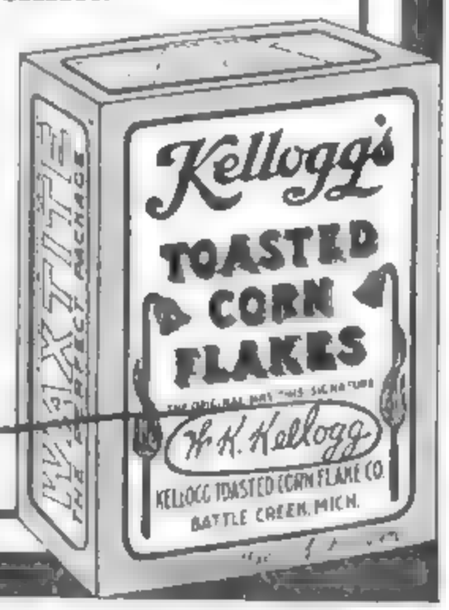

(Continued from Page 51)

so sore. Damfee didn't beat ut out agin, right under Mennie Wade's nose! Padlocked door and winder! Lamp in the room!"

"I seen um on the bed not two minutes back," said Mennie. "He laid plain in the light. Hadn't moved sincet I come on. Then when I looks agin he had went."

"Dug a hole through the sod wall behin' the bed with uz fingernails, like a badger," added Stub-Lou.

"Couldn't you ketch him?"

"Ketch um? That man's a flea—he is. Two minutes to him means jest the same as three weeks to anybody else. We spent Monday huntun um, and then Tuesday, but he got away."

"Not to the railroad. Not if you had him Sunday night. Our men been watchin' the railroads since Saturday both railroads. First thing we done. Cranner's never got out o' these Sand Hills. He's somewheres in here this minute."

"I know." Big Bill winked at Rickets. "He's a-workun over to Fox's, thirty miles east."

"Don't you think it! I have a tip he was seen within five miles o' this place this morning."

"Say!" cried Big Bill. "Is that right?"

Rickets exchanged glances with Stub-Lou, who had been watching Rogers closely. The information was significant. Cranner had evidently returned to get that which he had stolen and hid. But Stub-Lou did not like the presence of Rogers and the deputies.

"Five miles which way?" asked Rickets cautiously.

"We found his horse a mile north o' here fifteen minutes ago."

Mennie, who had been growing increasingly restless, now sprang to his feet.

"We got a-get that guy! Come, fellers! Get your horses! Who's with me to find um?"

It was at that moment that a strange thing happened. Rogers suddenly pointed his hand straight at Mennie's upper front teeth, and there was a black pistol in it. At the same instant, as if at a signal, one of the deputies called Stub-Lou's attention—by the sense of sight—to the fact that a pistol was aimed at his chest measure, and another deputy pressed a pistol-barrel against the little-used bump of domesticity on the bald head of Rickets.

"Hands up!" commanded Rogers sharply. "Everybody!"

"What the ——"

"And be quick with your stickin' too!"

"What the devil!" Big Bill put up his hands with the others. "Whatever do you want a-me?"

"Nobody said nothin' to you, Bill Angus. We don't want nothing' o' you, unless you butt in. Nor Jones there, nor that other end man. It's these three crooks we want."

"What you want us fer?" asked Stub-Lou.

"That yarn about Cranner's getaway sounds pretty thin. You three hearties know more than you're telling. All one gang maybe. Put the cuffs on 'em, Williams!"

"Say, boss! That slipper tongue? Us? He's a horse thief! We ain't in with no horse thief! That's the wrong steer!"

Rogers did not reply until the fourth deputy had gone through the men for weapons and placed handcuffs on them. Then he turned to Rickets.

"You say Cranner's a horse thief. Whose horses did he steal?"

"He stole ourn. Three uth um."

"Where were they when he stole 'em?"

"Why, standun tied behind a barn."

"Yes, Cranner's barn. What were they doin' there?"

"We jes' tied um there."

"Where were you? You were in Cranner's house—that's where! You three, and two from the Circle Cross. What for? What for?"

"Why, we was jest visitun."

"Yes. Visitin' a man while he's away. Tearin' up his floors."

Rogers seemed unaware that the floor-wrecking was done later, after the fruitless hunt for the man.

"That shows! Ef we was thick with Cranner we wouldn't a-did that, would we? We wouldn't—not!"

"You might if you'd fell out with him."

Big Bill Angus was beginning to have his doubts about many matters. He had risen and stepped aside out of the line of fire during the ceremony of disarmament, as had also Dick and Zed. Now he came forward. There was a dangerous light in his eyes.

"Did you boys tear up Cranner's floor?"

"Jest a board or two."

"Ride over and see for yourself," advised Rogers.

"I will. What'd you do that for?"

"We was huntun sumpun he stole from us."

"You gotta ast at home ef you want the news! First I heard a-that! What'd he steal?"

"He stole a red satchul."

"What was in ut?"

"Jest some pers'nal things."

"Jest some personal money!" snapped Rogers. "And where'd you get it? Answer me that! Where'd you get it!"

"Tell him!" commanded Big Bill.

"It was some we found."

"Found in a railroad car! Tell your boss how much. Never mind. You might lie. Two hundred and forty thousand dollars in U. S. currency!"

Big Bill looked from Rogers to the manacled men and back.

"Where was this, marshal?"

"Over in Iowa. That big hold-up on the S. & V. P. Railroad last fall. These crooks stole three bags of registered mail and a satchelful o' big bills and murdered a messenger and engineer—that's all they done."

The foreman of the BB was learning fast.

"I get yuh. Was this man Cranner your detective?"

"My detective? Well, hardly! Cranner's a railroad man—S. & V. P., Chicago offices—and he ain't no errand boy neither! He jest happened to know this country, and have a hunch, and need a vacation, and run onto that old shack; and he had sense enough not to leave no papers layin' round. So now he sees it through. He's my boss, by orders."

Rogers looked at his watch.

"And I will say he nearly slipped up on it at that. We was meetin' here at two-forty for the round-up o' them three at supper. Then the Circle Cross for two more, makin' all five."

"You was lucky to ketch us," said Big Bill. "You never udda drew them stem-winders if we'd rid on to Fox's and no one to tip you off."

It was Cranner himself who replied. He had already begun descending the ladder, and now leaped lightly to the floor.

"Very true, Mr. Angus," he said in his most careful speech. "Still, although I do not speak the idiom of the Sand Hills with fluency, I myself should have attempted making some of the simpler suggestions needed."

But to the officers, abandoning the manner: "I'd run a chain through their arms, Williams. You have no idea how easily a good man can hide in a blow-out. Lock them together and take them out on the flat away from the house. I'll ask Rogers to slip over to the Circle Cross for Harrison and Fuller. Two men will be plenty. The rest of us will wait here; then to-night we'll all ride in together."

Anna had heard every word that was said. She had escaped to her room, sick with anguish because of the deputy's misleading first remarks. Then had come doubt, and the swift arrest, and the swifter clearing up with respect to Cranner. She might have known from his manner that he was no thief. Instead —— Blind! Blind! Her face burned with shame at the recollection.

This feeling of shame was followed by one of resentment against Cranner for not being a thief. People are like that. A man who gets himself mistaken for a waiter had better have been the waiter. No one has any love for a millionaire tramp. The social system, like the financial, is based on credits; but it is unlike the financial in that its credits, plus and minus, are not the creatures of gain and loss.

Her feeling of resentment that Cranner was not what she thought him was in turn followed, or accompanied, by minor resentments directed against his manners and speech. Now that she knew what he was he suddenly seemed affected in both. People are like that also.

The door had closed upon the prisoners and their captors. Even Dick had left, for Cranner had told him he might help stand guard. But Cranner himself had remained behind.

"Anna Jones," she heard him say, "get your hat and your shotgun and Duke, and come for a walk. You and I have a lot to learn from each other before Rogers returns."

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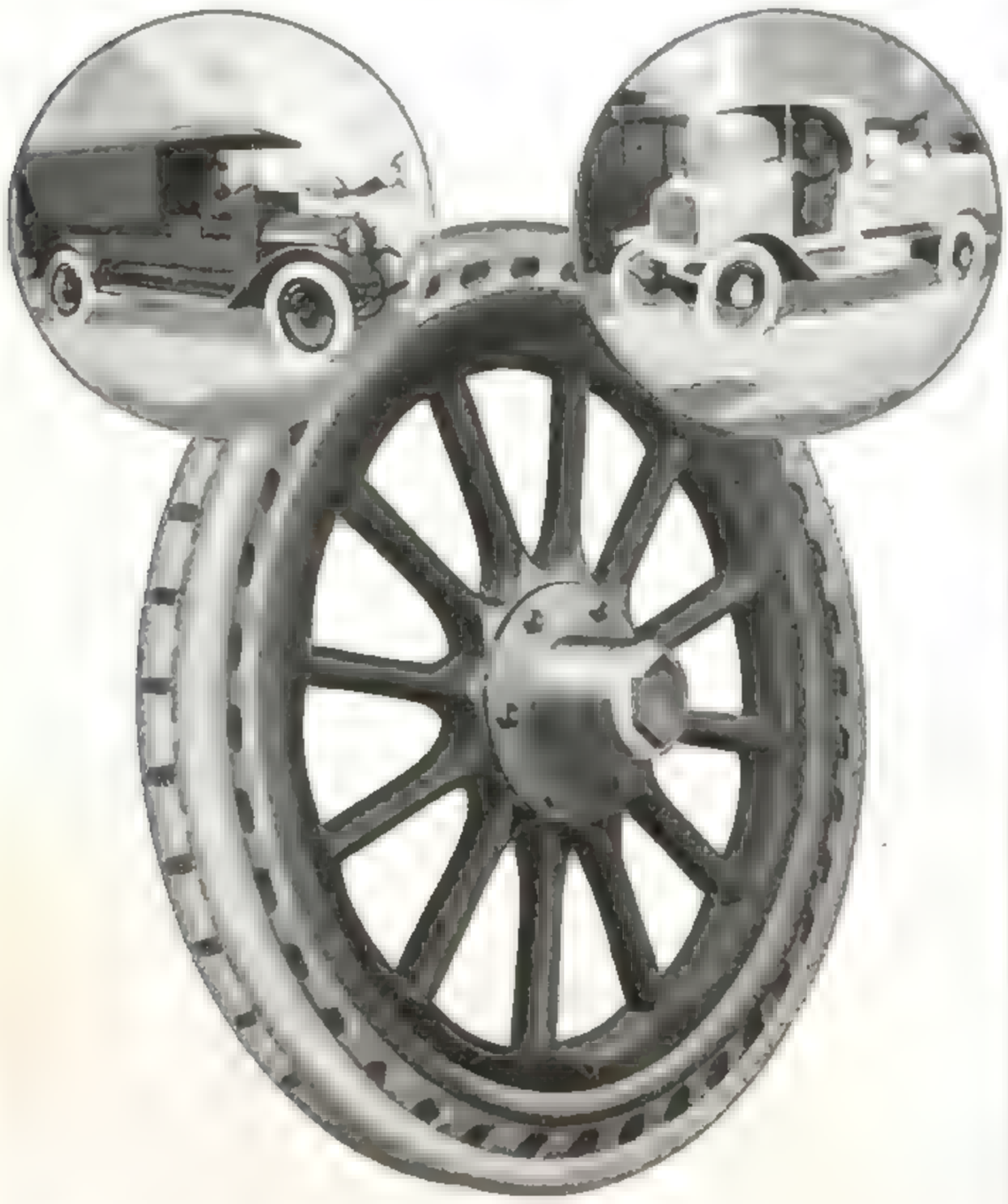

Next to Air, the Best Cushion—Money-Saving Motz Tires

In certain truck service, neither pneumatic nor solid tires are the most economical, or yield the most productive results.

That, then, is the place for Goodyear Motz Commercial Cushion Tires.

If speeds over 25 miles an hour are required from light trucks, use pneumatic tires. — For heavy-duty, slow-going trucks, use solid tires.

But if light delivery truck repair costs and tire costs are high, Motz Commercial Cushion Tires not only will reduce them, but will increase the truck's earning capacity.

We call the Motz the intermediate truck tire because it fits so perfectly between the two other types.

Its field is so broad, and recognition of its peculiar fitness is spreading so rapidly, that Motz sales are mounting higher and higher.

In every case where we have recommended Motz Tires, new truck economies have justified the change.

Trucks have fewer broken parts. Repairs, and consequent lay-ups, are less frequent, and less costly.

This is so because Motz cushioning qualities — excelled only by air — absorb most of the jar and jolt which disable truck mechanism.

This wonderful cushion permits speeds up to 25 miles an hour. That means more deliveries, quicker deliveries, and a wider territory covered. An economy, if not an actual profit from new business gained.

Then there is the saving in mileage-cost. Motz users average around 10,000 miles per tire. Many report service of 12,000 to 18,000 miles — some as high as 35,000 miles.

Telephone the Goodyear Branch, and if they advise you to change to Motz Tires, do so and see how quickly excess truck expense ends.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Anna began smoothing up her hair, which was altogether lovely as it was; but she did not reply.

"Sweetheart!" he called.

"I'll be out in a moment." Her tone was cold, almost hostile.

"Don't stop to change your mind!"

That brought her through the curtains; but it was plain from her manner that she wished no advantage taken of her previous emotional moment.

"Yes, Mr. Cranner?"

The words and her manner together gave him the clew he needed. Young men are often wise beyond experience with respect to women—perhaps because old men are often foolish. Cranner went at once to the heart of the difficulty as he saw it.

"Don't let what Rogers said scare you out of a good bargain. You would think from him that I was president of the road, or the next man under. Devil a bit! I'm only a clerk. It's true I'm not an errand boy and not a thief; but beyond that—why, I don't even own a star in the Little Dipper! I'm the man on a salary! I have a little money saved up to get married on, and that's all."

"You're a slipper tongue!"

"Who said I was? Those five sandburrs! What does a sand-burr know about it? Don't you see, dearest, out here among the dunes a muddy road would look like a speedway, a race track, a sporting proposition? But just the same that wouldn't make it so.

"I will admit, however, that I tried to leave some such impression. I didn't talk sand-burr, simply because I couldn't and get away with it. They would have spotted me in a minute! But a slight excess in formality—a very slight excess—raised my poor speech into a thing apart, to their ears. That was my disguise. They were looking for detectives; but no detective would have talked like that, and they knew it. He wouldn't because he couldn't! I didn't talk like a slipper tongue when I was with you, did I?"

"No," she admitted.

"Will you go walking with me now?"

"I don't know."

He suddenly changed his manner, returning to the speech of vibrant feeling.

"I need you, Miss Heart-of-Gold! I need you so much! More than I can ever hope to tell you!"

She looked up at him then and saw what she had heard—saw it in his eyes—and her own did not falter.

"If you're sure you need me ——"

"Sweetheart!"

This time he kissed her upon the lips.

A Friend in Need

SAM BERNARD, the actor, says he has a friend on the East Side in the cloak-and-suit business who needed money to tide him over a season of financial stringency.

The cloak-and-suit man had not been engaged in commerce on his own hook very long and he was a bit green regarding banks and the ways of bankers.

Nevertheless, he went to the president of one of the largest banks down town, introduced himself, explained his position, and asked for a loan of two thousand dollars. The banker inquired regarding references; and the East Sider thought of his coreligionist, Levinsky, a rich silk dealer.

"I know Mr. Levinsky very well," said the bank president, whose name was Howard. "If he vouches for you I shall be very glad to accommodate you."

He turned to his desk, made out a promissory note, and handed it to the applicant.

"Here," he said; "you take this paper over to Mr. Levinsky and have him sign his name on the back of it. Then bring it to me and I will give you the cash."

The East Sider took the note, hurried to Levinsky's office, and delivered the message.

"Abe," said Mr. Levinsky severely, "I am ashamed for you! Always we have been good friends, and now, when you need a little money, what do you do? Do you come here to me, who would be glad to help you? No; you go to a stranger—a man what you never saw before.

"I am ashamed for you! I am the one what should loan you this money—not this feller, Howard. You take this paper back to that banker and you tell him to sign it on the back; and then you bring it to me and I will give you the money."

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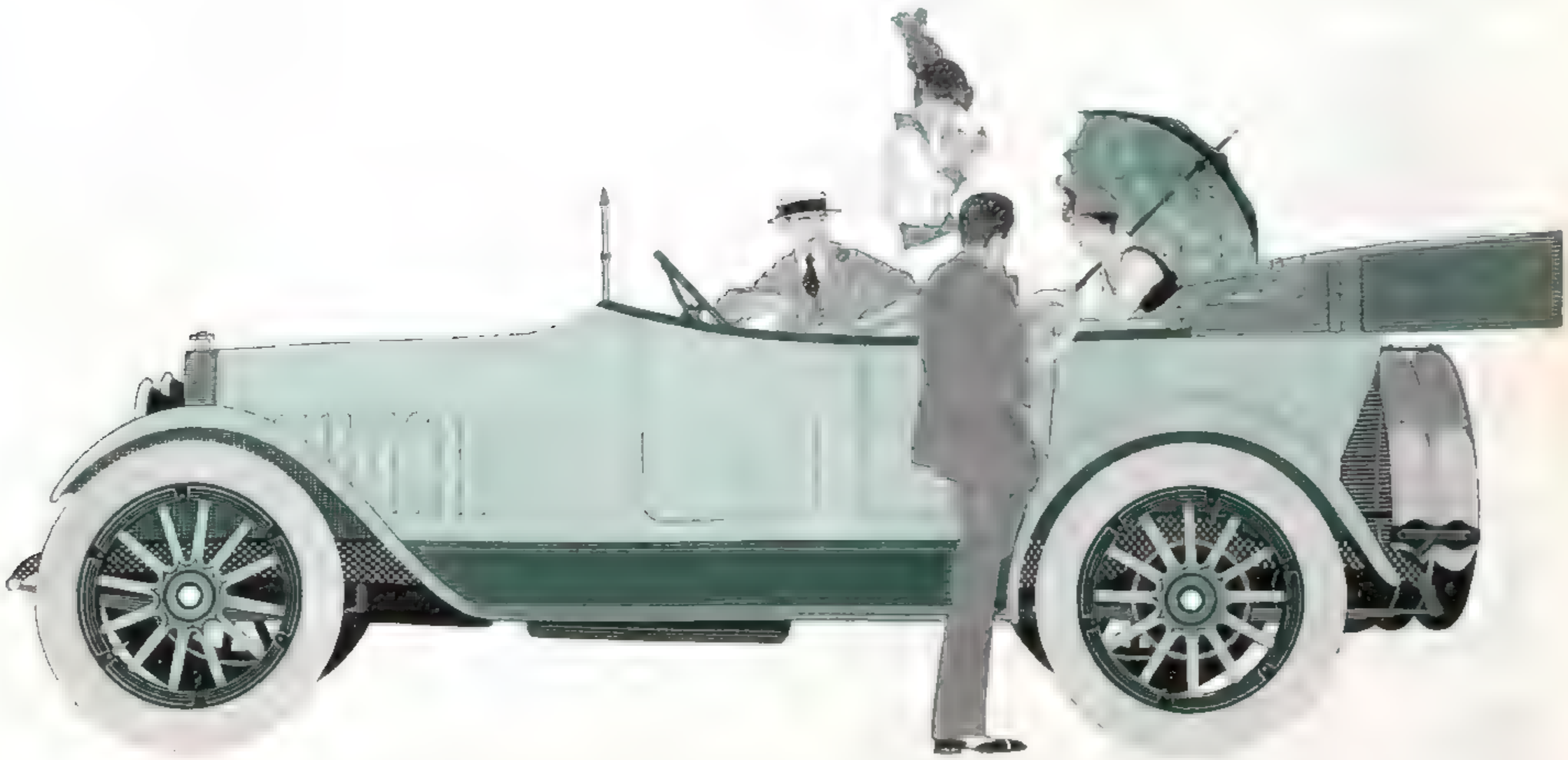

Long Life, Little Friction, Rare Ease of Control Mark This 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers

Most anything we can say about this car goes back finally to 3400 r. p. m.

Take long life. There's the steam turbine, which is the longest-lived type of motor on earth. It turns at a tremendously high speed

Many electric motors revolve 14 hours a day for year after year after year. And the only attention they ever receive is a few drops of oil whenever someone happens to think of it.

3400 r. p. m. doesn't mean that she turns at all times at this speed.

At 10 miles an hour she calls upon her engine for only 500 r. p. m. or 16% of its power.

At 20 she exerts only 33% of her great strength. She does 30 miles an hour with only 1500 revolutions.

This means that at all normal driving speeds you require only 16 to 40% of her engine might, holding 60 to 84% in reserve for instantaneous pick-up, hill climbing, and bursts of 50 or 60 miles an hour, if required.

Chalmers engineers developed a heavy crank-shaft, used aluminum pistons, lightened the reciprocating parts and speeded her up.

Thus vibration was melted away to nothing, friction was well-nigh eliminated, and the greatest of all virtues—long life—reached a high peak in the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers.

Then came along many other little things that added touches of charm. One of which was a rare ease of control. You can steer this car almost with one finger on the wheel.

Because she drives so straight; she responds so surprisingly quick; she clings to the road. She has no "roll." This one little feature alone will lure you if no other does.

Then, too, there are style and snap to her color options. Touring Car and Roadster come in Oriford maroon with hood to match, or Meteor blue with black hood. The Cabriolet comes to you in Oriford maroon, Valentine green or Meteor blue. On Cabriolet or Roadster wire wheels are optional in red, primrose yellow, white or black.

Ask your dealer about Chalmers service inspection coupons, negotiable at all Chalmers dealers' everywhere. This system is a most important consideration in buying your car.

Five-Passenger Touring Car, $1090 Detroit
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The saps of Nature's trees and plants go into your Sterling Gum. And snow-white gloves stand constant guard over cleanliness—through all 14 processes of manufacture.

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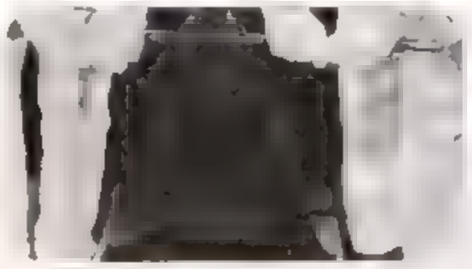
Gloved Hands boil the Sapota Tree Sap



White Gloved Hands strain the sap

Cooling the boiled Sapota Sap

Flavor and Sweetening added by Gloved Hands

In kneading, too, White Gloves are worn

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Scoring the gum. Still White Gloved Hands

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Sterling Gum has 7 points of excellence.
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Point (7) What?

The Sterling Gum Co., Inc., N.Y. The Sterling Gum Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

PEPPERMINT—In Red Package CINNAMON—In Blue Package

LOOT

(Continued from Page 25)

"They have been trying to round him up for ten years, monsieur."

"But Miss Light can identify him, can tell where he is to be found, can't she?"

"And suppose she did? What then? Monsieur, I know, the police know, other people know, what the Gray Ghost has done here and in Europe. We know it! But, monsieur, it cannot be proved. There is no evidence; has never been any evidence."

"But his gang—a confession ——"

Jacques laughed harshly.

"A confession! Monsieur, there is not one of his gang that would confess. Why? Because they know they would not live long to enjoy the fruits of treachery to him. Monsieur is not familiar with events here? Listen: Four years ago, in Chicago, a bank was robbed. A certain man was arrested on suspicion. Certain securities were found in his lodgings. Monsieur, he was an ignorant criminal, of the class called yeggmen. And the robbery—it is not good to admire crime, but one can admire genius. And genius had directed that robbery. Only the fact that this yeggman drank and in his cups talked caused his arrest.

"Monsieur, it was evident that, though this man possessed some of the fruits of the robbery, he could not have planned it and carried it through alone. The Gray Ghost's hand showed in every way. Yet, monsieur, a week after his arrest, he confessed! And, monsieur, it was not robbery alone that he had to answer for; it was murder, for a night watchman had been slain. Yet he confessed! Confessed and swore that he, and he alone, had planned the robbery, committed it, and murdered the watchman.

"Monsieur, he was sentenced to death. Monsieur, he was in the death house! And then—oh, by the veriest of accidents a sheriff from another county visited the death house. He saw the yeggman and recognized him. Monsieur, at the time the bank was robbed this criminal was serving the last day of his sentence in a workhouse, a sentence imposed the previous month for drunkenness. So he could hardly have planned the crime and certainly not have executed it.

"There was a stay of execution obtained. The man was examined again. Still, he maintained that he had done the crime for which he was to die. Monsieur, it was so palpably false that he was pardoned by the governor; it had to be. To have let him die for a crime he had not committed would have been a travesty on justice. He was given a sentence for perjury in the hope that he would, under constant watch, betray his associates somehow. He never did. He was released two years ago. And while he stayed in jail, both in the death house and later, his wife and children moved into better quarters; the wife hired a servant; she bought her own house. Where did the money come from? She would not say, nor could it be discovered. But she received it."

"You mean to tell me that this yeggman would have died for the reward his wife received?" demanded Hildreth incredulously.

"I will tell you what is believed by those who should know," answered Jacques. "The man was of the gang; his arrest for drunkenness had prevented him from taking part in the robbery, but he received his share of the profit. Again he drank. His drinking had jeopardized the Gray Ghost. And so, monsieur, he was told that he must bear the whole guilt. His wife and family would be looked after. But that was not all. So surely as he told the truth, he would die. And he knew that he would die. He had to choose between death with poverty for his family and death with comfort for his family. He chose the latter."

"But if the Gray Ghost is so well known ——"

"Have I said he was well known? I—I, monsieur, have long wanted to see him. Perhaps I have; I do not know it. Mademoiselle Light undoubtedly has seen him, but is she certain that the man she knows is the Gray Ghost? I do not think so. Men have gone to jail and the police have said: 'This is the Gray Ghost!' And the next week a crime has been committed that only the Gray Ghost could have planned, and they realize that they have been wrong."

"But why don't the police arrest the man that Miss Light thinks is the Gray Ghost?"

"The police?" Jacques laughed scornfully. "The police are not in Miss Light's confidence. Bunglers! If they knew what she knew doubtless they would arrest him—if they found him. And what have they against him? What proof? None, monsieur. But if the Gray Ghost could be located, if he could be watched as he planned a crime, if he could be seized at the very moment of its consummation—then, monsieur, a nation, a world, would be rid of the most damnable ——" He coughed violently and when he removed his handkerchief from his mouth he was very white. "I am excited," he said. "It is not well for me. . . . Monsieur appreciates the delicacy of mademoiselle's position?"

"You mean that she is a spy, a detective?"

"In the ordinary sense, no. Monsieur, I know little. Mademoiselle has intrusted me with little commissions occasionally. To you and to you alone have I ever mentioned her name in connection with that of the Gray Ghost. To have it known, even to the police, would be to sign her death warrant. The Gray Ghost would know. *Le bon Dieu* alone knows how she has deceived him thus far; but—I must talk no more; I have said too much. Only—for some reason, I know not what—mademoiselle is interested in monsieur. I understand that monsieur is in danger and that mademoiselle has tried to avert it. More than that I do not know. I would tell monsieur if I did, for monsieur is honest. But yes, it is apparent in monsieur's face. I, Jacques, who was not always a head waiter, read faces. Monsieur is honest. So I have trusted him; and so I beg him, if the safety of mademoiselle is aught to him, to remain here."

"And the police?" said Hildreth hopelessly once more.

"Monsieur could find no swifter way of assuring mademoiselle's death than to inform the police. While the Gray Ghost lives—until he is behind steel bars, at least there is no safety for those who war against him. And a premature arrest—without proof—but I have explained. Monsieur will wait?"

"I'll do it," said Hildreth. "At least I'll wait an hour or so."

"And doubtless monsieur will have word of mademoiselle before then. Will monsieur eat now? I could recommend ——"

"Oh, bring me anything at all, Jacques," said Hildreth despondently. "I'm not particularly hungry."

"Yet food is good when one must do without sleep," said Jacques. "I will bring monsieur something that will tempt his appetite."

His manner immediately became that of a waiter again. He looked at the cloth on the table, found it not to his liking and removed it. With a jerky bow he opened the door and passed out of the room, taking the cloth with him. He was back again in a moment.

"Monsieur!" he whispered, white of face. "Men whom mademoiselle has indicated to me at times!—with whom, of purpose, she has dined here that I may observe them!—they are coming along the hall. Monsieur—quick!"

He pointed to the velvet curtains. Like a flash Hildreth had drawn them aside and was through the doorway they concealed. Swiftly, yet cautiously, he shot the bolts on the other side, then pressed his ear against the upper panel. He heard a key scrape and turn in the door, and blessed the quick wit of Jacques that had made him lock it. He heard the key withdrawn. Then he heard Jacques begin humming a little French air, and could tell that the waiter was replacing the cloth on the table. Then the farther door opened.

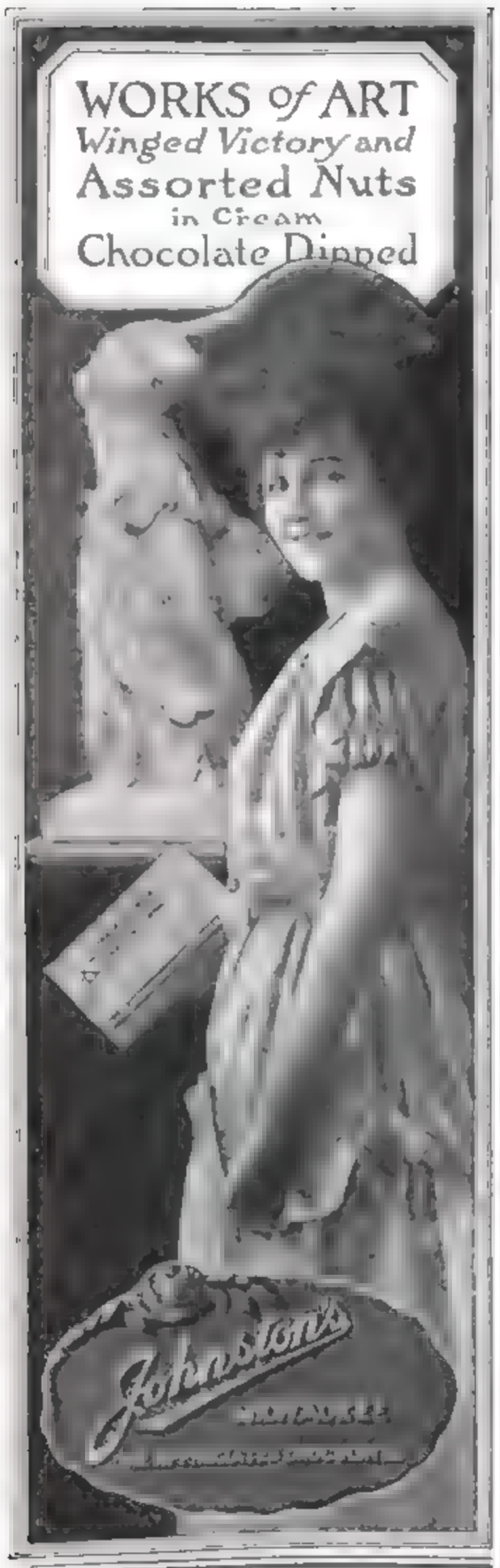
There was a rush of feet that suddenly halted, as though the intruders, intending to take someone by surprise, were astounded to find only a waiter.

"You, waiter! Where's the man who was in here?"

Hildreth thrilled at the voice. It was that of the man who had crossed in front of him at the theater on his way to get a smoke apparently, and who had begged Hildreth's pardon for incommoding him.

"Man who was in here, monsieur?" answered Jacques. "There has been no one here for half an hour."

"Maybe he's telling the truth," said another voice, as though to restrain the first speaker from attacking the waiter. "The phone girl downstairs said that Daly was in this room, because she'd connected him for a call. But that was over half an hour ago."



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"Messieurs are noisy," said Jacques coldly. "May I ask why they intrude and threaten?"

"If you're wise you'll ask nothing," snarled a third voice. "You say the man who was here left half an hour ago?"

"But yes, certainly," responded Jacques.

"Then why did you step out, see us, and step quickly back?"

"I shook my cloth in the hall," said Jacques. "Monsieur will not remark it, I beg. But it is late and I am tired, and I wish not to walk downstairs to shake the so few crumbs from it."

"This is the fourth time to-day," said the second speaker. "He's got away again. If we lose him ——" He whistled softly. "I don't want to be the one to tell him!"

"Nor I," said the first speaker. "But if the waiter lies ——"

"Oh, come on, Ashby. Why should he lie? Where does he come in? Come downstairs and ——"

Hildreth waited for no more. If it had been possible, after hearing Morn's voice over the telephone and after listening to Jacques, to have had any doubts, they would have been swept away by this certain evidence that the actress labored under no misapprehension, that he himself was not overalarmed. Proof piled on proof that he was the intended victim of some deadly plan.

He darted down the stairs at which he had looked some time earlier. He would beat the others to the street. And as he ran a thought came to him: If these men—emissaries, of course, of the Gray Ghost—knew that he was to be at Bishop's they must have learned it from only one person. That person was Morn Light! So then, while he had listened to Jacques, been persuaded by the Frenchman, Morn had been in danger; for the Gray Ghost must have won the secret of the appointment from her.

How? Hildreth shuddered. If the Gray Ghost really existed and were one-tenth as evil as repute made him, the manner of his forcing Hildreth's whereabouts from Morn would not bear contemplation—not if the Englishman wished to preserve his reason. And there was a chance that the Gray Ghost was still with Morn, had directed his followers by telephone from her apartment, was even now gloating over the tortured victim of his horrifying wickedness. It was no time to appeal to the police; it was no time to hesitate. It was the time for Hildreth, regardless of his own danger, to rush to the girl's aid and, if too late, to die in the effort to exact vengeance if need be. He forgot everything save Morn.

"The Glenworth—like the devil!" he said to the startled chauffeur of a taxi drawn up opposite the side entrance from which he had emerged.

VIII

THE hall boy slept over the telephone desk in the Glenworth. Hildreth shook him into surprised wakefulness.

"Miss Light's apartment—quick!"

"Next floor, suh," said the boy. "I'll ring her right away, suh."

"Never mind ringing!" snapped Hildreth. "Tell me: Do you know whether she has any other callers?"

"Dere was a gemman went up 'bout a houah ago, suh. Mebbe he come down, but I ain't seen him. But if I lets you up wifout ringin' I might lose my job, suh."

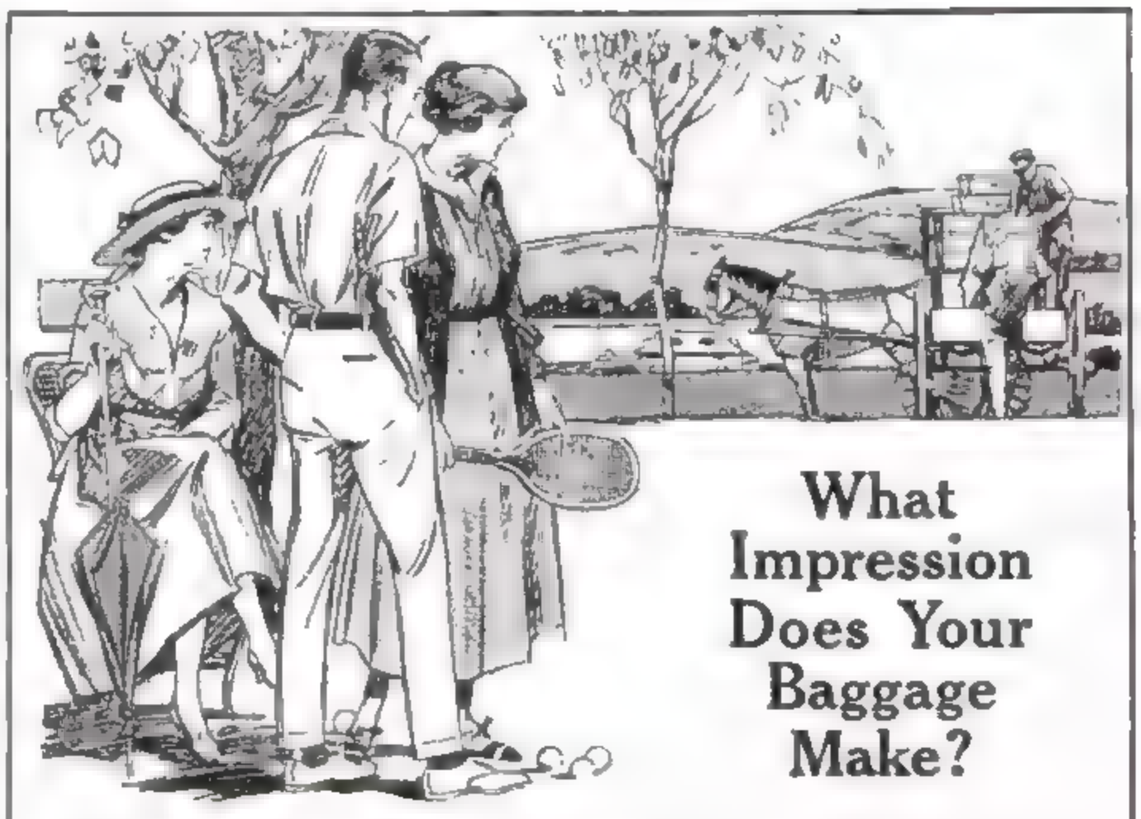
"I'll see that you don't," said Hildreth. "Left or right hand apartment?"

"Right, suh—right at de top of de stairs," replied the boy, his fingers closing over the bill Hildreth placed in his palm. He was nodding again before the Englishman had got halfway up the stairs. What did he care about the eccentricities of Miss Light's caller, his wildness of manner, or the lateness of the hour, when his fingers had felt palm oil? He was smiling cheerfully as he nodded. The bill was a five.

Hildreth tried the door gently. It was locked. He could not, then, if the Gray Ghost was inside, hope to surprise him. He wished he had a weapon, but the fact that he did not have one did not deter him. He rang the bell. In a moment the door opened and he beheld Morn Light.

His knees felt suddenly weak. He felt suddenly dizzy, reaction clouding his brain; but only for a second. Then he was inside, the door closed behind him, her hands in his.

"You!" he said. "You! And I was afraid that he might have—— You're not hurt? Surely he knew that you had warned me, were planning to warn me further?" He dropped her hands. "You didn't tell



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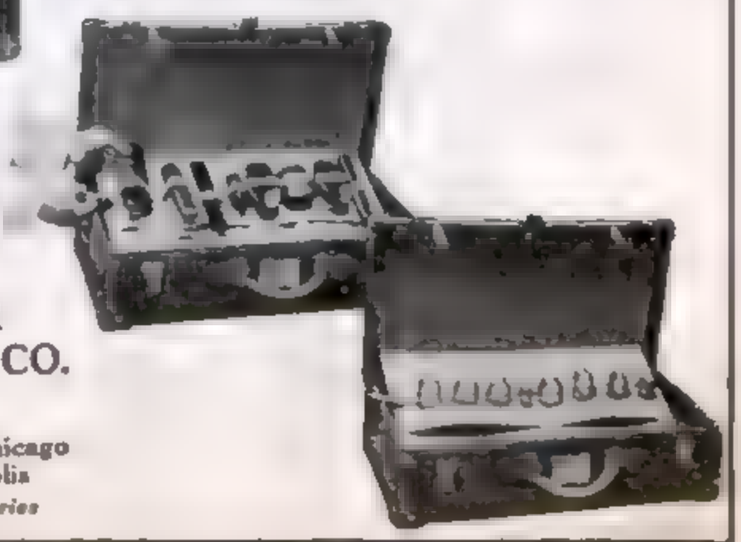

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The photos show Forest Lawn Road, Florence, Nebraska, *before* and *after* the use of "Tarvia-X".

Scores of communities now are using Tarvia regularly year after year simply for the sake of keeping down road expenses. There are three kinds of Tarvia and a dozen ways of using them to meet various road problems.

Note interesting photographs below

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After "Tarvia-X" (penetration method) was used on Forest Lawn Road, Florence, Neb.

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him to save yourself? But forgive me, Morn." And neither he nor she seemed to find it extraordinary that he should use her first name. "Of course you didn't! You couldn't! You brave ——"

Again he reached for her hands; but she put them behind her, backing away. She was very white in the glow of the electric bulbs.

"Why did you come? I told you to wait," she whispered.

"Is he here?" queried Hildreth. "If he is ——"

He pushed by her into the drawing-room; but it was empty.

"Why did you come?"

"They knew I was at Bishop's. I barely avoided them," he answered. "Didn't you know? We—Jacques and I —— They came and he got me away. I was afraid that he—the Gray Ghost, I mean; Jacques told me of him—had somehow found out from you ——"

"That I had betrayed you? And still you came?" Her eyes were wondering.

"What if you had? And I really didn't think at all—I was afraid to; I only knew that if they knew where I was they must suspect your connection with my being there ——"

"And he must; he must!" cried Morn. "Unless—he might still think you Daly, and out of jealousy ——" She blushed.

"It couldn't be that," Hildreth answered puzzled. "I heard one of them say that this was the fourth time they'd lost me—they meant me—Hildreth. But how did he know?"

"I didn't tell him."

"Of course not! But if you had I shouldn't blame you. You've done enough for me. But he knew. How?"

She looked the picture of amazed despair. She shook her head.

"I can't guess. The usher that took my note to you—he wouldn't have told. I warned him not to. Why should he have connected Ted Daly with—Wade Hildreth? And if he did do that—and he must have—he knows that I —— You must go—at once! I am safe. But you ——"

"For how long?" demanded Hildreth. "If he knows that you ——"

The fright on her face, which she bravely attempted to hide, but which was still so visible, made his heart ache.

"Sit down," he said brusquely. "Have you anything to drink?"

She pointed to a desk. He opened the upper part and found a decanter and glasses. He poured out some liquor and gave it to her.

"Drink it!" he ordered.

He went into the hall and came back in a moment with the coat and hat he found hanging there.

"Put these on!" he commanded.

She had sipped the brandy and there was some color in her cheeks.

"If I should do that," she said, "it would mean the end of hope. I cannot. But you ——"

"I tried the front door just now," he interrupted. "It is locked. If he should come and we think that there are others with him, it will be a simple matter to open a window and call for the police."

"You don't understand!" she cried. "It isn't my safety that matters; I'm willing to risk my life to expose him. But your staying jeopardizes that end."

"Now, listen," said Hildreth: "if this man returns here we will do what I have just said—we will call for help. That it jeopardizes your end means nothing to me, for the attainment of that end endangers your life and the end simply can't be worth anything like that. Whatever your connection with this Gray Ghost Johnny may be, it ends to-night. Do you understand me? It has ended already. If I do not get your promise to cease all attempts to land him in jail I shall simply go directly to the police, tell them all I know, and insist that a guard be put over you. The presence of a detective in your wake will certainly put an end to your trying to blind the Gray Ghost. You'll withdraw from this mess."

"You assume a great deal of authority, don't you?"

"Because I feel that someone ought to. There seems to be no one else capable of assuming it, so I do so. Now then, if he suspected you he would certainly not have left you to your own devices. That he has so left you makes it seem pretty certain to me that his suspicions aren't definite enough for him to act on as yet, which brings me back to what I said a few moments ago. This is the last place he'd look for me. Now then, if his suspicions become definite at any moment and he comes here looking for you, my presence cannot make matters any worse. Indeed, my presence may deter him from doing anything rash." And Hildreth smiled grimly.

She eyed him appraisingly.

"If he came alone—perhaps."

"And if he doesn't there are the windows to call from," he said. "Now then, I'm convinced that it adds nothing to your danger for me to remain. If he comes at all he comes for evil. I propose to be here to block that evil. Unless you'll come away with me now?"

"And give up? You don't understand, Mr. Hildreth. I have—power—over him; a little. I could persuade him that he's wrong, somehow, and be able to continue ——"

"Oh, no, you won't. You evidently don't understand me," he interrupted. "From Jacques I obtained a pretty clear idea of your plans. Where men have failed, you, a woman, try to succeed. For some reason or other you have determined to bring the Gray Ghost to justice. Such a proceeding is too fraught with danger for me to permit you to attempt it. You may drop now and for all time, Miss Light, any idea of prosecuting your plans against the man. Jacques said that a word to the police would spoil everything. I shall give the police that word."

"But why? Why? I have risked something for you! Why should you wish to spoil my chances for success?"

"That, Miss Light," he answered, "is something I cannot explain without seeming presumptuous." Then, as she blushed, whether with anger or from other reasons he could not tell, he continued: "We're alone now, at any rate. Your maid is evidently safe in her room. The Gray Ghost isn't in the apartment. Don't you think it's about time I received an explanation? I've obeyed orders pretty well, except in coming up here, and circumstances must apologize for that breach.

"I must tell you this: If I do not receive an explanation from you it is my intention to put the police at once in possession of the knowledge of all that has happened to me this evening. I will do so, not from fear for myself but because it is my duty. I am here on missions of considerable importance. I cannot permit them to suffer interference. Furthermore, I cannot permit you, a young girl, to undergo the dangers that so evidently beset you. Now then, Miss Light, why did you send for me to come to your dressing room?"

"To warn you."

"Of course I understand that; but against what? Where does this Gray Ghost Johnny come in with me? And how did you know who I was?"

"I recognized you from your picture."

"My picture! But where on earth had you seen it?"

"In England. If I tell you what I know, will you go? And hide? And not inform the police, but leave me to ——"

"Face this Gray Ghost? Not much!"

"But can't you trust my brains? I can handle the situation, no matter what he suspects. I can explain that you had a letter of introduction to me under the name of Daly from an English actress; that I told him you were an old friend because I was afraid he would permit me to gain no new friends just now; that I didn't dream you were Hildreth."

"Too thin! He'd not believe you."

"No?" Morn looked at him, and he drank in her beauty. "You think he wouldn't?"

A flush of resentment possessed him.

"Even if he should, I don't intend that you shall be put in a position to have to lie ——"

"You don't? Mr. Hildreth, you assume a lot."

"Forgive me," he stammered. "I mean —— But how can I tell whether or not I'll consent until I know more? You recognized me?"

"I knew—very vaguely—that something tremendous, the biggest crime of the century—of any century—was planned. That was all. But I also knew that an Englishman had something to do with it; that he was to be decoyed somehow and—killed, I guessed. I did not know the details. I did not know his name or how he was connected with the affair. I would have saved this man, but—how could I?

"There was no evidence that would go with the police, with the courts. I had to

(Continued on Page 61)

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Fleet owners and the number of White Trucks in their service each year. The last column includes only the first four months of 1916

OWNER	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914	1915	To-day
B. Altman & Company	0	0	8	8	33	67	79
American Express Company	0	0	0	7	8	8	13
Ammen Transportation Company	0	0	2	7	8	9	11
Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association	0	0	0	0	0	1	15
Armour & Company	0	4	30	51	63	84	107
Associated Bell Telephone Companies	0	1	6	30	46	84	136
City of Atlanta	0	3	6	8	10	10	11
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corporation	0	0	0	15	15	15	20
Atlantic Refining Company	1	4	9	31	67	86	92
The Bailey Company	0	1	3	6	6	13	15
City of Baltimore	0	3	4	7	14	14	15
The Bell Company	0	1	2	6	11	12	12
Bellevue & Allied Hospitals	0	0	0	1	3	9	12
Robert W. Blake	0	0	0	1	6	6	10
Boggs & Buhl, Inc.	0	8	10	18	23	25	25
Henry Bosch Company	2	8	8	9	10	10	11
City of Boston	0	2	9	12	17	18	19
Bradford Baking Company	0	0	0	9	20	25	25
City of Chicago	0	0	0	1	4	10	10
Brooklyn Alcatraz Asphalt Company	0	0	0	2	9	9	11
Chicago Fire Insurance Board	0	0	5	11	13	13	13
City of Cleveland	0	2	7	14	15	19	19
Cleveland-Akron Bag Company	6	7	9	14	15	19	19
Cleveland Builders' Supply Company	0	1	1	3	4	7	10
Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	16
Coca-Cola Bottling Companies	0	3	6	12	26	38	47
Consolidated Gas, El Light & Power Co.	2	3	6	8	11	12	12
Cudahy Packing Company	0	0	2	6	8	10	11
T. Eaton Company, Ltd.	0	5	13	14	15	15	18
Foster & Kleiser, Inc.	0	2	4	4	8	10	10
Georgia Railway & Power Company	0	0	1	3	7	7	10
Gimbel Brothers	0	20	26	46	59	59	59
Glacier Park Transportation Company	0	0	0	0	10	20	20
B. F. Goodrich Company	4	6	9	11	12	17	19
Great Northern Paper Company	0	0	0	1	1	11	12
Greenfield Electric Light & Power Co.	0	3	6	9	10	11	13
Gulf Refining Company	0	1	9	29	81	172	203
The Higbee Company	2	4	5	6	10	10	10
Joseph Horne Company	5	12	15	24	33	39	42
J. L. Hudson Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
Independent Brewing Co. of Pittsburgh	1	1	2	5	5	11	19
Jones Store Company	0	2	2	5	6	10	11
Kaufmann Brothers	0	0	10	16	24	44	44
Kaufmann & Baer Company	0	0	0	1	40	45	48
Theodor Kundtz Company	3	7	8	9	10	11	12
Leyte Land Transportation Company	0	0	3	6	10	12	12
Los Angeles Brewing Company	0	0	2	7	13	14	15
McCreery & Company	6	6	8	8	8	11	12
G. M. McKelvey Company	0	0	1	1	6	8	15
Mandel Brothers	0	9	10	15	16	17	17
The May Company	0	0	0	4	11	15	24
Michelin Tire Company	0	1	2	3	3	9	11
National Casket Company	0	0	9	10	11	15	16
City of New York	0	1	7	11	12	13	13
New York Board of Fire Underwriters	0	0	2	6	8	16	18
Oppenheim, Collins & Company	0	0	0	0	20	21	25
Pacific Mills	0	0	3	4	4	7	11
Frank Parmelee Company	0	0	0	0	0	18	18
C. C. Parsons Company	0	2	3	6	8	12	14
Pike's Peak Auto Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	13
City of Pittsburgh	0	2	9	14	14	15	15
Public Service Corporation of N. J	0	0	0	0	0	4	11
The Rosenbaum Company	1	1	2	11	17	33	34
Saks & Company	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Schulze Baking Company	1	1	9	15	17	22	22
Franklin Simon & Company	0	0	0	3	6	10	10
W. & J. Sloane	13	14	15	15	15	17	19
Southern Express Company	0	0	0	2	9	11	17
Spear & Company	0	0	1	9	13	14	16
Standard Oil Company of California	1	3	1	6	7	26	31
Standard Oil Company of Indiana	1	4	5	9	50	122	135
Standard Oil Company of Kentucky	0	1	2	4	5	9	10
Standard Oil Company of Nebraska	0	0	0	0	5	11	13
Standard Oil Company of New York	2	6	18	35	68	113	134
Standard Oil Company of Ohio	0	1	1	1	10	17	19
Stern Brothers	0	0	8	18	18	19	19
Strochmann Baking Company	0	0	0	0	2	2	10
Swift & Company	0	0	0	2	2	10	29
Telling-Belle Vernon Company	0	3	4	4	9	11	11
The Texas Company	0	0	0	0	0	9	11
Union Oil Company of California	0	0	0	1	10	22	25
United States Post Office Department	0	0	0	21	27	104	111
John Wanamaker	0	0	0	0	0	6	27
Ward Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	41
Raphael Weill & Company	0	0	0	0	0	10	10
White Transit Company	0	1	1	2	6	9	11
	51	170	365	744	1262	1989	2394

The above list of White Trucks owned in fleets of ten or more is exclusive of all small fleets and single trucks owned, and represents but a small fraction of the total number of White Trucks now in actual service.

THE WHITE COMPANY

CLEVELAND

Largest Manufacturers of Commercial Motor Vehicles in America

(Continued from Page 58)

wait until I knew all. That this Englishman would suffer was dreadful to contemplate, but how could I warn him? If I said that the man whom I believe to be the Gray Ghost was the Gray Ghost I should have been laughed at, for I had no proof! And such prematureness meant failure—of everything. This Englishman, whoever he might be, would not be saved by any disclosures I might make to the police, even though they were willing to act on what would seem the hysteria of a silly girl. So I could do nothing, but—pray.

"Then, to-night at the theater I found a note from ——"

"The Gray Ghost?" queried Hildreth excitedly.

Her shoulders sagged wearily.

"I don't know—for certain. In my heart I call him that—I do know—but I have no proof. . . . His note told me that I should be needed to-night to entertain a young Englishman. It was a command that could not be disregarded. I was told to go directly to a restaurant known as Patello's as soon as my performance was over.

"I was horrified, but—glad. I might in some way, now that I was to meet this Englishman face to face, warn him. Then, in the audience, I saw you. I played in London last year—in the Rose Garden."

"I saw it, but I don't remember you," said Hildreth.

"I wasn't starring then. I had a minor part. Moreover, when did you see it? The first month?"

"No," said Hildreth. "It was in the second month. My cousin, Alice Beaumont, had a part in it. But I was in Scotland on business for a month after the play opened ——"

"I know. Alice told me. We were rather good friends. She showed me your picture and spoke of you often. I spent many nights at her apartment. Then, at the end of a month, I had to return to New York. A chance for a better part—— Well, that's why you didn't see me. Even if you'd have remembered me ——"

"I think I should," he said dryly, and at his tone she colored faintly.

"I saw you," she resumed. "I'm not altogether certain that I'd have recognized you but for the fact that next you I saw a man who is one of—his followers—a man called Ashby. Ashby's face suggested the young Englishman; that helped me in placing you, and then—I knew. Ashby was spying on you, keeping close to you. It was more now than warning an utter stranger; it was a matter of warning the cousin of a dear friend of mine. And I had to do it quickly; it might already be too late, but I didn't think so. Ashby didn't seem to have made your acquaintance and I prayed that he would not.

"I knew that I must warn you; so I pretended to hurt my ankle. Once in my dressing room, I got rid of Celia, my maid, and got a stage hand to give a note to an usher. The usher used to be a newsboy; I got him his place; he would not give me away. But I dared not put my warning in the note I sent you. You might be alarmed and take the matter up with the police. And when you came to me I dared not explain; Celia might return at any moment; she might become suspicious—she is of his followers. So I made the appointment and warned you not to go back to your seat. During the second act, when I was not on stage, I got rid of Celia again and used the telephone back stage to call up Jacques, whom I could trust—I have had dealings with him—and warned him of your coming.

"I had to keep my appointment at Patello's. I did so, thinking that, as they would have lost you, I should be free. But I was told to go to my apartment and wait. I dared not leave. I sent Celia out for another headache cure. Then I telephoned you, begging you to wait, thinking that after they were through with me I could still see you and make you understand how deadly was your danger. He came in as I was phoning and—you know how I acted. Then I lied to him, saying that you had called me up. When I discovered that he had overheard the hall boy getting the connection for me I made him think I was a little ashamed at being caught apologizing to a man. I pretended you were an old friend and that I'd been rude to you, and then that you'd presumed on my apology to insist on my going out. I thought that satisfied him.

"I was afraid, after he had gone, to use the telephone again. I could not be sure that he was deceived; he might be waiting downstairs to overhear my message. Negro hall boys can be bribed, you know. And then you came! And you tell me that he knows. Will you go now?"

"But you've told me nothing," he protested.

"I've told all I know—about you. You probably can guess why they should be interested in you."

"I imagine that a two-million-dollar necklace would interest the Gray Ghost and his precious gang," said Hildreth.

"Two—million dollars! Oh, you must go! Why—your life ——"

"Your life! Let's consider that," cried Hildreth. "If his plans, whatever they are, go astray through you, what will your life be worth?"

"After all," she answered, "a man, no matter how wicked, does not easily destroy that which he loves."

"You mean that he ——"

She nodded wearily.

"He thinks so. I did not realize it until recently. He had made a promise never to speak to me of love. I hoped he had got over it. But to-night ——"

"And you will submit to his love making?"

"I must."

"Because of your plan to —— But you speak of his orders, his commands. Is there more than your plan? Has he a—hold over you?"

"Not enough to make me marry him; I could die, you know," she said quietly. "But, except for that—yes. Or, he has had; I can't explain now!"

"A hold over you!" he repeated wonderingly. "And yet you work against him? Risking your life at every moment! Morn, Morn, you can't! Listen! You know something of him. Not enough for proof, you say; but let the police judge of that."

"I must wait," she answered. "If things are as I think they are—and if I can deceive him once more about you—and I'm sure I can—within three days—by Thursday—I will have the proof I need. And then ——"

Her eyes lighted with exultation; but there was none in Hildreth's eyes.

"And you think I'll let you continue in danger until then? Risk his wrath? Morn, listen to me! You say you are not sure that this man who holds you in his power is the Gray Ghost?"

"He may be only the agent of the Gray Ghost," she replied.

"But the agent could lead us to his master. Tell me this man's name. Where does he live? You and I will leave here now. I will put you somewhere—in some hotel where he can't find you. Then I'll go—not to the police, but to a detective agency. They may laugh at me, but I'll pay them well.

"We'll go to this man's lodgings. We'll take him. We'll wring the truth from him. Morn, tell me his name. What is the name of this man you think is the Gray Ghost?"

"Yes, Morn; tell him my name," said a voice from the doorway.

Hildreth turned. Gray of hair, of complexion, of clothing, Hildreth had only time to realize that the intruder, if he were not the Gray Ghost, certainly looked that wraithlike part. He snatched at a chair, but the Gray Ghost stepped aside. Men filled the little drawing-room.

IX

FORMER Police Lieutenant Jerry Tryon moved away from the hospital bed on which lay Jacques, head waiter at Bishop's. He spoke to the young interne.

"He doesn't seem to be getting better," he said.

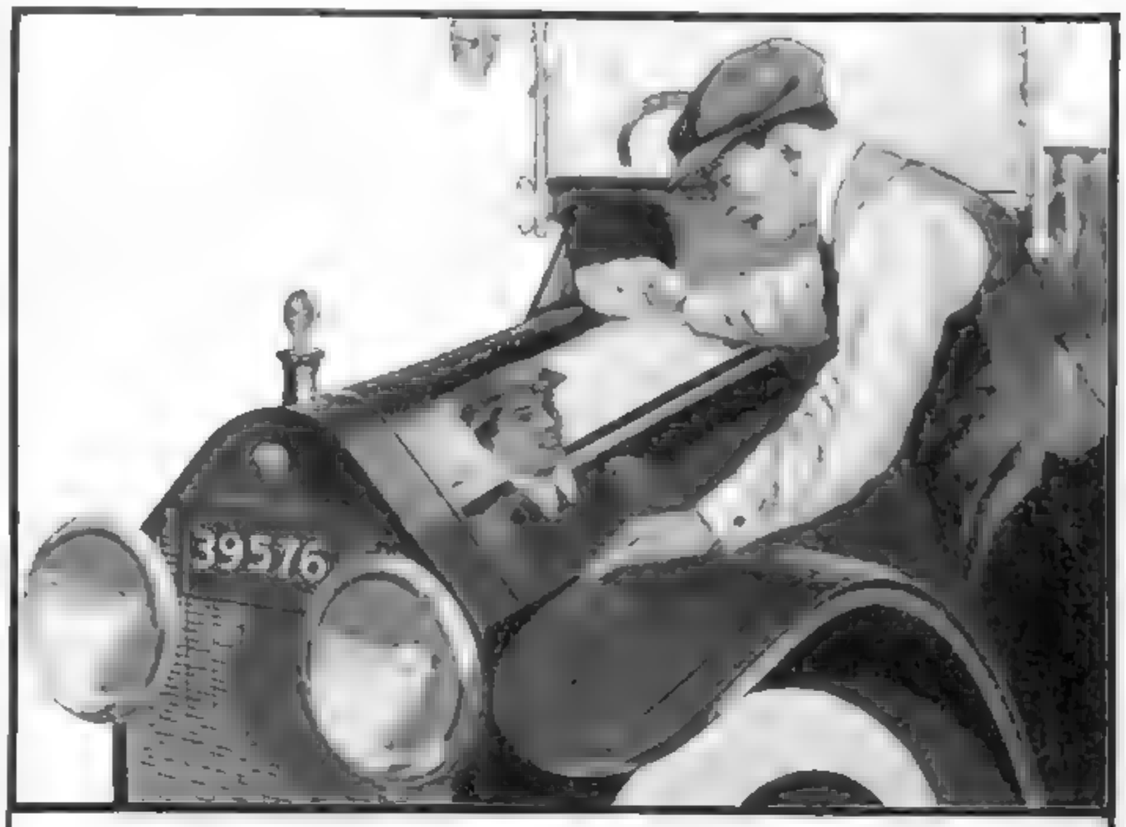
The interne looked aggrieved.

"Man, dear, don't you realize that it's a wonder he's alive at all? Nine men out of ten, after receiving the blow that he received, would have been the chief features of funerals."

"But it doesn't seem natural, his lying there, glassy-eyed, able to understand what we're saying—you're sure of that, eh?—and not able to say a word or even to wink an eyelash."

For the dozenth time the interne patiently explained:

"A nerve center was struck—at the base of the brain. Paralysis was instant. And men aren't cured of paralysis in a couple of days, you know. It may be months—it may be years before he can speak or move a muscle. One can never tell in cases like this. He may be all right—that is to say, he may be able to communicate by signs—move a finger, you know—by next week."



That Dirty, Grimy Hood

of yours can be made just like new—you can easily do it yourself and save the cost of revarnishing. All you need is Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax.

JOHNSON'S CLEANER

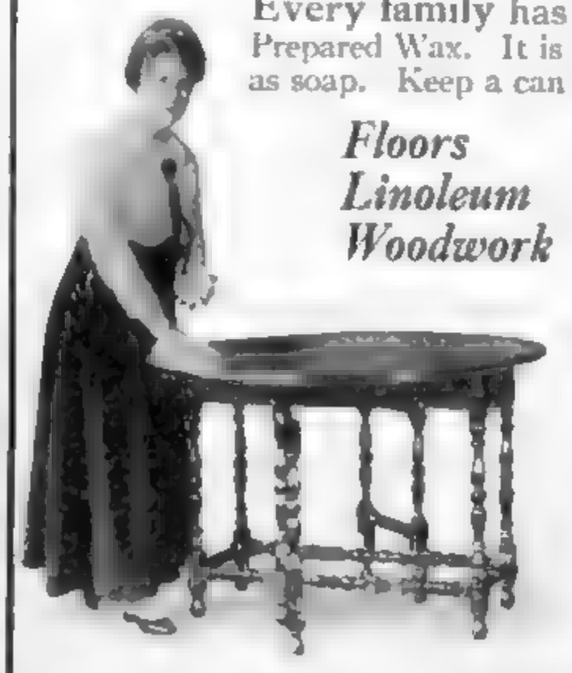
entirely removes all stains, scum, road-oil, tar and grease from body, hood and fenders. Even those spots that are ground in—mud freckles—and surface scratches you thought were permanent—will disappear like magic under Johnson's Cleaner.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

is the proper body polish to use on your car. It preserves the varnish and protects it from the weather, adding years to its life. It covers up mars and scratches—prevents checking and cracking—sheds water—and makes a "wash" last twice as long. It imparts a polish so hard, dry and glasslike that it cannot gather dust.

Going to Sell Your Car?

If so, clean and polish it first with Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—it will sell quicker and you can get $50 to $100 more for it.



Every family has dozens of uses for Johnson's Prepared Wax. It is just as necessary around the house as soap. Keep a can always on hand for polishing your

Floors
Linoleum
Woodwork
Piano
Furniture
Leather Goods

For badly stained floors, woodwork and furniture there is nothing like **Johnson's Cleaner.** It removes spots and stains that other cleaners won't touch. Particularly good for ink spots. Just the thing for white enamel of all kinds—woodwork, iron beds, etc.

Johnson's Cleaner contains no grit or acid—it cannot scratch or injure the finest finish.

USE COUPON AND CONVINCE YOURSELF

I enclose 10c for trial cans of Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—sufficient for a good test.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City & State*_____

Fill out this coupon and mail to

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

SPG

PULL-U-OUT

The little thing with the big pull.

would have solved this problem

The man with a PULL-U-OUT in his tool-box has no real road problems.

He can go wherever his fancy or business leads him, without fear of consequences. If he gets stuck in the mud or skids into a ditch, PULL-U-OUT will get him out in a few minutes, without damage to car or clothes. If his car turns over, PULL-U-OUT will right it in the shortest possible time. If some one is injured, the prompt relief provided by PULL-U-OUT would make it worth its weight in gold.

It can be used anywhere, simply by driving in the 3 stakes, attaching to car and turning the crank. The stakes will hold and the car will move.

In case of engine trouble, the PULL-U-OUT chains make the best possible tow line.

Consists of a winding drum, lever crank 40 feet of steel cable, two 7 ft. chains and 3 stakes. Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes in space 4x6x14 inches.

Every Auto Should Carry One

You never know when you may be ditched—or stuck in the mud. You get no warning before an accident occurs. These things come unexpectedly, and may happen to anyone. Tourists, salesmen, physicians, farmers, in fact any one who leaves paved streets needs a PULL-U-OUT.

A Money Saver for Garages and Repair Shops

For quick, easy lifting on repair jobs, removing bodies, engines etc., it can be moved about and used wherever wanted, thus saving time and cutting costs. On the trouble car, it will save time, labor and wear on the tires and do the job quicker and better.

A Better, Cheaper, Lighter Hoist for Factories Etc.

One PULL-U-OUT will do the work of several chain blocks, because it can easily be moved about by one man and used wherever needed. It is lighter than a chain block, has longer reach, costs less than half, will work in any position and pulls as well as lifts. Dead weight lifting capacity 3000 lbs.; will pull 100,000 lbs. on wheels. (Larger sizes have considerably greater capacity.)

Does Jobs No Other Machine Can Do

Jobs for which no mechanical help has heretofore been provided. It's great for setting boilers, shifting machinery, lowering vaults in cemeteries, placing radiators, pulling wires thru conduits, spotting cars, stretching wire fences, pulling stumps, setting telegraph poles, hoisting painters' rigging, loading and unloading trucks, farm wagons etc. PULL-U-OUT and one man will do such jobs which now require several men. Great for helping teams with heavy loads up steep driveways; also for raising trunks etc., to upper stories. On the farm, PULL-U-OUT has 1000 uses.

Positive Guarantee PULL-U-OUT is sold on a make-good basis. Give it a good test at our risk. If it fails, your money will be refunded in full. Leading dealers are selling PULL-U-OUT on these terms. Canadian orders promptly filled from our Canadian Depot. If your dealer doesn't sell PULL-U-OUT, write us.

The Most Remarkable Portable Crane on the Market.

Weighs only 250 lbs. Will lift one ton 9 ft. 6 in. Has longer reach and weighs about ⅓ as much as other cranes of same capacity, costing 2 or 3 times as much. Can easily be wheeled about and used wherever lifting is to be done. This beats shifting cars etc. to a fixed place—also enables hoist to be used for more than one job without shifting one job to make room for another. Besides the PULL-U-OUT can easily be detached and used for all kinds of hoisting or pulling, making the outfit valuable in many ways other cranes are not. The crane is slip jointed, and can be put together or taken apart with an 8 wrench in 5 minutes, making it easy to transport and set up for jobs outside the shop.

PULL-U-OUT Portable Crane

Weighs only 250 lbs., will lift one ton 9 ft. 6 in. Easily moved about. Better than an overhead track system. Slip-jointed, can be put together with 8 wrench in 5 minutes.

Stake 1-6 Actual Size

Ask for Interesting Booklet Shows how and why PULL-U-OUT works.

PHOTOS WANTED

We will pay full value for suitable photos of autos in trouble, to be used as object lessons of the dangers of traveling without PULL-U-OUT.

Pull-U-Out Sales Co.
2025 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

"And next week'll be too late," commented Tryon.

"Too late for what?" asked the interne curiously.

"Oh, nothing," said Tryon. "You're giving him the best treatment? You're not sparing any expense?"

"Not so long as you'll guarantee his bills," replied the interne.

"I'll guarantee 'em all right. Wait till you hear me call a halt," growled Tryon. "All I want is that you'll do everything possible and let me know the second he's able to move. I could arrange signals with him then, all right. Mind, day or night, I want to know."

"You will, Mr. Tryon," promised the interne, and the ex-lieutenant left the hospital.

He took a car downtown and went to police headquarters. There he was warmly welcomed by his old associates.

"How's the spiritualist?" demanded Detective Captain Kenney. "Seein' any mysterious figures wrapped in shrouds these days?"

"Quit your kidding!" said Tryon. "Anything new on that French waiter case?"

"Well," said Kenney, "there must be more money in private detectin' than down here, at that, if you're so pally with waiters at a place like Bishop's. Suppose you can't eat without him servin' you. Loads of class to you, Jerry."

"Forget it," counseled Tryon. "The little man was simply a friend of mine. Sure, I eat at Bishop's once in a while and he always saw I got the best. I liked him. Can't I be kind of interested in finding out who bumped him off, or tried to, without you trying to be funny?"

"Sure you can!" said Kenney heartily. "But there ain't a blessed thing that's new. The case is just the same. Some people came into Bishop's late Monday night; it was really Tuesday morning. They inquired in what room a Mr. Daly was dining. They were told. They said he expected them and went right up. A little later they came down, and some little while after that Jacques was found on the floor of the private dining room where this Daly guy had been, with his clothes all torn apart, like he'd been searched, and dead to the world. None of Bishop's employees can give very good descriptions of the men that went upstairs. They give a fair description of the man who was waiting for them, the Daly person.

"And we located the chauffeur that drove this Daly away from the side entrance of Bishop's just about the time his friends went upstairs. The chauffeur swears that Daly told him to drive to the Pennsylvania Station. The restaurant porter at the side door swears to the same thing. The chauffeur claims he did drive Daly where he was told. And there Mr. Daly disappears—at the Pennsylvania Station. Whether he did the work, or his friends that came up later did it, doesn't matter much. We can't lay hands on any of them. Course we've flashed Daly's description wherever we thought it would do any good, but there ain't much in that, Jerry, as you know."

"No, there isn't," agreed Tryon thoughtfully. He sighed. "Well, much obliged to you, captain. If anything does turn up in the case let me know, will you?"

"Certain sure," said Kenney; "but the Lord only knows where it'll turn up from. The little Frenchman didn't seem to have any enemies—not that his neighbors knew of, at any rate. He's been in this country four years and worked hard, so they say. Bishop's give him a good character. If he was an Italian, now, I'd be thinking of the Black Hand; but there's nothing like that among the Frenchies.

"I think it was a souse party, myself, and they rough-housed the little man harder than they meant."

"Maybe so," said Tryon. "Well, much obliged again, captain. So long."

He passed out of the room and at sight of a familiar figure in the hall he saluted.

"Not forgotten how, have you, Tryon?" smiled the commissioner of police.

"No, commissioner," said Tryon. "Salutin' comes natural."

"And I wish that seeing you were more natural, Tryon," said the commissioner. "Thinking of coming back to us? There's a lieutenancy still waiting, you know. We've missed you. Might make it a captaincy, eh?"

"With a roving commission to capture the Gray Ghost?" demanded Tryon.

"Dear me, are you still thinking of graveyards?" laughed the commissioner. "Seriously, Tryon, you ought to drop it. There's no such man, no such individual."

"That's your opinion, commissioner. You don't mind my keeping mine?"

"You're no longer on the force, Tryon," said the commissioner, and now his voice was cold. "If you wish to spoil what promised to be a most brilliant career by chasing a chimera, why—do it. When you can forget your obsession; when a crime can be committed in another city without your making this department a laughingstock by announcing that you see the eerie fingers of the Gray Ghost in it—come back."

"Yet I notice that this department is willing to lay the blame of certain matters on him even if he doesn't exist," said Tryon with a smile.

"You mean that when the department is puzzled by a case, and the newspapers attribute the crime to the Gray Ghost, this department doesn't bother to deny it, don't you?"

"Does it matter?" queried Tryon.

"Indeed it does! If a criminal thinks we're chasing your mythical wraith he won't be so careful. The Gray Ghost is a good herring to draw across our trail; but that's all."

"And I still maintain that he is a real person," asseverated Tryon. "And, furthermore, before I come back to the department you'll admit it, commissioner."

"Well," and the commissioner smiled rather frostily, "I'm sorry that you're never coming back, Tryon. Good morning."

He entered Captain Kenney's room and Tryon made his way downstairs. Lounging in the front hall of the building were several newspaper men, known of old to the former lieutenant. They greeted him with acclaim.

"Lieut," cried one, "news is scarce. Shoot us something about the Gray Ghost. Do you see his fine and spooky hand in anything that's happened recently?"

"Come on, Lieut," pleaded another. "Is it true that the Gray Ghost has planned to loot the Treasury at Washington? What's the straight dope on it?"

"Take a run," advised Tryon, grinning. "You lads may string me, but some day ——"

Smiling at the chaff they hurled at him—he had been a general favorite when with the department and the newspaper men liked him, and their liking was returned—he walked out of the building. But, once on the street, his smile left him. He frowned, and was still frowning when he entered the two-room office on lower Broadway on the door of which was painted the sign: Jeremiah Tryon Detective Agency, Inc.

A young man much younger than Tryon, with the manner of one who has never known what it is to struggle against misfortune's buffets, looked up from the chair by the window of the inner room, where he sat, legs crossed, idly smoking.

"Cheer up, Jerry!" he said. "Any new developments?"

"None, Mr. Pelham," said Tryon.

"Been to the hospital?"

"Uh-huh! He's just the same. No word to be got from him, and here it is Thursday."

"Well, what of it? You can't be certain that anything is going to happen this week, you know. Learn anything over at headquarters?"

"Nothing more. They haven't any idea who slugged him. Oh, yes; I learned that I'm a nut, same as usual. Brainerd said I could have my job back—offered me a captaincy—if I'd become sane and forget about the Gray Ghost."

"What did you tell him?"

"I'm here, ain't I?"

Young Pelham tossed his cigarette into a receiver.

"Buck up, Jer!" he said. "I'm still with you, am I not?"

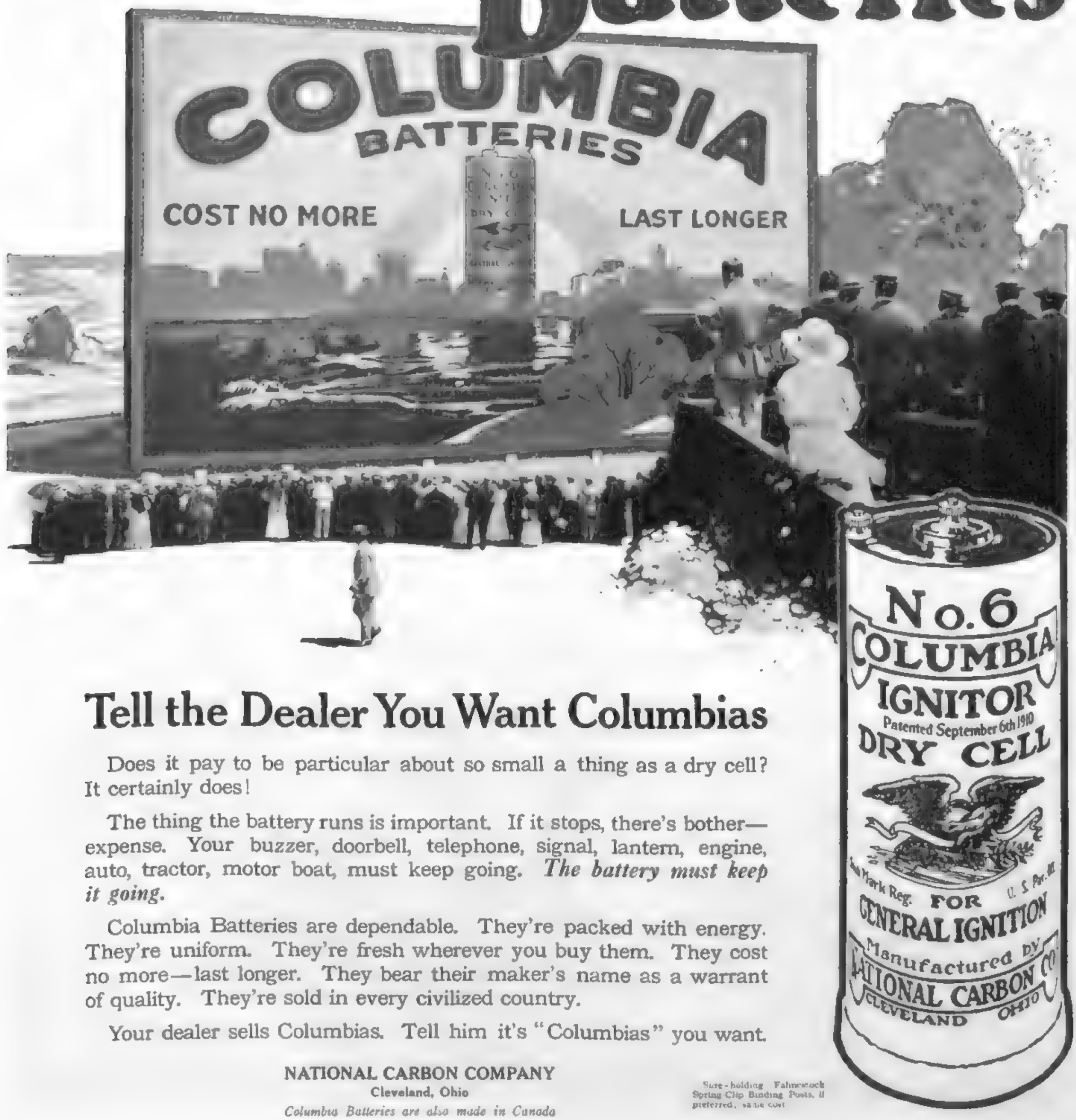
"You sure are, Mr. Pelham," said Tryon gravely. "If it wasn't for you and your coin ——"

"Forget the coin. You and I've been friends since you used to tramp a beat in front of my house. When I told you that I was sick of doing nothing but spend the money dad left me you proposed that I back you in a hunt for the Gray Ghost. And though the newspapers joked you, and though you told me that even your friends in the police department thought you were a bit cracked over the matter, I believed in you. I believe in you still."

"I appreciate it," said Tryon. "But—you've put up dollar for dollar with me, Mr. Pelham. Now I've about reached my last dollar. Taking care of Jacques, the waiter,

(Continued on Page 65)

Columbia Batteries



Tell the Dealer You Want Columbias

Does it pay to be particular about so small a thing as a dry cell? It certainly does!

The thing the battery runs is important. If it stops, there's bother—expense. Your buzzer, doorbell, telephone, signal, lantern, engine, auto, tractor, motor boat, must keep going. ***The battery must keep it going.***

Columbia Batteries are dependable. They're packed with energy. They're uniform. They're fresh wherever you buy them. They cost no more—last longer. They bear their maker's name as a warrant of quality. They're sold in every civilized country.

Your dealer sells Columbias. Tell him it's "Columbias" you want.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia Batteries are also made in Canada

Sure-holding Fahnestock Spring-Clip Binding Posts, if preferred, same cost

THE MID-YEAR SIX
257 CARS IN ONE

Mitchell

$1325 F. O. B. Racine
WITH TWENTY-SIX EXTRA FEATURES

Makes Men Stop and Think

This Car is a Lesson in Factory Efficiency Which Business Men Can Never Forget

This is to men who believe in efficiency.

To men who rebel at waste or extravagance, lost time or lost effort, or multiplied profits.

The New Mitchell offers an impressive example of factory efficiency made a fine art. We urge every man to see it.

Who is John W. Bate?

John W. Bate, the efficiency engineer, has for 30 years been famous. But only in the inner circles of men who build machines.

Silent and modest—cooped up in a workshop—the world has known naught of his genius. Yet he has revolutionized several vast industries. And he has saved to the buyer of travel machines tens of millions of dollars.

Now we think it time, with the advent of this 17th Mitchell, to give him proper credit.

Costs Cut in Two

John W. Bate has cut Mitchell factory costs in two. Every building in our 45-acre plant has been designed by him for this purpose.

Every machine among our 2092 cuts the cost on some part to the minimum. Every man and method is a second-saver.

And the car itself—in its utter simplicity in its 184 drop forgings—in its 256 steel stampings—is a prime example of efficient designing

All of these things we owe to John W. Bate, who has given 13 years to the Mitchell.

Now 26 Extra Features

Now, as a result, you buy a powerful Six—extra long and roomy, but very light—for $1325.

You get a 22-coat finish. You get deep, costly upholstery. You get a wealth of Chrome Vanadium steel.

You get Bate cantilever springs, an engine-driven tire pump, reversible headlights. You get 26 extra features—things you would miss—all paid for through factory savings.

Let your Mitchell dealer show them.

A Composite Beauty

This Mid-Year Mitchell—in lines and equipment—combines all the best features our experts found in 257 Show models. Plus all our own creations.

We waited for the verdict on the new styles. And this is a composite model of all that was most attractive.

This Mitchell chassis has been selected by 36 noted engineers, and purchased by them for their personal cars. Your dealer has a list of them. This stamps the Mitchell supreme in engineering

The makers of Hyatt bearings found six Mitchell cars which had averaged 104,372 miles' each—over 30 years of ordinary service. This marks the Mitchell supreme in endurance.

The Bate cantilever springs—found in Mitchell alone—make it supreme in comfort

This car can have no rival with any man who investigates these facts.

$1325 f. o. b. Racine

For 5-Passenger Touring Car or 3-Passenger Roadster

7-Passenger Body $35 Extra

With a high-speed, economical, six cylinder engine of enormous power. Wheelbase, 127 inches Anti-skid tires on rear; complete equipment, including engine-driven tire pump; reversible headlights. New Mitchell Eight, $1450 f. o. b. Racine.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 62)

will bust me. I don't know as I ought to let you dig any deeper. Maybe I ought to accept some of the private business that's offered me—or go back to the force. I don't know."

"And give up? Just because a French waiter was batted on the bean? I've never stuck to anything in my life. I'm going to make a record; I'm going to stick to you till the Gray Ghost is caught."

"And suppose Brainerd is right? Suppose that all my dope is crazy and that there isn't any such person?"

"Then the drinks will be on you, Jerry. But that's a long time off—my being convinced that you've been wrong. You've shown it to me a hundred times; gone over crimes in minutest detail to prove that one brain conceived them all. I believe it and I'm with you till the bench breaks. As to money—I'll put ten thousand to the company's credit this very day. Does that encourage you? Now then, where do we stand to-day?"

"Same as yesterday; same as Tuesday; same as Monday. Jacques can't talk, and whoever the woman is—she don't make a sign."

"You're sure it is a woman, aren't you? Jacques wasn't deceiving you?"

Tryon unlocked a small safe. He drew out an envelope and extracted several pieces of paper from it.

"There they are," he said. "Tell me a woman didn't typewrite them! I know a woman's touch on a machine. And why should the little Frenchman deceive me?"

"I don't know," said Pelham vaguely. "I was merely figuring it out. But I don't suppose he would. No reason for his doing that."

"Didn't he—or she—make good?" demanded Tryon. "Here's the first note, dated three months ago. I remember the night Jacques handed it to me. I got a phone message to step into Bishop's that night and ask for table six. Tell me it wasn't a woman's voice! I know! I went there, wondering what the game was. The head waiter came to my table and asked me whether I was Mr. Tryon. I told him yes and he gave me this note.

"'Hay and Grain National, Chicago, to-night' was all it said. When I asked him to explain he shrugged his shoulders. He tells me that if I ask any questions I'll kill the goose that's laying golden eggs. I thought it was a josh of some sort till the next day, when I read in the morning papers that the Hay and Grain National Bank of Chicago had been looted the night before—looted right while I was trying to pump the little Frenchman! And looted, unless I'm the crazy guy the commish and others think me, by the Gray Ghost's gang! I know his work. He did it!

"And still Jacques won't explain. He says that if I try to make him tell it will result in my getting no more information. He said that I had been chosen to capture the Gray Ghost because of my well-known theories about him. He said that if I weren't content to work in the dark I'd be dropped quick. Well, you know how we reasoned it. If the party who sent that note to me knew of the Chicago affair before it happened, that party must have some great dope cooked up for me, and I'd get it sooner or later. And when Jacques tells me that any attempt to find out who's slipping him the info would cause all bets to be called off I give him my word not to try to find out. And I have always kept my word too.

"Here's the next note, dated eight weeks ago. 'Tielman's Automobile Factory, Detroit.' We know what happened there the very night this note was handed to me. The automobile place was busted into and the pay roll—amounting to almost two hundred thousand dollars—was taken.

"And then there was the Memphis affair and the Chattanooga matter. All of them Gray Ghost work or I'm a Dutchman! And each time the straight dope coming to me just about the time the stunt is pulled, too late for me to have it stopped. It wasn't Gray Ghost brag; I'm dead sure of that. It was somebody on the inside tipping me off merely to show she was reliable. That's what it was.

"Then, four weeks ago I get a line: 'New York next!' That's all. Two weeks ago Jacques hands me another note. 'Within a fortnight,' it said. Last Sunday night another said: 'During the coming week.' Monday morning someone telephones me and tells me to drop into Bishop's twice a day after this. That's all the voice said. I went up there Monday evening about six. Jacques hands me a note. 'By Thursday at the latest,' it says.

"I know better than to try to pump him, but I ask him if I'll be wanted again. I'd been there once before, at noon. He tells me no, but to keep in readiness. He says that the minute the time is ripe I'll get the whole works and I'll land the man I'm after.

"'The Gray Ghost,' says I.

"And for the first time he really slips me something himself. 'The writer of those notes, monsieur, without doubt has important knowledge that it is intended monsieur shall have. I advise monsieur to sleep in his office; not to leave it save for his trips up here, so as to be in readiness if the call comes.'

"It was a cinch that it was intended to pass me the good word before to-day. And then, that same night, Jacques is slugged and—I can get nothing. Can you wonder, with something big in readiness to be pulled—it must be big and the Gray Ghost himself must be in on it—that I feel like quitting? Never got a thing on him myself in the year you've been backing me. Spent my savings and made you dig into your roll. Ready to quit and admit I'm a sucker for thinking I can ever lay my hands on him, and then he's delivered into my clutches And then he slips out! For it's a cinch that the Gray Ghost tumbled to the double-cross being handed him and—Jacques is the one who has paid the penalty. Maybe the woman too. Oh, I'm a fool! I could have got some slick shadow to look after Jacques; I might have figured that no French waiter could hand the Gray Ghost the toss, with any woman to help him! But if I'd protected the little man

"Mr. Pelham, maybe I'm a nut after all. This evidence wouldn't make you think so, though, would it? This evidence makes it seem certain that there is a Gray Ghost and that I was on the way to land him. But now the little Frenchman is d. and o. I don't hear from the woman ——"

He stopped suddenly as the telephone rang. He leaped to the instrument and held the receiver to his ear. Pelham watched him. Over the ex-lieutenant's face came an expression of incredulity.

"And you'll give me complete charge? I'll be right over."

He slammed the telephone on the desk and turned to Pelham with eyes ablaze.

"It's Brainerd—the commissioner. The biggest thing that ever happened on Manhattan Island! The thing that I'd have squelched if the little Frenchman had played it safer."

"You mean the Gray Ghost ——"

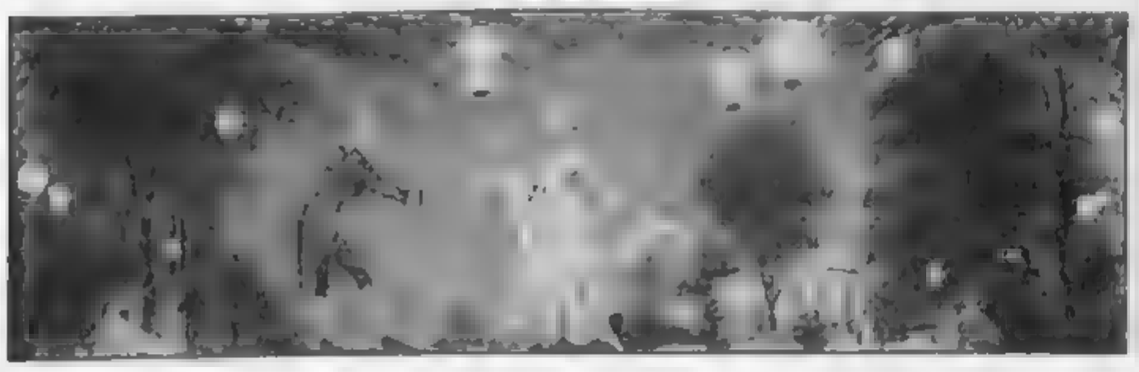
"Brainerd doesn't say so; but he says that he's agreeing with me at last! He says that no one but a genius could have pulled this trick. 'Call him the Gray Ghost or what you will,' he says to me. 'Come get him!' he says. 'If he isn't the Gray Ghost he might as well be, for he's done the biggest thing that ever was done.'

"Full powers over every detective on the Island he's given me. And all the earmarks of preparation, of organization, that have made the Gray Ghost what he is are there! And Brainerd has come to me!"

"But what's he done?" cried Pelham.

"Done?" cried Tryon. "Done! He's looted Arabin's—that's what he's done!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



What good is a face? The Significance of a Water-Mark!

Friends would be of little use if they couldn't recognize you.

You must be identified before you can cash a check.

A man who wears a mask has more than his face to conceal.

All of which has a lot to do with water-marks—the identifying feature of Bond paper.

Take the two sheets below

Hammermill Bond you know. Doubtless, you have used it and found it satisfactory. Anyway, you know it.

But the un-water-marked paper you do not know. Someone tells you it is just as good as Hammermill Bond, but you naturally retort, "If it is just as good, why does it conceal its identity?"

There is still another side to the matter.

Pretty nearly every printer in the country knows Hammermill Bond—most of the large consumers of paper use it. They know its strength, finish, colors and printing qualities. They would instantly detect the slightest lowering of quality.

That is your protection.

We would no more dream of robbing Hammermill Bond of its reputation for high quality than the president of your leading bank would dream of robbing a till.

To get down to details: Hammermill Bond is a paper of moderate cost which is so strong and well made that it is suitable for the most of your forms, price lists or other business printing jobs. It is made in twelve colors and white and in three finishes — Bond — Ripple — Linen.

Send for a Portfolio made up of specimen forms and samples pertaining to your particular business. These Portfolios have aided thousands to get better value in printing.

THIS WATER-MARK IS OUR WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Gasoline Economy

How it is affected by correct or incorrect body in lubricating oil.

Have you noticed this

Excessive consumption of lubricating oil is usually accompanied by excessive gasoline consumption.

The drawings below indicate how this waste occurs.

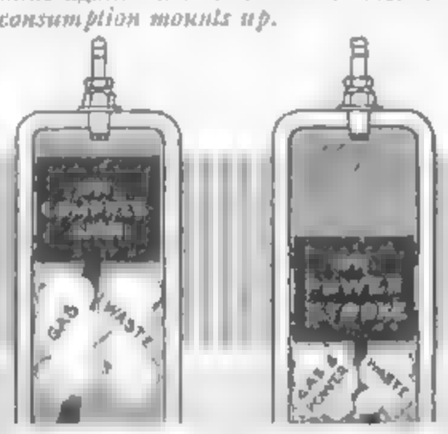
In each cylinder the space between the piston itself and the cylinder walls is usually termed the piston clearance.

Each piston is fitted with a number of rings which are free to expand and contract and are designed to fill this clearance.

If the *body* of your lubricating oil fails to seal the piston rings two things happen:

First: The oil rapidly works *up* past the piston rings into the combustion chamber. There it is burned with each explosion. Oil is used up rapidly. Excess carbon deposit results.

Second: With a poor piston ring seal, the gas mixture works *down* past the piston rings on each compression stroke. Gas goes to waste. On the power stroke the exploding fuel charge also works down past the piston rings. Gasoline again wastes. Power is lost. *Gas consumption mounts up.*



Gasoline economy and full power both demand oil which correctly seals the piston rings in your motor.

The design and composition of the pistons, the piston clearance and the number, construction and fit of the piston rings as well as the type of lubricating system employed vary in different cars.

Different cars, therefore, demand oils of different body.

In the Lubrication Chart on the right, which represents our professional advice, you will find specified the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for your car—the oil which assures a proper piston ring seal.

In use you will find that this oil will maintain full compression and prevent the escape of the expanding gases on the power stroke, thus assuring—

Gasoline Economy
Power Economy
Oil Economy—and
Preventing the formation of carbon deposits.

If your car is not listed, a copy of our complete Chart of Recommendation will be sent you on request.

An Economical Demonstration

It will probably cost you less than $1.00 to fill your crank case with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. You can then watch the results for yourself.

GARGOYLE

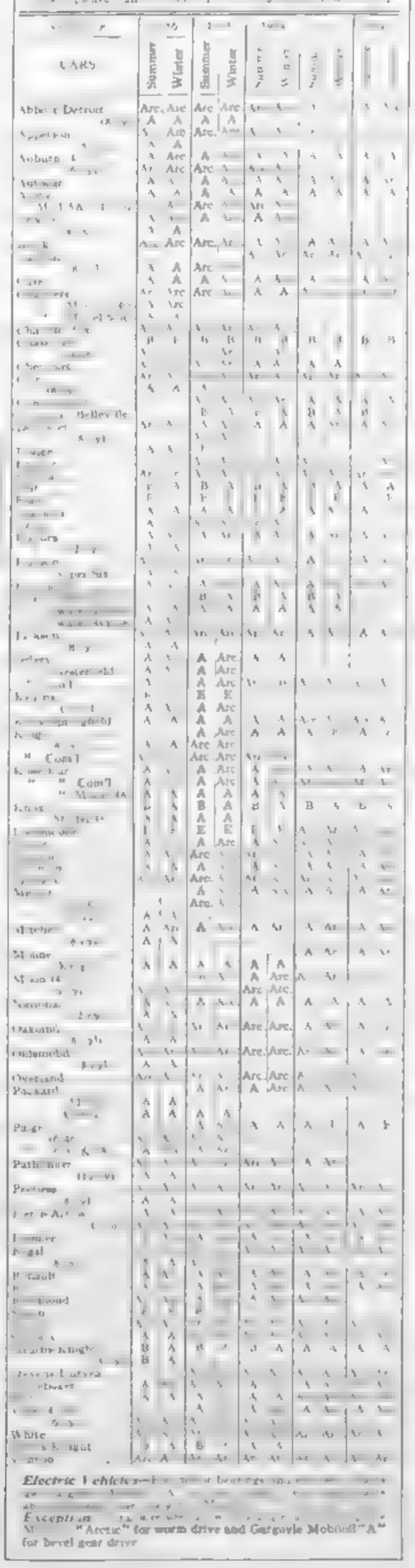
Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"



Exceptions: "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches:

SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA

(Continued from Page 22)

And in the course of time I returned to Phoenix, having arranged the details with my hirelings. In all there were ten hirelings and every one in excellent condition, which means they were flat broke and anxious to connect with the pay car at Tom Boyle's place. I conferred at length with a lean and murderous-looking party named Joe, which was all the name he had and plenty for our purposes. To him I delegated powers of lieutenancy. Joe was to personally represent me and have charge of one group, while another person, called Myers, would command the second group. Myers, I was told, had once been foreman in a Mexican silver mine, where he acquired habits of abruptness and brutality.

In due time this little expeditionary army blew into Phoenix in driblets. Joe came in unobtrusively on a freight train and brought three hollow-eyed and unshaved men out to my ranch, where I hid them in the cellar and surrounded them with beer and canned sardines. Myers, the Mexican shorthorn, appeared later, bringing more reserves; and they joined the cellar squad. It was seemly that the outfit of strangers should remain hidden until the right moment; but that was not a difficult thing to bring about. I could have kept that horde of assassins for weeks by sending down crackers and bottled goods.

Then along comes the afternoon of the bright day on which the Occidental ball occurred, and the flower shops began sending out decorations by the truckload. All that week Hannibal Gregg's ranch had been littered up by costumers and Oriental drapery designers—which, when you think of it, is a mighty queer how-d'you-do on an Arizona ranch.

The road from Phoenix to Cahuenga runs north over the Maple Pass. It is a nice desolate road, fit for subterfuges and crime; and nobody travels it, because the trains are faster and automobiles can't hang on in the narrow spots. On a horse you can make it slowly; but nobody in Arizona rides a horse these days except the movie directors—and they do it so they can wear puttees in the restaurants. About ten miles north of Camel-back is a gully, which was put there by a glacier some nine million years ago; and I should judge offhand that the glacier knew I'd be along in time, with my Hessians and my scheme.

There was a stone house in the gully, hidden from the road and full of damp odors. Its windows had long gone the fragile way of glass and its doors hung precariously by broken hinges. It was a nice, secluded place for an abduction or a crime requiring the absence of the general public; and that's why I picked it.

That afternoon I held a short consultation with the Reverend Angus Lovell, of Phoenix, a mild-mannered young fellow who had come to Arizona for his health and was now engaged in running a one-room wooden church up to a cathedral. He had known me and Hannibal since his advent and came round in a friendly way for contributions, though he probably regarded us both as too steeped in sin to be worth saving. I conversed with him over the telephone, pretending I was a stranger, and offered him fifteen dollars to take a job of marrying.

"What name?" he asked politely.

"William Anderson, of Peterboro," I lied; "and I'm going to depend on you because I'm told you're a man of your word. If you say you'll be there I know you will."

"Don't worry about that. I'll be there," he answered. "What time?"

"About eight o'clock. Take the north road through the Pass and we'll meet you. You won't mind if we have a little dance afterward, will you?"

He laughed and promised again; so I knew there was nothing to worry over. I create no commence when I say that a parson's life in Phoenix is not a mad tumult of incessant excitement.

The Occidental Hotel ball was supposed to ease into its stride toward ten o'clock in the evening, and I knew where hands could be laid on Hannibal Gregg up to that hour. He would unquestionably be hiding in his own home, and hired persons would be dressing him in the shameless habiliments in which he would later cavort. Likewise I had figured out Myra's probable maneuvers, and, even if the two principal characters failed to be where I thought they'd be, we should have got them anyhow.

Early in the evening a stranger drove up to the Lee house, on Central Avenue, and took off his hat. Myra walked across the lawn on her way from the greenhouse and the man hailed her. It was Myers, of course; and when she turned in surprise he handed her the news at once. Hannibal Gregg had met with an accident out toward the Pass, and would she please hurry? Myra never said a word. She came without a hat; and when the car started her only question was whether Hannibal was badly hurt. Myers growled at her and she subsided.

Half an hour later Myers reached the Pass and slowed up the car. Myra looked about her in the darkness and stepped out. Then she realized something was wrong; and when she started to run Myers caught her with difficulty. She fought like a little fury for a few minutes; but Myers frightened her into silence and they bound her up and tied her to a horse. Then they started for the stone house in the gully, where I was patiently waiting and smoking myself into a ring of cigarette butts.

An hour afterward an excited individual rushed up to Hannibal's front door and burst in with the news.

"Miss Lee sent word ——" he announced. "She's been hurt in an auto accident, and ——"

"Where?" roared Hannibal.

The messenger of ill tidings was none other than Joe, the Tucson hairless mystery. Hannibal had dashed downstairs from the hands of his embalmers, and at the moment he was clad in a pair of white tights and slippers with curled-up toes. He came as he was. Joe had gone in on a hired machine, but Hannibal's mind turned to speed and he knew what his own car could do. He and Joe came out toward Maple Pass at what might be called a harrowing rate of speed, and Joe wasn't bothered with questions because of the blast.

Joe's men met Hannibal in the darkness and six adults hit Hannibal at once. I suggested six because of the victim's bulk; and before they got him down and tied up, he had mauled all six. They laid him on a horse and started through the dark; and I heard afterward that the horse's hide was seared where Hannibal cursed against it.

Then the situation began to lope along toward where I was reposing, which was a mighty uncomfortable place. I desired, as Hannibal's friend and rescuer, to participate in his long-deferred joy, but not ostentatiously. I wanted to witness his triumph, but from some obscure point; and so I found a space about my size between the rafters of the old ruin and the ceiling, under which the drama of the night would be enacted.

It must have been ten o'clock when I heard the first party coming. I threw away my cigarette and climbed up to my refuge, because it was no part of my plan to have Myra see me. She stumbled into the room, still bound, and glared defiantly at her captors, all of whom wore masks made of black cloth. They also carried guns and knives on prominent parts of their persons, and they were undoubtedly a bloodthirsty-looking set. No wonder the poor girl was frightened. So far, it looked to her as though she was being kidnaped, which was more or less correct.

It was also necessary to throw a slight shock into the placid system of the Reverend Angus Lovell, which was done on schedule time. He was met on the road, as he expected to be, and was urged to shut his mouth and obey orders, on pain of being shot through some of his most valued insides. He obeyed with alacrity and came on, superintended by a hairy villain who tried to borrow a chew of tobacco from the dominie, in spite of their relations.

So the little comedy slipped on down toward its natural conclusion. Myra sat on a chair, with her arms tied behind her, trying to keep her lower lip from trembling; and I will admit that a shiver of remorse ran through me. It was nasty medicine; but she had overplayed the waiting game, besides making a sucker out of Hannibal Gregg. I lay upstairs on a peculiarly painful two-by-four and stared through a hole in the ceiling. My further active participation was unnecessary. Myers and Hairless Joe were in command, and I knew they would carry everything through in order to qualify for the pay window.

(Continued on Page 69)

REPUBLIC TRUCKS

INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE

Here Is a Real Truck—Not a Converted Chassis

Model "F," specially designed for light service, has been adopted for general utility by thousands of users because of its unusual capacity. It handles all loads of its rating, ¾-ton, with the utmost ease and flexibility—and when necessary it is equally capable of carrying *excess loads* without undue strain. Because it is *over*-powered—*over*-axled—with nickel steel construction with bearings 50% *over*-size—with deep-channeled pressed steel frame, it is equal to *any* strain to which a general utility truck will ever be subjected. This is *true* truck economy. Backed by our 14 years' experience in truck building.

$995
Express Body Included

Match These Specifications at $995 If You Can!

Powerful Continental long stroke Truck Motor, 3½ x 5. 10-face dry disc clutch. Bosch magneto, Stromberg carburetor, Detroit springs, Firestone tires. 124-inch wheelbase. Deep-channeled pressed steel frame. Every supporting part of the truck a forging or pressed steel. *Not a casting used in Republic construction.* Called the Nickel Steel Truck because of the liberal use of this toughest of all truck material at every point of excessive strain. Nickel steel has six times the life of ordinary steel. Six times the resistance to crystallization, and to twisting and bending stress.

Torbensen Internal Gear Drive Axle

You get *this* in Republic Model F at $995. Heat-treated drop-forged I beam and vanadium spindles, unqualifiedly guaranteed not to wear out or break during the life of the truck. Gold bond guaranty certificate issued to every purchaser. European Governments practically *demand* Internal Gear Drive in truck classes. Truck lessons of the war prove their wisdom.

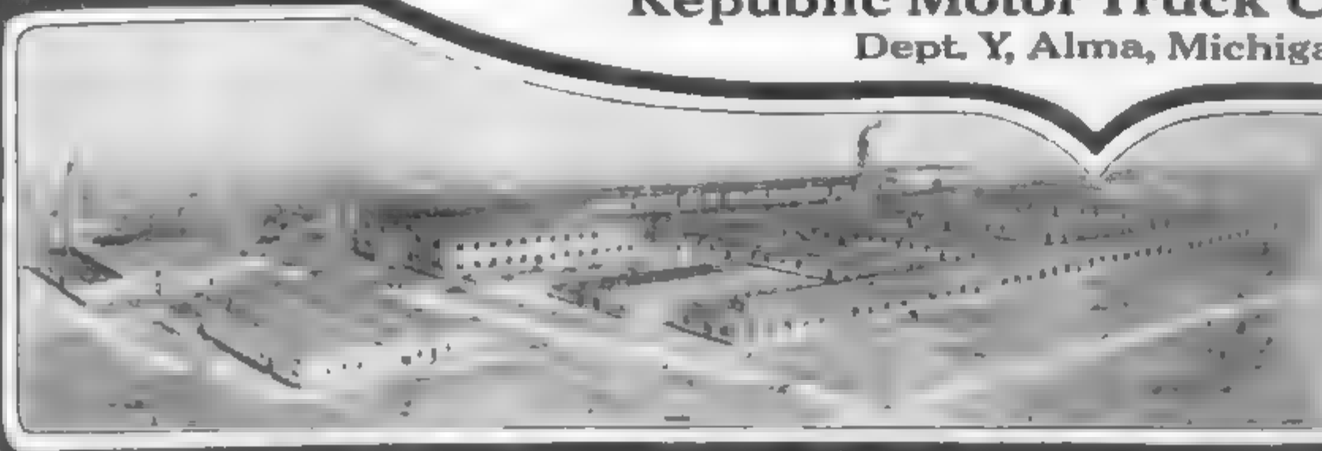
Five Truck Manufacturers Give Up Their Models for Republics

Five truck manufacturers have discontinued their own models to distribute the Republic. The demand has built the largest factory exclusively devoted to motor trucks. It has increased output tenfold in the last two years. It has brought us dealers and service stations in over 300 principal cities—in every state in the Union—in 11 foreign countries. We are now making thirty trucks per day—the output constantly increasing. Three other models complete our line: E, one ton, $1275. A, two ton, $1675. T, three-ton Republic Dreadnaught, $2550. Write for illustrations and full description of the model you are interested in.

Internal Gears made integral with the hubs apply power to wheels themselves at a distance from center, giving great leverage and direct power application

Truck dealers in open territory are invited to write for the Republic proposition.

Republic Motor Truck Company
Dept. Y, Alma, Michigan



Largest Factory in the World Exclusively Devoted to Motor Trucks

Republic Motor Truck Company's Factory at Alma, Michigan, U. S. A.

SAXON

Strength Economy Service

Letters from Saxon Roadster owners to *any prospective* motor car buyer

How can you tell which is the top place car in its class? Not alone by its looks. Nor by unsupported claims. Nor by occasional praise heard here and there. The safest scale by which to measure motor car merit is the testimony of owners after months of use and miles of tests.

Power on mountain grades

We were greatly surprised with the stunts performed by the Saxon Four which we drove from Uniontown, Pennsylvania, to our home in Brave, Pennsylvania. Not once during the trip were we compelled to shift to low gear. After leaving the macadam roads we encountered clay roads covered with three inches of mud, which in turn was covered with several inches of snow. Soon it began to snow with a high wind blowing head on, but our sturdy Saxon never even hesitated. At times the ice and mud would freeze on the fenders until it scraped the tires. Under these conditions we took hills in second speed that I have seen cars with a third more horse-power take in low with the roads dry. I don't see where the prospective buyer will find its equal in value in the American market.

M. H. KEENER, Brave, Pennsylvania

7,360 miles for $24.20

I have driven one of your Saxon roadsters 7,360 miles and have used 200 gallons of gasoline, 10 gallons of cylinder oil and 2 gallons of transmission oil at a total cost of $24.20 for operating expense. This is a mere trifle compared to the operating of other cars which I have driven for the same purpose—to say nothing of the additional tire expense on larger cars.

I made 3,200 miles with the Saxon before having the first puncture. The motor has given me no trouble whatever. It has its first time to refuse to start, has never stopped while in use and sounds the same as it did the day I got it. The car is a wonder. It will go any place that any car will go regardless of cost.

T. E. MEANS, New St. Bernice, Ind.

33 miles to the gallon

Gentlemen: The Saxon Roadster is the best car in the world. Altho this is a hilly country and very bad roads I never get less than 33 miles to the gallon of gasoline. Last Wednesday I took a 17-mile trip and was astonished to find that I had only used 3 pints of gasoline.

CHAS. M. COOPER, Flemingsburg, Ky.

10,000 miles good service

I have driven one of your roadsters about 10,000 miles and it is to-day giving me as good service and is in as good running order as it was when new.

J. D. BAILEY, Whitwell, Tenn.

250 miles on 7 gals. gas

In a recent trip to Ballinger, Texas, which is 250 miles distant from Austin, over very rough and in many places muddy roads, I consumed a net gallonage of a little over seven gallons of gas and one gallon and three pints of oil. I frequently make trips to Mendoza, a little over twenty-two miles from Austin, and I consume less than two gallons of gas and about 1 quart of oil for this trip. I do not think any car on the market can show such results.

BROOKS HAYNIE, Austin, Texas

Cool on 9-mile hill

I purchased one of your machines in Portland, Oregon, and drove 450 miles to my home in Weiser, Idaho. One point of the machine that is especially commendable is the cooling system. The average gasoline consumption for the entire trip was 34 miles per gallon and I had to climb over three mountain ranges. Climbed the famous nine-mile hill on the west side of the Blue Mountain range (all on low) and not once did the water in the radiator reach the boiling point, a cooling feat that could scarcely be equalled—much less excelled—by any other car.

R. A. CROSS, Weiser, Idaho

9,000 miles without a broken part

On my longest trip I averaged 33 miles to the gallon of gasoline and seldom had to change gears even though part of the way was through sandy roads. Incidentally I drove my first Saxon 9,000 miles without having to replace a single part. I consider this some record.

SAMUEL S. DUNLAP, Columbus, Ohio

20 miles from a gallon

I bought my Saxon Roadster about December 1st. I think the Saxon car is the only car. I made a trip some time ago of 102 miles in 5 hours and 15 minutes. The entire trip was through steep hills and heavy mud and sand. I used one pint of oil and a little less than 5 gallons of gasoline.

W. T. MOORE, Corrigan, Texas

8,000 miles and no trouble

My car has been driven over 8,000 miles and is good for as many more. The engine is doing nice work and gives me no trouble. If anyone wants to know what the Saxon Roadster will do, refer them to me.

Rev. HARRY A. ELIASON, Sprakers, N.Y.

Saxon is best buy

I have driven my Saxon roadster for two years and still average 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline. I have only one objection to this—I can't join the army of kickers on high price gasoline. I certainly haven't any kick to make.

Personally I think the Saxon is the best buy on the market.

J. W. ARMSTRONG, Washington, Ga.

Only 20 cents for repairs

We own two Saxons and the only objection we have to offer is the cost of upkeep. For example on the roadster, we have owned it six months and have already had to dig up Twenty Cents for repairs. In our opinion the Saxon is the ideal car.

U. S. VAN TURYL, Middletown, Ind.

380 miles for $1.95

The more I drive the Saxon the better I like it. Last week I made a 380-mile trip with it at an actual expense of $1.95.

H. C. SHULTZ, Concordia, Kans.

"Six" Touring Car	*$815*
"Six" Roadster	*815*
"Four" Roadster	*395*
Delivery Car	*395*

Canadian Prices, f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario: Standard equipped "six," $1115; detachable top, $200; standard equipped "four" roadster, $530; electric equipment, $70; detachable top, $75. Write for interesting booklet "Saxon Days." Address, Dept. C.

Saxon Motor Car Co., Detroit

The Saxon Motor Car Company does not announce yearly models (455)

26% More Light
No Glare

Here at last is a wonderful new headlight lens that gives you 26% more light—positively NO GLARE. Light beams never more than 42 inches above the road at any distance from car—so you get the light where you want it!

Daylight Conditions for Night Driving

Legalite, the new headlight lens, gives you daylight conditions for night driving. Fog cannot be penetrated by glare, but is clouded by beams from ordinary lenses. Legalite cuts through fog.

LEGALITE

Legalite is the lens that Ford adopted for its 1927 models. Send for booklet.

Send for Booklet

Legal to Corporation
121 Boylston St.
Boston, Mass.

Please send me a new free book

Legalite Corporation
121 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

DISTRIBUTORS, JOBBERS, DEALERS
Write for returnable sample offer

Name

Address

Name of Dealer

Few People Know

that the largest club in the world is composed entirely of girls.

It was formed "with one idea: to make money," and its members through it have earned hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Any girl may join. There are no dues and no entrance fee. The doings of the girls are chronicled in a little magazine sent free to members. Let me tell you about it. Address

Manager, The Girls' Club
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Continued from Page 66

Hannibal and his convoy arrived a trifle late and were not a joyous spectacle when they did appear. Hannibal had covered his white tights with a raincoat, which flapped dismally in the night air, disclosing his curled-up slippers and his doleful legs. I swapped myself one silent chuckle when he came in. I reflected that the punishment fitted the crime, and that if I was causing him mental agony I was also keeping him from exposing his somewhat crude person before a lot of strange ladies in the Occidental Hotel ballroom.

Thereafter ensued silence, broken by an occasional sob from Myra. Hannibal was full of effervescing conversation, which was kept in him by Myers and Joe. They told him to keep his face shut and nudged him with the nozzle of a gun to emphasize their commands. Meantime I lay on my valued stomach above the little scene and wondered what had become of the Reverend Angus Lovell and party.

They came at length. Mr. Lovell was the color of a codfish that has lain in the sun. Myers turned up the smoking lamp, and I gazed down on a setting that will not be repeated in Arizona or elsewhere for some years to come. Hannibal sat on an upturned beer keg, winding and unwinding his raincoat about his long legs and straining at his bonds. Myra, pale and shivering, occupied a broken chair in the opposite corner. Mr. Lovell leaned against the wall and tried to keep his teeth from chattering, and Hairless Joe, with two guns in his fists, walked about and gave orders. When the light went up Mr. Lovell saw Hannibal and Myra, and for a moment the fear went out of his face and amazed stupefaction succeeded. I supposed the frightened clergyman was surprised to find that he was called to marry two such prominent citizens. That's what I supposed at the time; but I was a little in error.

"Might I ask," trembled Mr. Lovell, "why I am brought here forcibly, and ——"

"I'll tell you all you need to know in a few words," interrupted Myers, the Mexican mantamer. "You are here to marry this man to this woman. He may not want to marry her. She may not want to marry him. And you may not want to marry them. But we're here to see that it is done; and anybody who tries to stop us won't see to-morrow. It means they leave here married or dead. Is that plain?"

"Look here!" Hannibal shouted. "You can't ——"

"Shut your head!" Myers growled.

Then he turned to Mr. Lovell.

"Everything's ready," he said. "Tie the knot, and tie it quick!"

"It is impossible," Hannibal protested. "We don't want ——"

"Another word from you and I'm going to hit you right on the head with this!" Myers answered, holding out his gun by the barrel.

Hannibal subsided.

"Oh!" That was Myra's only contribution to the conversation, but it meant a lot.

Mr. Lovell was anxious to obey. His book trembled as he raised it and his lips trembled too; but he started in, with as black an audience as he will ever have, to unite two loving souls. Scowling faces confronted him. Gleaming eyes peered through slits in black masks, and guns glistened. He began in a low, shaky voice, and got to the point where Hannibal says: "I do." Hannibal said it, too, swallowing hard.

"Do you take this man?" the dominie inquired of Myra, whose face was as white as his own.

She was beyond words, but she nodded and sank back.

"Then I pronounce you," said Mr. Lovell—and under the guns he pronounced them what I had long and earnestly yearned to have them be—"man and wife."

After this, Myers and Hairless Joe made a little speech of instruction to Hannibal and Myra.

"You will stay here one hour," they said. "After that your actions do not interest us. But if either one of you stirs from this room until one hour has passed you won't get farther than the door."

"As for you," added Hairless Joe to Mr. Lovell, "you come with me."

The minister put his book in his pocket and turned away with the expression of a man who has feared the worst and now knows it. He probably expected to be shot and buried in a deserted well.

One by one the silent desperadoes moved out into the night. Noiselessly they disappeared; and after tying Hannibal and

The "Chesterfield" *Extra-Thin* Watch for Gentlemen

for Graduation
—the watch that wears the purple

GRADUATION is the one event of a young person's life most worthy of remembrance—and no other token is so appropriate as a South Bend Watch.

The Graduate's years of study, his education and training have all aimed to make *accuracy*—in thought and action—a part of his very being.

A South Bend Watch, with its *life-long accuracy*, is a significant gift which will aid him in carrying this spirit into every phase of his business and social life.

South Bend Watches

The handsome appearance and high quality of South Bend Watches make them welcome gifts, which evidence the discriminating taste of the giver.

In jewelers' stores and windows, South Bend Watches can be easily identified by their bands of Purple Ribbon. Prices, $16.00 to $100.00.

Ask to see the new 19-jewel *Extra-Thin* model; it includes several features never before built into a watch selling for $27.50.

May we send you our catalog?

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
16 Studebaker Street
South Bend, Ind.

The Partner's Mistake

"We're cleaned out!

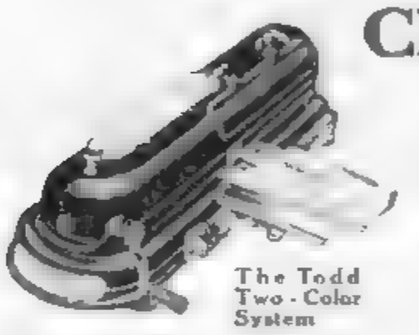
—Just because you wouldn't let me buy that Protectograph Check Writer."

"But we write so few checks, I thought—"

"Well, this ONE raised check was enough to wipe out all the money we had in the bank—and it hurts our credit besides. And to think that just a few dollars would have saved us."

Protectograph

Check Writer (Todd Patents)



The Todd Two-Color System

Writes and protects the full amount in the body of the check, draft, or other negotiable instrument, exact to the penny, in two vivid colors, all at one operation. A complete word to each stroke of the handle.

Each character is "shredded" through the paper, and insoluble ink forced through the shreds (the basic and exclusive Todd patent, which is the foundation of the entire check-protecting art). The *only* Protectograph is the Todd Protectograph. The word Protectograph is our registered trade mark.

Price (if purchased before the present stock is exhausted) **$35.** Due to rising cost of all materials, price must be advanced shortly to **$40.**

✦✦✦FIFTEEN DOLLARS TWENTY SEVEN CENTS

(Amount words in red—Denominations in black)

Used by nearly 500 000 satisfied purchasers, including U. S. Treasury, probably 95 per cent of commercial banks, and hundreds of thousands of conservative business houses in all lines. The Protectograph System has never failed to protect the signature of its user.

When you buy a Check Writer with the name of Todd upon it, you are certain of getting an instrument that represents the last word in the development of protection, speed, serviceability, and backed with the most liberal guarantee of lasting satisfaction. We have never rendered a bill to any original purchaser for ordinary replacements or repairs

PEERLESS CHECK WRITER—now added to our line—**$35.**

PROTOD CHECKS AND DRAFTS—made only for users of the Protectograph and Peerless machines. Each check on special Chemical-Fibre PROTOD Protective paper, registered and safeguarded like U. S. Bank notes. Forgery-proof. Write for samples and prices.

The Famous Old "Not Over" Protectograph

Check raising is getting to be as common as shoplifting. It happens every day, somewhere, everywhere. If all the raised-check cases were allowed to get in the newspapers, where all business men could see them, there would be Five Million Todd Machines in use to-day, instead of about 500,000. Are you one of the unprotected who are carrying *all* the risk? **Ask us to send our Confidential Book on Check Raising by a world-famous detective, and samples of Protectograph Check Writing.**

Letterhead showing responsible business connection must accompany request for confidential book.

TODD PROTECTOGRAPH CO., 1144 University Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

Established 1899 *World's Largest Makers of Check Protecting Devices*

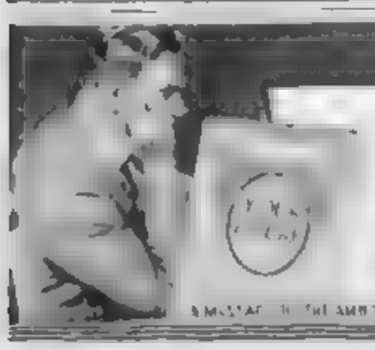
YOUR HEAD *or* YOUR HANDS

You can make a living with either, but there'll be a big difference in the living. The manual laborer may earn $2.00 a day. The salesman—a headworker—earns $10.00 a day.

Subscription Representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are headworkers—salesmen. Many of them make more than $10.00 a day. Even in their spare time scores of them earn $50.00 or more a month.

Would you like to coin your spare hours or full time into dollars? We can offer you a position as our local representative—on salary and commission.

Agency Division, Box 410 **The Curtis Publishing Company** Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



$100.00 EARNED BY YOUNG ARTIST IN 2 DAYS

Commercial artists practically trained by members of our faculty have earned $100 in two days, often more.

High Authorities Endorse This Great Course

Earn from $25 to $75 per week. Become a Commercial Designer—uncrowded field dignified profession. Learn to draw during your spare time by our home study method. Easy to learn, easy to apply. Send [illegible]

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL DESIGNING, Inc.
28 Warner Building Minneapolis, Minn.

Myra to a couple of posts, in such a manner that they could work free in time, Hairless Joe and Myers departed, taking Mr. Lovell along. The job was over and the wedded ones were left in sole possession of the room.

Meantime I was wearing ruts into my anatomy which would remain for hours. I figured that after the first fright had worn away the bride and groom would begin to see the happy side of the adventure. Fear would give way to gladness; and after it had smoothed out I would probably pop down from my hiding place and confess that I had done the whole thing.

Of course I intended to wait till the proper moment. I had no idea of bursting down prematurely on a bridal scene. As it turned out, I didn't burst anywhere at all. I remained on the two-by-four. If I had only known, I was probably the most completely nonbursting citizen in Arizona; and as time wore on it occurred to me that something was seriously wrong.

Myra was weeping frenziedly; and Hannibal, regardless of his bride, indulged in brief spasms of language not generally associated with incipient honeymoons. I lay there and listened in a pained attitude, and getting more and more surprised as time wore on and the happy stuff failed to materialize.

By all rights, Hannibal should have been tickled to death, no matter how Myra felt about it. I expected most anything from her, but only joy from him. Instead, he was foaming like a barrel of sour cider.

Finally he worked loose from his bonds and freed his bride. I was beginning to ache in thirty-nine places and my back was slowly going numb on me, but I preferred where I was to a position immediately in front of Hannibal. He was most horribly annoyed.

"It'll certainly be in the newspapers!" he groaned.

Why not? Why shouldn't the marriage of society celebrities be in the papers? In order to make sure I had written all the editors early in the evening and the glad news would reach them in the morning, though I left some of the details out.

"And mother—mother will never forgive us!" Myra said bitterly, as though something was Hannibal's fault. "No matter what we say to her, the harm has been done. I cannot understand it! Why why in heaven's name did this happen in this way?"

Hannibal remained silent and in thought.

"At first," he said slowly, "it looked to me like a plain case of kidnaping for money. They wanted no money. They wanted nothing but this marriage. If they have gone away, and if we are free to leave here in an hour, there is only one answer."

"What?" his bride asked.

"Luke!" Hannibal replied; and I thought at the time that I didn't like the tone.

There was further silence.

"Do you think ——" Myra started.

"I don't know what to think; but this has knocked all our plans to bits. There is only one colossal and blundering ass in the world who is big-enough fool to have done this—and that's Luke. I certainly would like to see him for a few moments."

I moved back about three inches, which were all the inches available. More and more, as time wore on, I felt the necessity of breathing with as little noise as possible. I was about twelve feet away from Hannibal, and in his eyes was a gleam that in no way resembled the word welcome.

"It has ruined everything!" Myra exclaimed, bursting into a fresh flood. "I can't answer for what mother will ——"

"Let's forget mother for a while," her husband suggested. "The damage has been done. If you had done as I said in the beginning all this would have been avoided."

Now and then he ventured to the door, which swung on a single broken hinge; but his bride restrained him, fearing for his life. It was plain that they cared for each other; but I wasn't happy. And I had definitely postponed rushing up with the extended hand of congratulation. Not for little Luke Spangler—in good health!

Finally they left, looking uneasily about them before setting out into the night. I could hear them clambering over the rocks in the darkness. And when all sounds had ceased, and the valley was again in silence, I removed the scantlings from the corrugations they had worn in me and crawled down to earth. And I will frankly state that, at this point, I did not understand. My scheme had gone through, but there was no joy anywhere apparent. I had united two loving souls in holy wedlock and you would think by their conversation that I had poisoned the family well! I crept out of the house and decided to stay out of the way until the air cleared.

At noon the following day the newspapers published a special edition full of excitement and headlines, giving some of the horrendous details of the most atrocious incident that had ever upset Phoenix society; and five minutes later Hannibal Gregg, now divested of his white tights, drove up my lane and stopped at the porch. I know this because I saw him from behind a rock fifty yards away. He went in and my servant informed him that Mr. Spangler was not at home. Hannibal came out and I noticed his expression. He drove away; and it was then that I got out my little car and filled her full of gasoline. I saw that she had plenty of lubricating oil and that the tires were full. I climbed in, after a word with my man, and oozed down the drive and into the road, turning in the direction diametrically opposite to that taken by Hannibal Gregg.

Two miles away from my ranch I observed in the distance a tall, black figure; and, as I whizzed on, I recognized the Reverend Angus Lovell. He was coming in from his house and carrying in his hand a copy of the day's newspaper. He hailed me.

"Did you hear about it?" he demanded in the proud and excited tones of one who has participated in an event.

"What?" I asked.

"Hannibal Gregg and Myra Lee were kidnaped last night by a band of ruffians and were married by force. I was the minister. They surrounded us with guns and threatened to kill us all; so I naturally married them. Here's my photograph." He held up the paper.

"Astounding!" I said, inwardly calm.

"I can't tell you all the horrible details now, because I'm in a hurry; but it was wholly remarkable. As a result, Miss Lee's mother may disinherit her, disown her, and refuse ever again to see her. The mother, I may say, has always been the stumbling-block."

"I thought Mrs. Lee liked Hannibal," I said gloomily, fingering my throttle, for I was anxious to be gone.

"She does, in a way," said the officiating clergyman; "but she forbade Myra to marry until she was twenty-one, and now she refuses to believe the kidnaping story."

"That marriage didn't seem to make a whaling hit with anybody," I went on, more morose than ever.

"Of course it didn't!" he said brightly. "It simply smashed all their plans—because now the first marriage is exposed —"

"The first marriage!" I yelled. "What first marriage?"

The Reverend Angus crow-hopped a few feet, being considerably startled by the vigor of my inquiry.

"You—you didn't read the paper carefully," said he.

"Man alive, I didn't read it at all! Whose first marriage?"

"Myra Lee and Hannibal Gregg were married over seven months ago. She has been his wife all the time, but they were keeping it secret on account of her mother. I ought to know, because I married them myself."

Hannibal Gregg, who told me he wanted to use marriage as a cure for clothes and conduct, had been wedded for seven months and then let 'em bill him for the Cleopatra Vision and the Mexican Sun Dance! It didn't work, and he hadn't had the nerve to tell me. . . . Of such is feeble clay!

I don't know how long I sat there looking the Reverend Angus Lovell in the face, but after a while I remembered that I was possessed of a lot of nice new gasoline which had never been used and a feverish desire to leave that part of the country; so I stepped on the cat's tail and left Mr. Lovell standing in the road, with his mouth thoughtfully ajar.

I have told you what I accomplished in my sole and only encounter with Hymen; I also give you my paralyzed word of honor that I am through with helping people to happiness by the marriage route. You also understand what I meant when I said that all my friends are welcome to the Luke Spangler hacienda on the hill—all except Hannibal Gregg.

Maybe the soothing hand of Time has allayed his wild rage; maybe not. I expect to find out as soon as the news gets round that there's smoke once more in my chimneys up toward Camel-back Mountain.

The High Price of Gasoline is Only an Item Compared with Your Excess Tire Cost

IT IS interesting to see the whole thing worked out in figures.

The United States Census Bureau reports the yearly production of tires in this country as worth $146,411,692.

A recent investigation by a well-known authority, of tire mileage on forty different makes of car, shows that the average service to the set of tires is less than 4,750 miles.

The Franklin Car delivered to its owners last year an average of *9,630 miles* to the set of tires.

If the average car were designed to give the public the same tire mileage as the Franklin Car, the motorists of America would save from their tire bills not less than Seventy-two Million Dollars a year.

The whole fact of the matter is that the average tire never gets a chance to live out its normal life.

It is pounded out of service by road shock.

Roads are rough.

Every rut causes a side blow.

Every change in the speed of a car throws strain on the tires.

The car lacks flexibility. It hammers its dead weight down on the tire—and these blows, delivered to the tire through the rigid construction of the car, bruise the rubber and the tire fabric.

Everywhere in engineering circles the Franklin is known as the car of scientific light weight and flexibility.

Its wood frame, its full elliptic springs, its rear axle drive through the springs, its freedom from torque and strut rods—every unit is constructed to cushion road shock.

Here is a demonstration of a Franklin discovery that is attracting the attention of the engineering world. The photograph shows the experiment conducted before the Engineering Students at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. The *diagonal front and rear wheels* were run upon blocks of wood *one foot in height*. The spark plugs were removed from the motor and the engine *turned over freely by hand*, showing the absolute elimination of distortion and strain in the drive line, which *Franklin flexibility* makes possible even under the most strenuous road conditions. Notice that the body is in an entirely horizontal position. All the distortion is taken up in the *springs, the flexible frame* and the *supports* of the various mechanical units.

The result is long life for the Franklin Car—

An easy riding quality never equalled—

Twenty miles to the gallon of gasoline and a tire mileage for the Franklin owner that is double what the average motorist gets.

Why should a motorist get only twelve miles from a gallon of gasoline, buy a new set of tires every four thousand miles and a new car every year?

Here and there various solutions are proposed—including Congressional action to make the price of gasoline suit everybody.

To the practical minded man we say this:—

This is a personal matter for your individual action.

Go to the Franklin dealer and get him to show you the saving in operating costs of the Franklin in comparison with any other car in America or Europe—no matter what the price of gasoline or what the price of tires.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Roadster—$1900, F. O. B Syracuse, N.Y. Actual Scale Weight, 2560 pounds

Touring Car—$1950, F.O.B. Syracuse, N.Y. Actual Scale Weight, 2680 pounds.

As a further demonstration of what *Franklin flexibility* means in driving over *rough roads*, here is the Franklin Car being driven by W. F. Lentz, over the *bare ties* of the *Boy Shore Trestle* at Norfolk, Virginia—nine hundred feet long, twenty-four feet above the ground level and with a six per cent. grade at each end. The Franklin *tire mileage* would be impossible if it were not for the Franklin *flexibility*. The Franklin chassis is not trussed and tied and held rigid. *Road shocks cannot reach the passengers.* They are dissipated by the *full elliptic springs* and the Franklin *flexible construction.*

Can Your Car Do This?

This car, under its own power, climbed an open Jack Knife bridge in Chicago.

This extraordinary feat is possible only on account of the Stewart Vacuum System, with which the car was equipped.

A car without one could not do it.

With the old gravity system of gasoline feed, your car is dead whenever your carburetor is higher than your gasoline tank.

The pressure system requires endless bothersome hand pumping and constant attention—and when most needed it often fails.

Every car equipped with a Stewart Vacuum System is absolutely sure of a perfect, positive and automatic flow of gasoline to the carburetor under all conditions.

The Stewart Vacuum System will also save from 10% to 20% on gasoline bills, which is a big factor nowadays.

It is used by over 60% of all car manufacturers as standard equipment.

See that the Stewart Vacuum System is on the next car that you buy.

If you are not going to buy a new car this year, bring your old car up to date by installing a Stewart Vacuum System.

It can be readily installed on any car now in use.

Price $10—complete.

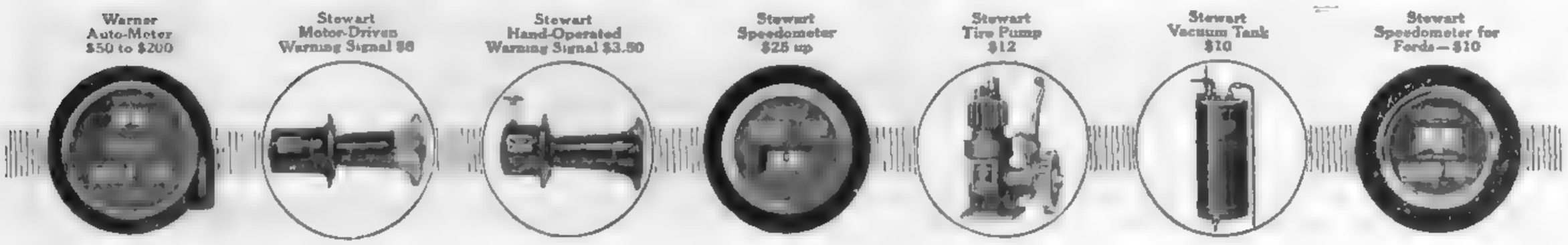
If the next car you buy is equipped with Stewart Products you will get the utmost pleasure, safety and all around value for your money. Insist on a Stewart Warning Signal, Stewart Tire Pump, Stewart Speedometer and Stewart Vacuum System. They will cost you nothing extra.

No car is better than its accessories

Stewart Products For Sale by Accessory Dealers, Automobile Dealers and Garages—Everywhere

Branches and Service Stations in all principal cities

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Ill.



Like the Boys Who Ride Them—

Sturdy, strong, upstanding and very good to look at.

'Chain' Tread Bicycle Tires

are made to fit the needs of youngsters and oldsters, too, who want long service anti-skid tires on their "wheels."

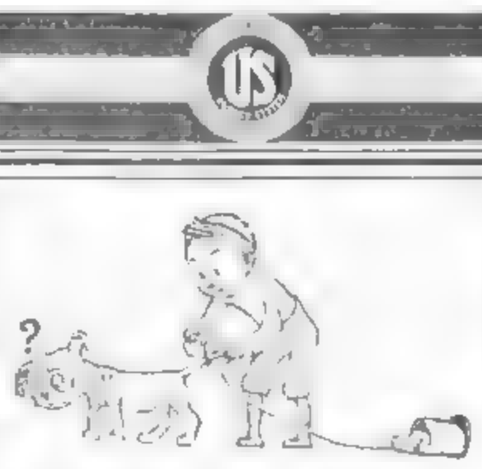
Ride on 'Chain' Treads.

See how they cling to the slipperiest road—how they fairly lift you out of loose sand, and how hard it is to puncture them, or wear them out; and you, too, will join the great army of bicycle riders who say—"There's no tire quite so good as a 'Chain' Tread."

Good tire dealers always sell 'Chain' Treads—and those same dealers have Dan Beard's new book for boys which they will give free to any boy who asks for it.

United States Tire Company

'Chain' Tread Single Tube
'Chain' Tread G. & J. Double Tube
BICYCLE TIRES



THE IDLE BOY

is usually his mother's care and the neighbors' aversion. His mischief, his noise are generally the result of having nothing in particular to do.

Few boys can be taught industry by the willow-stick method. You must substitute some incentive to make him *want* to conform to your wishes. You must get the boy *to teach himself*.

How you can solve your boy problem is told in "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" an interesting, to-the-point booklet written for parents. We will send you a copy, free of charge.

Sales Division, Box 412

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

THE QUESTION OF OVEREXPANSION

(Continued from Page 19)

they must be paid through increased taxes; but there are many kinds of taxes. Will they be paid through taxes on imports and rents, which taxes must ultimately be met by the working classes? Or will they be paid through taxes on income and inheritance, which would be paid largely by the well-to-do? Though without doubt the burden on the working classes will be greatly increased, I am convinced that most of the great cost of this war will ultimately be collected through inheritance and income taxes.

This will make the investor sit up and take notice. This will make a great stampede for tax-free bonds.

Of course some say that these increased taxes will force labor to work for less; but I do not see it that way. Increased taxes will result in increased European manufacturing costs, which will have the same effect on our industries and labor as will increased European wages.

What goes up must come down. During the past year we have been going up, up, up; and we shall probably continue this upward movement so long as the war lasts. After the war ends we shall begin to go down, and all the legislation imaginable cannot stop us. While the war has been in progress Europe has been going down. So long as the war lasts she will probably continue this downward movement. After peace comes, however, and the following readjustment has taken place, Europe will come up again.

The conditions on both sides of the Atlantic may not reach a common level for a century; but let me tell you that, ten years after the war is over, conditions will be much nearer a common level than they were ten years before the war commenced. The thing for us to do is to attend to our knitting—adopt Europe's coöperative and efficient methods in manufacturing and merchandising, instead of depending on legislative cure-alls in the form of uneconomic restrictions or artificial stimulants. The fittest will ultimately survive. Our job is to train and become the fittest.

Depression After the War

In order that readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may not be dependent on my opinion alone I have interviewed and telegraphed a number of prominent men to get their ideas on this subject, and below will be found their replies.

John Hays Hammond, the famous mining engineer, says:

"Directly after the war business should continue good for a while, gradually fading into a period of dullness. I fail to see how a great part of the world can suffer without the United States being compelled to share the loss; though I am not so bearish as many. The nations of Europe, especially Germany, will quickly rebound after the war. Germany has not permitted the barons of her industries to go to the front. Her entire industrial system is probably being kept intact. Of course the aftermath of the war will be governed largely by its duration and how reckless we are from now on; the higher we go now, the lower we'll go down later."

Senator John W. Weeks, the Boston banker, writes:

"When the war is over we are almost certain to have a slump in business; our markets are going to be restricted rather than increased. Europe, as a whole, is going to be poor, and you cannot sell goods to a man who is poor and has no credit; neither can you do so to a nation. I confidently look forward to a situation in which competition with our industries and products will be keener than ever before."

James J. Hill, the railroad builder, says he fears labor troubles in the United States must come after the war, "when the high scale of pay adopted during the present era of prosperity must be scaled down so as to meet the competition of labor abroad, which, when released from war duties, will again be available for manufacturers."

William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, believes that, though "there seems nothing that threatens the continuance of a general prosperity, there must be readjustments from present conditions to future ones, the stress of which will depend upon the wisdom with which the present is utilized."

Drenchings have no terror for Valsparred woodwork—

Before Valspar was invented who would have thought of washing the varnished front door?—or squirting the hose on it?

Varnish was once a fragile thing. It was more to beautify woodwork than to protect it. Even rain-drops left white spots on the surface.

Valspar has changed all that—for Valspar not only gives a beautiful finish but is *absolutely waterproof* and spot-proof. Wisdom selects it—water respects it.

No amount of water injures Valspar—soap and water cleanse it—even boiling water cannot harm it. Spilled hot tea or other liquids leave absolutely no effect. A rain washing only brightens it.

There is no varnishable place, indoors or out, that should not be Valsparred if you want *real varnish service*. Home owners want Valspar for front doors, window seats, sills and frames; for porch furniture, bath rooms, pantries, kitchens, for floors, furniture and all woodwork

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Stores that sell Valspar display the posters in their windows as shown below.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto Amsterdam London

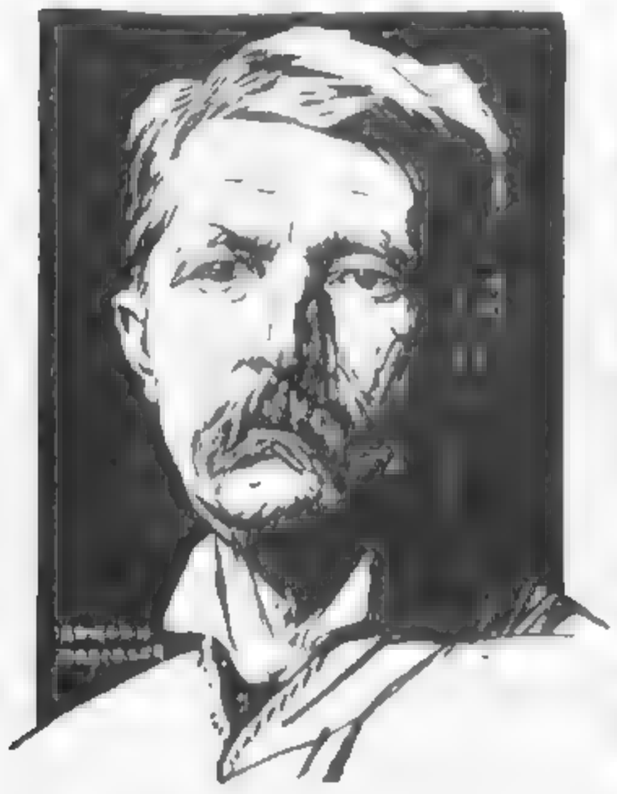
W. P. FULLER & Co., San Francisco and principal Pacific Coast Cities

Note the posters in the window

Copyright 1916 by Valentine & Company

TRADE VALENTINES VARNISHES MARK

Henry M. Stanley went Thirty weeks without a Shave



acquired an edge like a butter knife and his beard the appearance of a hedge.

Today practically every famous traveler, explorer and missionary carries a Gillette Safety Razor.

Gillette Blades are on sale in the Arctic Circle and the African jungle, in every outfitting camp in the world.

Stropping and honing has had its day.

The daily Gillette shave is a matter of course with the average business and professional man.

WHEN Stanley found Dr. Livingstone in the heart of the African jungle, one of his first acts was to borrow the hone used by the doctor on his surgical instruments.

Stanley's bearers had lost the baggage containing his hone. His razor had

A Gillette shave is quick and cool, safe and sanitary. It is velvet-smooth, no matter how wiry the beard or tender the skin. Adjust the handle for a light or a close shave. A keen, fresh blade is always ready. No stropping—no honing. Price $5 to $50. Blades 50c. to $1 the packet. Dealers everywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

S. M. Felton, president of the Chicago Great Western Railroad, writes:

"We will have a sentimental slump in business just as bad as we had at the beginning of the war. The answer to what is going to result from a cessation of hostilities is that we will all call a halt; and, as soon as we find that it is not doing us any harm, then our business will revive and we will have comparatively good times."

T. P. Shonts, president of the Interborough, New York City, says:

"The length of time during which general business will remain good with us after the war depends upon the character of legislation we may receive from Washington. If our representatives in Washington will rise above party affiliations and regard the situation from purely a business point of view and act accordingly, then the opportunity will exist for us to continue and increase as a world commercial power."

George E. Roberts, assistant to the president of the National City Bank, New York, whose opinion I value most highly, states this regarding interest rates:

"The general theory of the National City Bank about interest rates is that the trend upon all long-time securities will be higher as a result of the ending of the war—that is to say, capital for permanent investment will be dearer. The rate of interest for bank funds is not affected by the same causes, and changes more rapidly; and it is possible that, in the confusion and unsettled state following the close of the war, bank funds for a time may be in light request, and that banks and owners of liquid capital may pursue a waiting attitude; in which case short-time money will be cheap. There will be, however, so much use for capital in reestablishing industry and for upbuilding purposes that we look to see banking funds also in active demand."

Wake Up and Keep Costs Down

George M. Reynolds, president of the big Continental and Commercial National Bank, of Chicago, writes:

"When war is over, and the wheels turning in our factories engaged in the manufacture of war materials stop, we shall have a decrease in the volume of our business; but I think it will not take the country long to supply work for this labor and that there will be no serious difficulty."

John J. Raskob, of the Du Pont Company, replies:

"I believe the United States must eventually pay a portion of the cost of the war; but the time for its payment will not be immediate—perhaps in two to five years after peace is secured."

Of course these are only the opinions of individuals and apply on the basis of conditions as they exist to-day. All of them recognize that a long war would mean a different result in the United States from a short war. Really, one must know how long the war is to last before giving a reasonable answer to these questions; but as every month goes by we certainly are nearer the end. If there is any safe bet it is that the war will end without a complete victory for either side. At least it is on this assumption that I have endeavored to answer these questions.

If my hypothesis is correct I think we can depend upon these conclusions—namely: That the United States must help pay Europe's bill and for a reasonable time after the war will suffer with Europe; but that this suffering need not be so severe as some of our politicians pretend to fear, if we will wake up, keep down costs, become truly efficient, courageous and forehanded.

No Dread of Germs

need be felt in homes where Lysol is used properly. Lysol is employed for hospital use practically everywhere. Every home should have a bottle for regular use in bathrooms, kitchens, cellars, stables, garbage cans. Invaluable for sick-rooms and personal hygiene.

Lysol

The Antiseptic Disinfectant and Germicide

Lysol has 2½ times the germicidal strength of carbolic acid and is not caustic. It is concentrated. It is used diluted with water. A little lasts a long time.

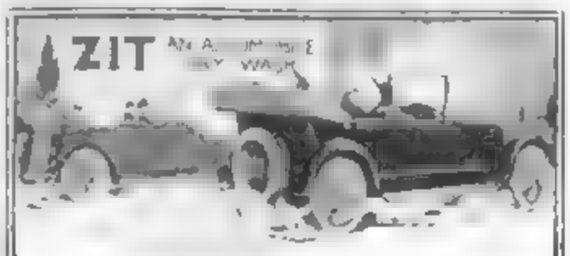
3 Sizes. *25c, 50c, $1.00, at druggists*

Helpful Booklet, "Home Hygiene," Mailed Free

Manufacturing [illegible]

85 William Street, New York
Canadian Office: Unity Building, Montreal

ZIT



It makes no difference what kind of car you have, you can give it the appearance of a "seven passenger eight" with ZIT.

ZIT is one of the best cleansers ever invented. It not only cleans your car of grit, dust and dirt, but polishes it.

ZIT AN AUTOMOBILE DRY WASH

means a tremendous saving to car owners. A season's supply actually costs less than one soap-and-water garage cleaning.

Simply apply with the Westfield Junior Sprayer and rub off with cheesecloth—that's all.

If your garage doesn't sell ZIT, send us his name and $1.25 and we will send the complete outfit by parcel post. Guaranteed satisfactory.

WESTFIELD CHEMICAL COMPANY
Westfield, Mass.

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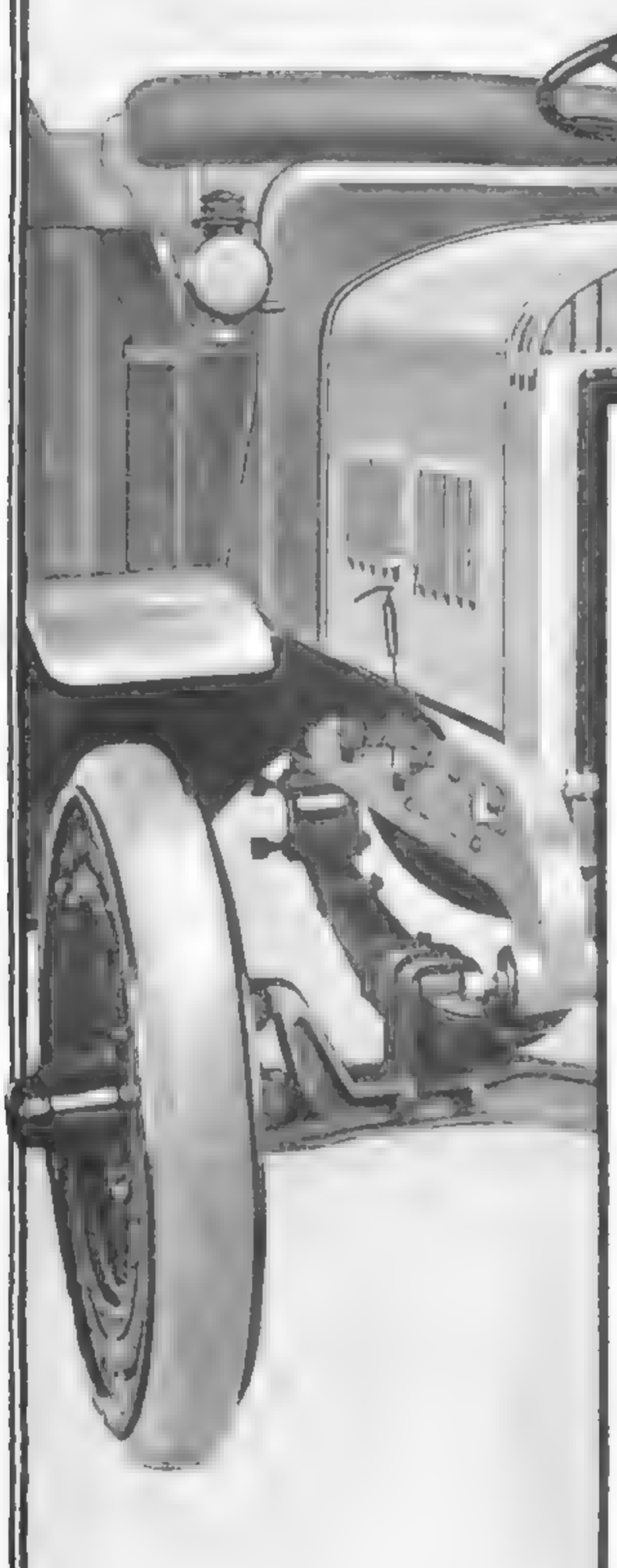

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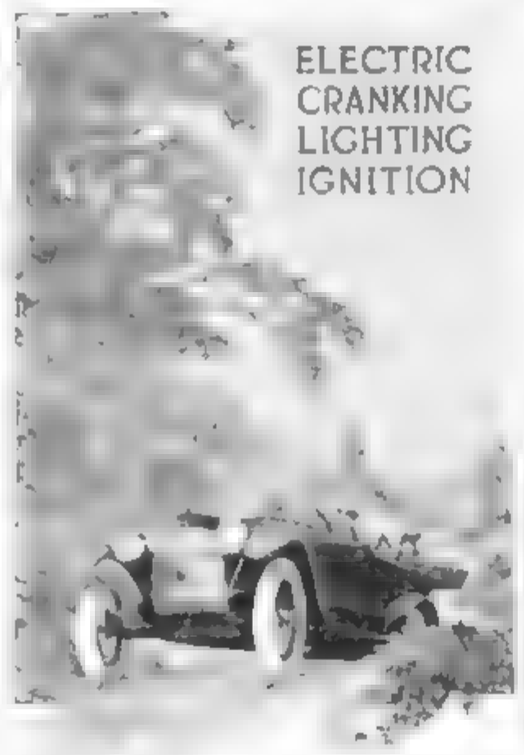

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MON FILLEUL

(Continued from Page 8

think him capable of being a traitor that he refused to answer any question asked him by the captain, who in his anger might have ordered him shot then and there if it had not been for my *filleul* and myself. When finally I was given a chance to speak I told of my suspicions, whereupon the captain ordered an immediate search of the premises. . . .

American Ambulance, NEUILLY.
February 15, 1916.

. . . and, believe me, for a few seconds there it looked pretty smoky for the Count, as the stiff-necked old rooster was in such a frozen rage that he either couldn't or wouldn't speak; and Captain Charru is a choleric man, with red hair and a prognathic jaw, and in times of peace a violent Socialist of the Yonne.

I myself was too paralyzed to be of any use for the moment; but it did not matter. It was right here that my wonderful little godmother stepped out into the limelight and said her piece. In her long white gown—which showed rather more of her pretty throat than she realized -and with the yellow lamplight glancing from her heavy hair, which hung in two long heavy braids over either shoulder to below her waist, and her blue eyes as dark as sapphires in her colorless face, she reminded me of a Druid priestess pronouncing the words of an oracle or prophecy, or whatever line of talk it was they used to get out of their systems.

I believe I have forgotten to tell you that taken at any or all times, my godmother's looks are of a sort to make a Conscientious Objector turn his sputter-gun on an army corps composed of clergymen to win a smile from her—which I think it would if they were Germans—but just at this moment there was something almost unearthly about her beauty, and it nailed our Rufus the Red between the eyes. But her talk was canny enough, and when she had given us a quick kinematograph picture of one Webber, the Dutch General Manager of the Count's sugar-beet industry, we scattered out to flush the drains. This Webber person lived at the Forked Woods Farm and had been there for dinner, going across the court shortly afterward to the grange, in the loft room of which he had taken up his quarters since the arrival of the family, who had been there, I learned, about a fortnight.

It seemed to me most probable that the fellow was somewhere within the inclosure, as we had slipped up and surrounded the place too quickly and quietly to give him the alarm. He might have heard us come into the court, though, and crawled into some hiding place. I did not get a chance for a word with Suzy, as the captain told them curtly they might retire. He was an efficient officer, was this same Charru, like many that have been developed during the war, and he set his terriers to work like an experienced huntsman. He motioned me to follow him and we walked out into the middle of the court, or farmyard. Riding out from S——, I had told him what I was and how I happened to be serving in the French Army.

"What do you know about these people?" he asked, standing where he could keep an eye on all sides. "They seemed to recognize you with some surprise."

"I have the honor to be mademoiselle's *filleul*," I answered, and told him of my having been entertained by the family at St. Cloud when on leave. "Mademoiselle told me they had a château and some farms in this locality," I concluded; "but I did not know just where, or that they had come out here."

He tugged at his wiry mustache.

"Unless we can pinch this spy it may go hard with the old gentleman," he growled. "That would be a pity; his daughter is so beautiful. But he is not popular. I know something about him. He is a hot old royalist and strong partisan of the Church; and at the time of the separation of Church and State the articles he wrote for the press were enough to have got anybody else chased out of the country. This looks bad for him—this communication with the enemy going on right under his nose!"

"It's not possible that he can be a traitor to France," I answered. "He may be a royalist and disapprove the government, but that would be apt to make him love his country all the more, on the principle of a man who finds that what is most dear to him is being, in his opinion, badly treated."

Captain Charru shrugged.

"Your point is well taken," said he; "but, all the same, there are some men who would prefer to see that which they most love entirely destroyed than self-disgraced—and these old cocks consider us republicans as the sweepings of the stable. Besides, he has been ruined by the war. One must always consider the possibility of avarice in these questions."

He looked at me, still tugging at his mustache. I don't think that he had quite got back to where he belonged, and was still a bit upset at the vision of my godmother. Still, there was nothing out of the common in his talking this way with me. French officers often chat informally with their men, which does not in the least impair discipline. On the contrary, it binds the men more strongly to them by certain ties of affection, even when the officer may be a martinet at most times.

"What do you think yourself?" he asked.

"I would stake my life that the Count knows nothing about this business, *mon capitaine*," I answered. "He loves his country and he hates the enemy. And as for the avarice you suggest I happen to know that he has not a grain of it in his nature."

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Because I wrote to him on Christmas Day to make a formal request for the hand of his daughter in marriage and offered to settle a million francs on her, with no reservations or conditions."

He turned his head quickly to stare at me.

"*Tiens!*" said he. "You are so rich as that?"

"I am about ten times richer," I answered; "and I am only telling you this so that you may understand the Count is not avaricious."

"But why should he have refused?" Charru asked bluntly. "Was there anything wrong about your past?"

"Certainly not!" I snapped. "My past is all right and my family connections as good as any in the United States. He refused his consent because he wanted her to marry a Frenchman."

"*Tiens! Tiens!* But perhaps he is right," said Charru. He gave his long mustache another twirl and looked toward the farmhouse.

I felt like laughing and poking him one at the same time, it was so plain what was passing in his head. But I didn't do either, for at that moment my eye was caught by some moving object in the black shadow of a hangar, or sort of open shed to protect farm wagons and machinery from the weather. It was so pitchy dark under there that I couldn't be dead sure, but I had the distinct impression of a disturbance in the solid murk; something shifting in my field of vision.

"Sh-h-h!" I whispered, and leaned forward to listen.

There came a metallic clink; then a sound as of stones dislodged and falling one over the other.

"*Le voilà!*" I yelled, and made a dash for the shed, the captain clattering after me in big leaps.

I dived into the gloom, tripped over a wheelbarrow or something, and took a header; then scrambled up in time to see a dark body squirming through a hole knocked in the masonry of the back wall. There was a thud outside; then a sharp cry and a rifle shot. The next second I was out of my overcoat, which was big enough for two of me, and through that hole like a dachshund. It dropped down about six feet sheer on the outside and I took the plunge headfirst, but managed to squirm round and land on my side on the frozen ground.

Nothing like football training for this war business! And I was up and streaking it across that beet field before the spy had got fifty yards.

I could see him plainly now, thanks to a light dusting of snow; but he was lining out for a spur of the woods about five hundred yards away and I knew that if he beat me to it I stood to lose him. So I just pretended that he had the ball and the woods were the Yale goal posts, and threw all my heart into my work. The rest of the team also ran; but in their heavy overcoats and cavalry boots all they were able to contribute was moral support.

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I needed it, too, as I'd lost my gun when I fell and the pedee scratching snow ahead was, of course, armed and knew that it was Kingdom Come for his if taken. But he didn't act as though he were going to be taken by me for the first two hundred yards and the way he skimmed over that frozen crust made me think that he must be the guy who had won the silver skates. The nails were all worn off my shoes and I was running like Charlot on a slippery floor—lots of leg action, but not much progress. To tell the truth, I was beginning to lose all my self-esteem as a sprinter, when the spy began to show symptoms of having led a sedentary life.

He took another spurt, then ran down all at once like a sidewalk wind-up toy; and then, just as I might have known, he fell back on his artillery.

Well, there was nothing for me to do but to keep right on. If I'd stopped or gone astern I'd only have been under fire just that much longer and without the chance of getting his goat by charging straight at him; so I let out a Comanche yell and went to him, hitting only the high places and whooping at each ricochet. It must have done a lot of good, though before I tackled him he had bored me through the left arm, the muscles of the left thigh, the neck, plumb through the chest, and as I took a dive at him his next to last shot smashed my right kneejoint. He sent the last through his own head.

American Ambulance, NEUILLY.
29-me, février, 1916.

. . . and he is now quite out of danger. The doctors have been able to save the leg, but he will have to wear some sort of support to keep the kneejoint from bending in all directions. He will not be able to dance, of course, or to play tennis and such violent games; but he can always ride and golf and go boating—and love me! And if he loves his devoted *marraine* half as much as she adores her darling brave *filleul*—and sometimes I have reason to believe he does—there will not be a great deal of time for anything else.

I am so happy, *chérie*, that sometimes I feel wicked and ashamed of my joy at this moment when all the world is in mourning and tears, and our beloved France is being so heroically proved. But, after all, I feel entitled to some happiness, since the war has cost us practically all that we possessed. I am sure I do not know just how my dear Robert and I are going to manage after we are married, as it is not probable that he has saved anything; and a lame man is sadly hampered in earning a living. But Robert is so gay and hopeful about the future that I cannot find it in my heart to be doubtful.

What surprises me, between us two, is papa's ready consent to our marriage. He has always so disliked Americans, holding them to be *mufles* all; and he has not even the wherewithal to give me the most modest of dots. I think that it must be through his great esteem for Robert personally—as who could help it?—and his gratitude to him for having kept our name free from the slightest suspicion of a stain. If Webber had escaped there might always have been some bad tongues to whisper infamies; or if he had died immediately the same might have happened. But his lingering sufficiently long to prove himself a neutral spy acting merely for pay, and without even a patriotic motive to inspire him, makes it impossible for anybody to dare point toward us the finger of doubt.

Ah, *chérie*, but I adore my American, and can scarcely wait for him to be all mine! When the General came the other day and pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor to his pillow, I thought I should suffocate, to such a point did I have *le cœur gros*. And he is so modest, and so gay and amusing, and—and I love him, love him, love him!

American Ambulance, NEUILLY.
March 2, 1916.

. . . Stop a second to think of what I might have missed if our spy friend had held a couple of inches to the left when he plugged me in the pulmonary! It scares me worse than a hand grenade in the *pot-au-feu*. Rather gets under my ribs, too, when I look at my darling little *marraine*, soon to be all that and more, trotting about in her Red Cross bib and tucker, to think of the thousands of magnificent men, really deserving of even such happiness as the future promises for me, lying cold and still in unknown graves! . .

Vive la France!

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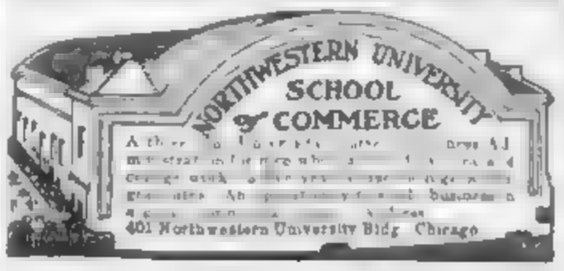

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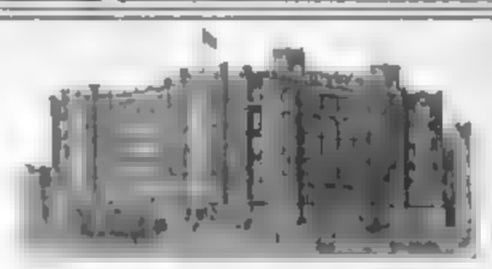

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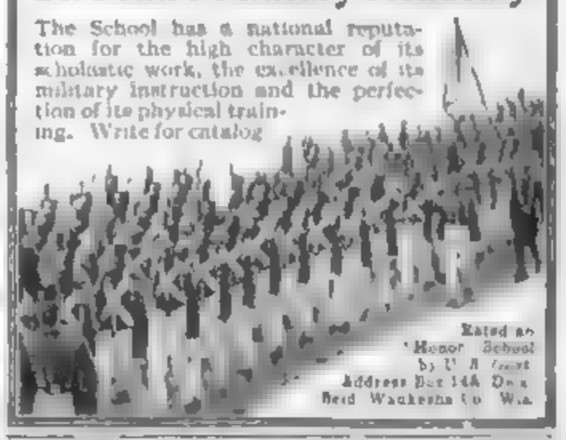

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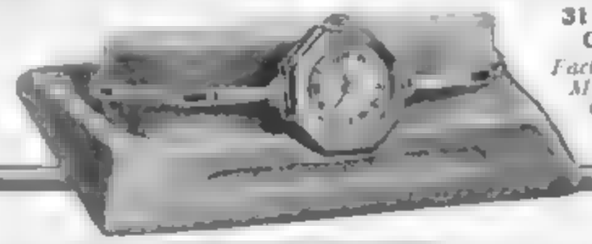

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FRANCE AND THE NEW AGE

Concluded from Page 4)

clause on France. Year in and year out this has worked to tighten the cinch of Germany upon French markets and to drive out other foreign traders. Again and again it has been a weapon against American competition in manufactured goods.

An American manufacturer would get a foothold for one of those Yankee devices produced by our national ingenuity. After it was established the Germans would study the product and the market, and proceed to imitate it. Then they would invoke for their product the most-favored-nation clause and render American competition impossible. The entire business community of France, in case of an Allied victory, will stand back of a demand to revoke this clause. If it be revoked we have a guaranty of equal treatment, better for practical purposes than the uncertainty of French sentiment against German goods.

"We want of you," said Mayor Herriot, of Lyons, "Yankee notions and Yankee machinery, especially of the labor-saving variety."

Machinery is one of the things we make best; and therein, it would seem to the superficial observer, lies our widest opening in the few years following the war. Armageddon has taken its heavy toll of men and will take more before peace comes. Not that France has lost any more than Germany, even in proportion to her population; indeed, I should guess that Germany, fighting on two fronts, has suffered the more severely. But the dead are dead; they were mostly young men, who would have been the workers of France for many years to come. Then there are the *mutilés*, incapable of any more actual manual labor. France must do all she can to supplant man labor by machine labor. She is in a disposing mood toward our "continuous systems" in factories, toward our labor-saving devices in agriculture.

Already we are finding a field in agriculture, as late heavy orders of motor tractors prove. The French peasant, however conservative in his personal habits, has always been disposed toward progress in his business. Two years before the war I went on a motor trip across France and Northern Italy. On the French side of the border they were harvesting with American binders, threshing with American threshing machines. On the Italian side the peasants were cutting grain with scythes, as in the days of the Cæsars; threshing it with flails, as in the days of the Prophets.

Those French farmers cultivate small tracts; it goes without saying that it does not pay one farmer to buy a binder. No; the whole district owns it, or one peasant proprietor rents it out to the rest. Now the motor tractor has come to stay, on the same terms, for until the new race grows up there will not be enough men for the plowing. This is one of our opportunities.

American Machinery in France

I visited several factories in the Lyons district and I had already inspected a shell factory in another district. I should imagine, from what my untechnical eyes saw, that French manufacturing methods have always been a little bit hit-and-miss; but that necessity, brought about by the shortage of men, is forcing a more intensive coöperation, which will continue after the war. Individually, everyone tells me, the European mechanic is better trained than ours. He understands his job more thoroughly; he takes more care. But there are, or were, flaws in coöperation. In the munitions factory I saw heavy shells rolled by hand from machine to machine, where we should have saved labor by machine carriers.

Presently, however, I came upon an American automatic carrier, running a file of shells from one end of the long building to the other and dropping units as it ran. The director who was showing me about glowed with pride over this device. They had just got it from America, he said; they had sent for more, and he explained with enthusiasm how many hands it saved.

Another factory, this one in the Lyons district, had sent for an American efficiency expert, who was engaged in teaching and installing all labor-saving methods, from motion study to automatic machinery.

There are problems all her own that France must work out after the war. Great among these is the question of labor. Millions of women have been dragged into industry since the war began; some of them, doubtless, will have to stay, and some, not needed, will want to stay. Labor unionism is not so strong here as in England. Still, the *syndicats* have their power; and there must come the old struggle, which has a certain basis in right, between the unions and woman labor.

For the women, in the nature of the case, have invaded fields where women never worked before. In that shell factory a good proportion of the operators were women, all trained since the war began. The strongest, best-trained and most efficient of them were already promoted to shell turning, which is heavy and exacting work. Others were tending the automatic screw machines; were testing shells and parts; were packing and fitting. The detonator, which finishes off the nose of the modern shell, is made like a watch—a fine and delicate piece of machinery. This work was almost entirely in the hands of women. One wing of the factory was a kind of school. There a curiously mixed collection of women, varying between young girls, who looked as though they should be in high school, and matrons with gray in their hair, sat listening to the *institutrices*, solemnly teaching the ways and uses of machines.

Labor Problems Ahead

As they stood beside their male fellow workers at the thumping machines, all these new women mechanics presented one amusing contrast: They were all dressed, men and women alike, in jeans—formed into overalls for the men, into long, enveloping aprons for the women. Jeans and hands alike reeked with oil and that black, oozy mud formed when oil and metal filings mix. It was ground into the faces and hair of the men too. But the women, from the throat up, stood immaculate, their hair coifed with all the twists and waves and curls, pinned down with all the elaborate combs which the Frenchwoman affects. How they manage to work all day in the mess and ooze and never touch face or hair I do not know; nor does any other man alive.

When France raises—as she will—her great war monument to the women of France, I hope she immortalizes there one of these women of the shell-turning machines—all the charm and vanity of France from crown to throat; all the force and steadfastness of France from throat to feet!

The married woman, the girl enlisted for patriotism, will gladly quit this grind when the war is over. But many of the stronger ones, doubtless, will want to stick. Those domestic servants I have mentioned above will have learned a real trade.

Their ability to meet male competition will vary with the class of work. In testing they are generally better than men. They have that "lower threshold of consciousness," that quicker response to impressions, which accounts for most of the mental difference between the sexes, and which has given rise to the superstition of feminine intuition. At one stage in the manufacture of a modern shell it passes a tester, who strikes it with a hammer and listens to hear whether it "rings right." Few men alive can do this work so well as the average woman.

"Our girls," says a munitions maker, "seem to have a supernatural instinct for flaws." At strictly automatic machinery they are probably about as good as men. Feminine conscientiousness helps them there. But, of course, wherever the factor of physical strength enters they yield to men.

A good many of the automatic machines are run in pairs. The operative must step continually from one to the other. This is piecework; and whereas the women operatives on such machines earn from six to eight francs a day, the men earn from nine to twelve.

This labor problem will be inseparable from the woman problem in France. These central and western European races, who have lost so heavily of their best blood in Armageddon, must restock. Those who run the machines to-day will be needed as mothers to-morrow; and work at the lathe is poor preparation for motherhood. But all that is a separate question, not for treatment here or perhaps in any general periodical.

$350 and a FORD makes this guaranteed one-ton truck

From an idea to the second largest dealer organization in the United States, and a planned production of 50,000 jobs for 1916—equal to the total combined truck production of the United States—all makes—for 1915,—the Smith Form-a-Truck Co. is establishing a record for success that is the most remarkable in the history of the automobile world.

Now $12,000,000 Sold

Over $2,000,000 in Contract Orders from Dealers in the Past Thirty Days

The Smith Form-a-Truck, which at the low cost of $350 and a Ford furnishes a fully guaranteed one-ton truck, has revolutionized motor truck transportation.

It has upset all previous conceptions of economy and has established service records for itself that create new standards in rapid, economical delivery.

Practically every industry operating a delivery service of any nature is represented among Smith Form-a-Truck owners.

Increased radius of delivery—greater reliability in hauling service—and lower delivery costs are the universal results wherever the Smith Form-a-Truck is replacing either a one-horse wagon or a fleet of heavy motor trucks.

Builders and Contractors—World's Lowest Hauling Cost

We have letters from hundreds of Smith Form-a-Truck users all over the United States, including contractors in all lines of building and construction work, from the biggest jobs to the smallest. This letter from Becker's Asphaltum Roofing Company of Chicago is only a sample of the testimonials we are getting:

"The Smith Form-a-Truck is all you claim for it. [illegible] in every respect to our dealers' trucks, with this added advantage: We are able to load this truck with the extremely heavy materials which we use, also our men, and get on the road in good shape, which we do not [illegible] our heavier trucks. Operation and upkeep cost has been very satisfactory, and we are glad to give our hearty endorsement to your product."

THE STRONG, STURDY MECHANICAL CONSTRUCTION of the Smith Form-a-Truck appeals to contractors and builders who appreciate real engineering design. In the hardest kind of work—hauling sand and gravel in a steel dumping body—the Smith Form-a-Truck is showing a five-to-one time saving over teams working in the soft soil of excavations.

FOUR-INCH FRAME, WITH EXTRA WIDE WEB, reinforced by gusset plates and three cross members—125 inch wheel base—double chain drive with rear axle of Ford used as a jackshaft—strong rear truck axle carrying 90% of the load—speed up to 15 miles per hour—these are features that guarantee a factor of strength in excess of any load—and unparalleled efficiency.

SPEEDY, ECONOMICAL SERVICE is proved by records of men in your own line of business. They show tire service averaging from 6 to 8 thousand miles per set, gasoline consumption from 12 to 15 miles per gallon, and practically no charge for repairs and replacements.

THE SIZE OF THE LOADING SPACE IS AN IMPORTANT factor. It is nine feet from the back of the driver's seat to the end of the frame. This allows room for any standard or special type of body, including mechanically operated steel dumping bodies.

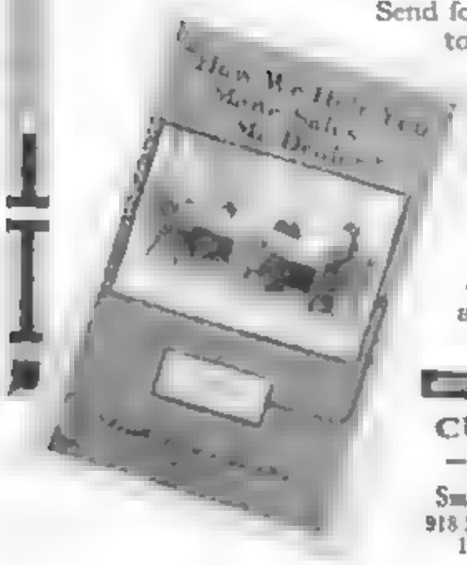
THE LOW INVESTMENT IN TRUCKS is another essential feature for contractors and builders to consider. $350—a Ford chassis—and a small added amount for the body, is the total investment. You can write off the entire cost of your Smith Form-a-Truck equipment in one year and will figure a smaller amount on each of your bids for contracts than you figure when you write the depreciation of larger trucks off in four or five years.

AND THE SMITH FORM-A-TRUCK WILL LAST as long and do as much work as the most expensive trucks built.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY POSSIBLE on from one to a fleet of Smith Form-a-Trucks, just at the time when you require speedy action. Our present capacity is 300 a day. Output for the year will be 50,000 jobs.

You can install the Smith Form-a-Truck on any Ford chassis in a few hours.

FREE—TO DEALERS



Send for this big 50-page book today. It is the most comprehensive, most helpful book on the selling and advertising of motor trucks that has ever been written.

This is the verdict expressed in the editorial columns of magazines and newspapers.

CUT THIS OUT—MAIL TODAY

Smith Form-a-Truck Co.
918 Smith Form-a-Truck Bldg
1470 Michigan Boulevard
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sirs:—I am an automobile dealer and am interested in your dealer's Sales Help Book. You may send it to me with the understanding that this request incurs no obligation on my part. I sell _____ cars. I could probably sell _____ Smith Form-a-Trucks.

Name _____

Address _____

SMITH Form-a-Truck COMPANY

Suite 918, Smith Form-a-Truck Building
1470 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois

CUT THIS OUT—MAIL TODAY

SMITH FORM-A-TRUCK CO. S E P 6 3
Suite 918, Smith Form-a-Truck Building,
1470 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:—If you can prove to me that your Smith Form-a-Truck is the cheapest transportation in the world, I am interested; so send me your booklet "It Solves Your Delivery Problem." No obligation on my part.

My business is _____ I can use _____ trucks.

Name _____

Address _____

Line of Business _____

MOON

MOON MOTOR CAR CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO. U.S.A.

Six-30

...ers a quick and dependable response to every demand for speed, power and endurance. Here's beauty of line and comfort in riding—a big, handsome car of refinement and individuality

...ful literature describing and illustrating the different body styles mailed on request

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

A Record of Success

Edwin Kohl, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin and now a Junior in Harvard Law School, has earned every penny of his six years' college expenses by representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

He secured the appointment while still a Junior in the high school.

This was the Result:
Summer Vacation 1908 $150.00
Summer Vacation 1909 $1200.00
Summer Vacation 1910 $2200.00

Since then the renewals of the orders already taken have paid him more than enough for all his needs. In 1914 Mr. Kohl took a round-the-world automobile trip on Curtis profits. Last summer he earned $850.00 in July alone.

If you want to earn next year's college expenses this summer, write for details.

Box 414, Educational Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

JOHN JONES—GOAT

(Continued from Page 5)

There was once a lady from Dexter, Iowa, who spent five solid hours rooted to one spot on the rim, during which time the strong light of a desert afternoon melted into pools of turquoise and purple haze; the mile-long shadows flung themselves into the depths or went striding across the plateaus. . . . I'll be picking the pockets of my own soul here in a minute! But, anyway, I am trying to tell you that this lady from Iowa witnessed a sunset in the Grand Cañon; and when night came she found her tongue.

"It is highly gratifying!" she sighed. "Yes—highly gratifying!"

If you will not take my word for it take the word of the Iowa lady. She was cautious, even conservative; she did not overstate the case.

Returning to John Jones, let us assume that he finds the Cañon highly gratifying up to its press notices, in fact. John Jones wishes to see as much of the Grand Cañon as possible. In a vague way he realizes that he can never hope to see it all; there is too much of it—too much in width and depth and length—a million different points of vantage and a million different views.

I know a man who has spent a very busy forty years putting the Grand Cañon on canvas. He tells me that if he lives to be as old as Methuselah, and retains perfect health and enthusiasm for his art, he may hope to leave behind him a scattering and inadequate record of the grandeur of this mightiest of spectacles; but otherwise he has little hope.

Now John Jones is no Thomas Moran; he cannot spend forty years prowling round the edges of the business in hand; he cannot spare forty days, for the curse of the return-trip ticket is upon him; he must see as much as he can and fly.

Seatless Hopi Point

"Where shall I go?" he asks, and the road westward along the rim is highly recommended to him. It can never be too highly recommended to anyone, for it leads to those giant sentinels, Maricopa Point, Hopi Point, Mojave Point and Pima Point, jutting out to a sheer fall of thousands of feet. And then there are, of course, countless enchanting glimpses of the Cañon that may be caught through the trees.

John Jones prefers to walk, needing exercise after his long trip across the continent; so he sets out westward on a boulevard road, smooth as a floor. As he nears Hopi Point he catches one of the enchanting glimpses aforementioned and, while catching it, steps off the end of the macadamized road and sinks to his shoetops in rich, red, sticky mud—twenty acres of mud, to be precise.

We are presuming that John Jones makes his visit during the tourist season, which is winter in the Southwest; if the reader wants John Jones to visit the Cañon in the summer, he may substitute dust—thick, red, choking dust.

Nothing like making the reader happy. Having been in that mud myself, I am pledged to it.

Well, John Jones stops and looks for the macadamized road, and if he is not a strict churchman the chances are that he uses language. You cannot blame him, for a now-you're-on-it, now-you-ain't road is very annoying to a tourist in spats. John Jones is sore clear to the spinal marrow; but, having started for Hopi Point, he sets his American jaw and flounders onward, taking up government land at every step. He drags his mud-incrusted pedal extremities to his destination, and there he encounters another unpleasant surprise.

John Jones finds no shelter of any sort on Hopi Point; there is not even a bench on which he may sit while enjoying the view. The ground is there, of course, but it is covered with small, sharp stones; so John Jones absorbs the view standing, communing with himself the while:

"This is the dickens of a note! For a few dollars they could put up a pavilion here—shade and seats, and a place to eat lunch in the open air. What's the matter with the people who run this place? . . . Now I wonder how far a golf ball would travel if I teed it up on this point and hit it with a slight hook?"

John Jones survives the mud on his return journey to the hotel, and there asks

Why Have You Never Smoked This Cigar?

You probably know that we make cigars and sell them direct from our factory to the smoker.

While the picture of our panatela is not a stranger to your eyes, you have never made the acquaintance of the cigar itself.

Is this because you believe you would not like it?

We hope that's the reason.

On that score we can quickly remove your doubts.

Our offer (printed below in black type) makes it possible for you to try our panatela without effort and without risk.

What we fear may be the reason, is that you are perfectly willing to try our cigars but simply don't get around to ordering the first box.

That is bad for both of us. It keeps us from making you our customer and may be keeping you from buying cigars in the most satisfactory and economical way.

OUR OFFER is: Upon request, we will send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Our Panatela is the same type of cigar that sells for 10c over the counter everywhere. It has a filler of selected long Cuban grown Havana leaf and a wrapper of genuine Sumatra. It is a hand-made cigar. Ask for this kind of cigar at any tobacco store and you will be shown no cigar at less than 3 for a quarter.

This is by no means the only cigar we make. We make seventeen different size cigars including a brand of Clear Havanas. All are hand made by the skilled adult cigarmakers and being marketed direct from the factory by the box cost you only half or but a little more than half what similar quality costs the [illegible] ordinarily sold. [illegible] Our catalog describing [illegible] our cigars mailed on request.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

Shivers' Panatela
[illegible]

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.
21st and Market Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Your friends can buy anything you can give them—
except your photograph.

There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

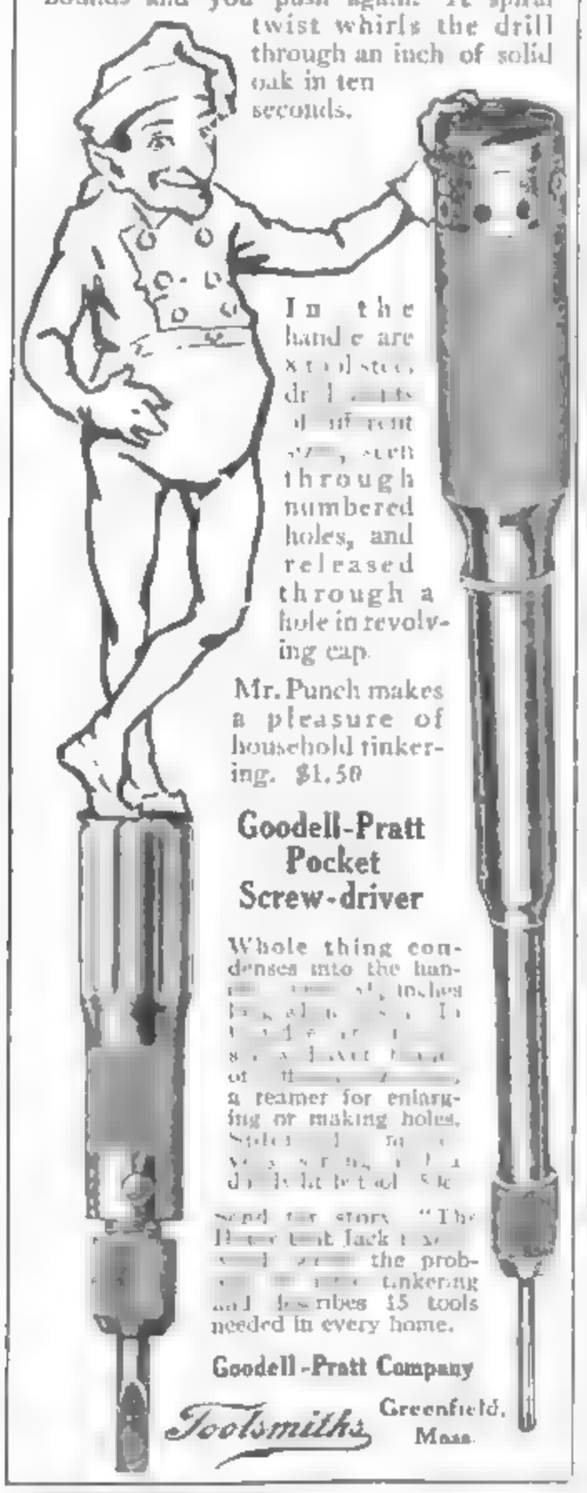
ROUGH ON RATS
The Old Reliable
Ends Rats & Mice.
USED THE WORLD OVER
Used by U.S. Government.
15c., 25c. Drug & Country Stores
Unbeatable Exterminator IT NEVER FAILS
Avoid All Substitutes.

PATENTS Manufacturers BUY
—Patents that FULLY Protect—
not the kind we get. *Proof* and *reliable* books *free*.
LACEY, Patent Lawyer, 808 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

GOODELL-PRATT

1500 GOOD TOOLS

Mr. Punch is an Automatic Drill. You place the drill point and push. The handle rebounds and you push again. A spiral twist whirls the drill through an inch of solid oak in ten seconds.



In the handle are six tool steel drills of different sizes, each through numbered holes, and released through a hole in revolving cap.

Mr. Punch makes a pleasure of household tinkering. $1.50

Goodell-Pratt Pocket Screw-driver

Whole thing condenses into the handle, only inches long. It is a screw-driver of standard size, a reamer for enlarging or making holes. Splendid for [illegible] Sold for stors. "The Boy" can't lack [illegible] the problems of tinkering and describes 15 tools needed in every home.

Goodell-Pratt Company

Toolsmiths Greenfield, Mass.

The One Perfect Finish for Walls

Write For Descriptive Book

O'Brien's Liquid Velvet combines the desirable qualities of every wall finish, it is *handsome* as fine paper; far more durable than [illegible] better than paint. Comes in 24 beautiful [illegible] shades, capable of innumerable combinations, is scratch and mar proof, as well as washable, [illegible] equally adaptable to stencil work.

Send for the *free Liquid Velvet book* and learn how this [illegible] wall enamel has won first place for interior decorating; how it is used alike in millionaires' mansions and modest bungalows; how its beauty and durability make it the popular finish for fine public buildings of every character.

Master Varnish and Flexico Enamel are as satisfactory for finishing floors and woodwork as is *Liquid Velvet* for walls and ceilings. Booklets free for your name on a postal, mentioning your dealer's name. Most good decorators and dealers have *Liquid Velvet* in stock. Address

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Liquid Velvet
THE KIND THAT WEARS

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for list of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent Free. Send sketch for *Free* opinion as to patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

indignant questions—let us say of the boy who cleans his shoes.

"Why don't they pave that gap on Hopi Point?"

"Because they can't."

"Well, why in Sam Hill can't they?"

"The man who owns the mining claim there won't let 'em—went to law about it."

"What business has a mining claim got on the rim of this Cañon?"

The boy shakes his head; he does not know. John Jones finds someone who does know and secures the following rather fuller information:

The road westward along the rim was built by the railroad that hauled John Jones to the Cañon—built under a Forest Service permit at a cost of one hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars, not a penny of which was furnished by the Government. It is also kept in repair by the railroad; but, unlike most privately constructed highways, it is open all the year round to the public, motor-driven vehicles alone being barred. It is used annually by thousands of tourists, who must wade in mud or choke in dust because of an injunction preventing the completion of the road across a twenty-acre mining claim plastered upon the nose of Hopi Point a lode claim bearing the opulent name of the Millionaire. It is this same Millionaire Claim that prevents the tourist from sitting on a bench while enjoying the view from the point—the injunction prohibits it!

Government Assays

John Jones demands to know whether the Millionaire is a valuable claim—at least valuable enough to interfere with the comfort and convenience of many thousand people annually; and he finds out that at a hearing before the Register and Receiver of the General Land Office, held last summer in Phoenix, expert representatives of the United States Geological Survey, the General Land Office and the Forest Service testified that ore from the Millionaire assayed as follows:

Gold	[illegible]	Copper .	None
Silver	[illegible]	Platinum	None

Per ton, mind you! Gold and silver unweighable! And the delicate instruments of the assay offices can determine the exact weight of a lead-pencil mark a quarter of an inch long!

John Jones is perfectly willing to bear testimony that, whatever else there may or may not be on or in the Millionaire Claim, it is at least rich in deep red mud; and, as he does not wish to plow through twenty acres of it again, he starts eastward along the rim, with Yavapai Point as his destination.

Now Yavapai Point is distant something like a mile and a half from the hotel—a mile and a half of surpassing panorama, overlooking some of the most beautiful "temples" and peaks in the Cañon; but John Jones does not enjoy his walk. There is no trail along the rim, and to reach Yavapai Point he must walk on razor-edged fragments of porous limestone, which hurt his feet and ruin his light shoes. His clothing suffers from contact with scrub pine and cat-claw acacia, and it does not take John Jones long to make up his mind that Yavapai Point, however beautiful, is not worth while. He returns, fuming, and encounters a young man in the uniform of a forest ranger.

"Say, why isn't there a trail along this rim?" asks John Jones.

He then learns that the building of a cinder path to Yavapai Point would be a very simple matter but for the fact that every inch of the rim eastward is covered by five mining claims—the Buttinski, Goldenola, Sunflower, Limestone and Hill Top, the last resting squarely on Yavapai Point itself.

"Well, what do you think of that!" says John Jones.

Being interested in mining claims, he looks up the Buttinski, for instance, and discovers that the same scientific gentlemen, Government experts, testified that the following was their best assay on the Buttinski:

Gold	. . Trace	Copper	Trace
Silver	None	Platinum	None

"Well," says John Jones, "it looks to a simple tourist as if the rim of the Cañon were pretty well sewed up along here. I guess I'll have to try something else."

He returns to the hotel and from the iron railing he spies a tiny patch of vivid green,

BLUE STREAKS

These Differences Save Tire Money For You

There are marked differences between Goodyear Guaranteed Blue Streak Bicycle Tires and ordinary bicycle tires.

In the first place, Goodyear makes but one single tube bicycle tire, of one standard quality—the Guaranteed Blue Streak, Non-Skid. Ordinary bicycle tires are made in hundreds of grades and under hundreds of brands.

In the second place, the standard-quality Goodyear Guaranteed Blue Streak Non-Skid sells everywhere at one standard price, $2.50 each. Ordinary bicycle tires, marketed in the old way, sell for $3 to $5, or more, apiece.

Goodyear Blue Streaks give you the best bicycle tire value on the market, because Goodyear concentrates all of its long tire-building experience and its exceptional tire-building facilities on this one single tube bicycle tire.

That is why Goodyear is able to sell Blue Streaks, Non-Skid, at $2.50 each.

And that is also why Blue Streaks carry the same guarantee as the highest priced tires.

Standard-quality, standard-price Blue Streaks are sure to cut down your bicycle riding cost.

More than 8,000 dealers sell them. Any reliable bicycle or hardware dealer can easily get them from our nearest branch if he hasn't a stock.

There is a distinctive Blue Streak on each side of the beautiful non-skid tread—and the price, everywhere, is $2.50 each.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Bicycle Tires

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

The permanence and endurance of the finish are worthy of more than passing consideration

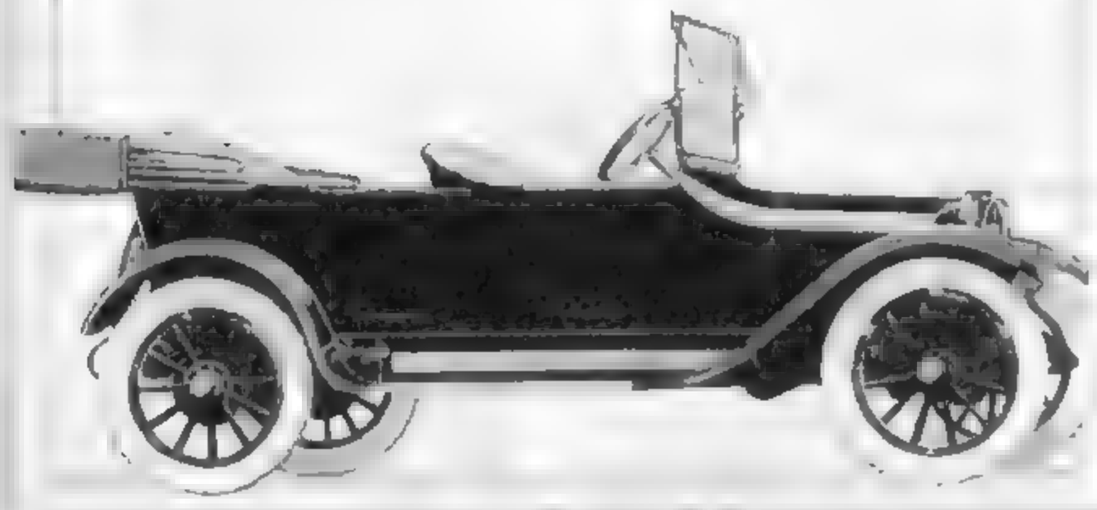
The process itself—the baking on of the enamel at an intensely high temperature—is unique and so are the results. After months of use an ordinary process of polishing brings back the original lustre.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)

Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



THIS is a picture of CHARMER M. in his winter coat. His father and mother came straight from the Shetland Islands. His father was a famous prize winner. If we asked whether you would like to own him, what would your answer be?

He is one of 12 blooded, registered Shetland Ponies, all of which will be given to boy readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, each with a handsome cart and made-to-order harness complete. Kicking up their heels on the farm where they now are, they make a picture worth going a long distance to see.

12 Pedigreed Shetland Ponies for 12 Boy Readers of The Saturday Evening Post

You can be one of the 12 happy boys who will own these ponies with their carts and harness.

Write us a postal card of inquiry and we will tell you how you can become the possessor of the finest Shetland pony outfit in your neighborhood.

Box 417, Sales Division

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

lying like an emerald, three thousand feet below.

"What's that?" asks John Jones.

He is told that he is looking at Indian Gardens, possibly called so because there are no Indians there.

"It looks good to me!" says John Jones. "How do you get there?"

John Jones rents a sorrowful, taciturn mule and signs articles for a trip down the Bright Angel Trail—without a doubt the most traveled mountain thoroughfare of its kind in the world. The guides call it a boulevard; what John Jones calls it, as his mule swings out over precipices, is of no consequence; but, at any rate, he finally arrives at Indian Gardens—the resting place for every person ascending or descending the Bright Angel Trail.

Does John Jones find shelter and accommodations at Indian Gardens? He does not. He piles off his mule and hunts for shade, for it is usually quite warm at Indian Gardens, no matter what the weather conditions on the rim. Not the slightest provision is made for the weary, saddle-galled tourist, with the exception of two filthy frame comfort stations. John Jones goes to the guide with fire in his eye.

"See here! Why isn't this place cleaned up? It's an outrage to bring people into a nest of this kind!"

The guide admits it, and tells a story of mill sites and lode and placer claims, blanketing the entire locality.

"The company has got an application in to build a resthouse here to take care of the folks who make the trail trips," says the guide; "but it's all tied up by law some way or another. Can't put up any kind of a building; can't clean out the ones that's here. Why, lode claims have been filed right on top of mill-site claims; and down in one corner there's a placer claim that sort of overlaps the whole shebang!"

Beauty Spots Covered With Claims

"But something ought to be done! This place is unsanitary!"

"Shore it is; but nobody can do anything about it—till they git done goin' to law."

And so, though there is now on file with the Forest Service an application for a "special-use permit" to erect a clean, comfortable and sanitary resthouse at Indian Gardens—a thing which is an absolute necessity—all the John Joneses to come must put up with the wretched and unsanitary arrangements of the present, and wait for the claim question to settle itself somehow.

John Jones thinks that, as so many people are inconvenienced every year by this dog-in-the-manger attitude, there must be some mineral at Indian Gardens very well worth holding onto; so he looks up the court testimony on the Banjo Claim, one of those numerous legal plasters thereabouts. This is what he learns:

Gold . .	Unweighable	Copper	None
Silver . .	Unweighable	Platinum	None

John Jones goes to the Plateau, from the blunt nose of which thousands and thousands of tourists have attempted to toss their orange peelings into the muddy Colorado, boiling fifteen hundred feet below—for the benefit of the thousands to come, let it be stated here that it can't be done. John Jones doesn't find a thing on the Plateau but the view, which is exquisite, and an echo, which is amazing; but these things do not cast a shade, and friend Jones is broiling alive. He would cheerfully swap a portion of the scenery and all of the double-barreled echo for three square feet of grateful coolness.

Nine months in the year it is hot enough on the Plateau to drive the lizards panting into the cracks of the rocks; but the tenderfoot, the tourist, the poor unfortunate dude or dudine or dudelet, cannot play lizard and save the complexion—not to any overwhelming extent. John Jones feels of his reddening nose and asks more questions.

"Why isn't there a shed here?"

"Because," answers the guide wearily—it makes a man weary to answer the same question several thousand times—"because there's a placer claim slapped on to this point—and about all the other plateau points as far as you can see. The company ain't even allowed to stick up a dog house here. Why, say, on this Plateau and along down the line there's eleven placer claims of one hundred and sixty acres each."

Yes, square miles of placer claims; and will the reader be interested in a little more sworn expert testimony as to their richness? This is the report on the Dakota Claim, which balances neatly upon the nose of the Plateau—the claim which many tourists can thank for the lack of shade or accommodation of any sort. Hardly worth it, you'd say, upon examining the following:

Gold . .	Trace	Copper	Trace
Silver . .	None	Platinum	None

John Jones stares down at the river, and wonders if it is possible to go there without interfering with mining claims.

"The trail's open all right," answers the guide; "but when you get there there ain't even a shack where you can boil coffee. More claims! The company wanted to sign any kind of agreement—let the other feller draw it up an' make it as bindin' as he knew how—if they could only put up a resthouse at the river; but no, he wouldn't stand for it. So there ain't anything down there but just the river an' the rocks."

Let us say for John Jones that he is game. He has come to the Grand Cañon to see the sights and he is stubborn enough to go the limit. He is correctly informed that the great-granddaddy of all the sights thereabouts is the rising of the full moon as witnessed from beneath the rim. John Jones first catches his full moon and proceeds down the Hermit Trail, bent on spending the night at Hermit Camp, four thousand feet deep in the bowels of the chasm.

He finds the Hermit Trail a better one than the Bright Angel—wider, and easier on the fluttering nerves of the tourist, and kept in perfect condition. The Hermit is newer than the Bright Angel and has had less wear and tear.

When John Jones arrives at Hermit Camp he hears the sullen roar of the Colorado somewhere near at hand and decides that he would like to go on to the river.

"Ain't much of a trail," says the guide; "but come along."

John Jones comes along to the limit of his ability, and perhaps he lasts until he reaches the second sheer wall, along which he is expected to maneuver like a mountain sheep. He breaks his finger nails trying to cling to the ledge; he scrapes the skin off his knees on the sharp surfaces of giant bowlders in the creek's bed—and then he curses the Colorado River and all its tributaries, and gives up. While he sits on a rock to rest, the guide explains matters to him as follows:

"You see, in the first place the company figured on puttin' the Hermit Trail straight through to the river, so's a man could go there on a mule. But when they got within a mile or so they bumped into a placer claim and an injunction that wouldn't let 'em build through to the Colorado. That's why the trail ends at Hermit Camp—one spot that just didn't happen to have a claim on it."

No Bath for John

John Jones trudges back to Hermit Camp, sorer than a hermit crab, which, they say, is the sorest thing on earth. John Jones is tired and hot and sweaty, and he wants a bath—not only wants it, but he needs it! He tells his troubles to Slim, the lanky cow-puncher who acts as cook, steward, and chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

"Bath?" says Slim hospitably. "Why, shore! Help yerself to the creek!"

John Jones has seen Hermit Creek, and taking a plunge in it is no part of his program for a pleasant evening. What he wants is a warm shower—and he says so.

"Well, now, I'm right sorry," says the imperturbable Slim. "I am, for a fact; but it kain't be done. Water's kind o' scarce. We was agoin' to have a pipe line to fetch water in, an' baths an' everything; but they wouldn't let us put that pipe line acrost them placer claims—they up an' injuncted us. What water we git we have to fetch in on burros. Ain't that hell?"

John Jones thinks so; and, before I forget it, this will be a nice place to slip in the official testimony on one of those interfering placer claims—the Folly. By this time the reader should have the report set to music.

Gold	Trace	Copper	Trace
Silver	None	Platinum	None

John Jones wraps himself round an excellent dinner, for Slim has uncanny ability with a skillet; and he feels better. His tenthouse is comfortable, the mattress is of the sort to appeal to a saddle-galled traveler; and John Jones heaves a sigh and goes out on the stoop to wait for the moon.

(Continued on Page 84)

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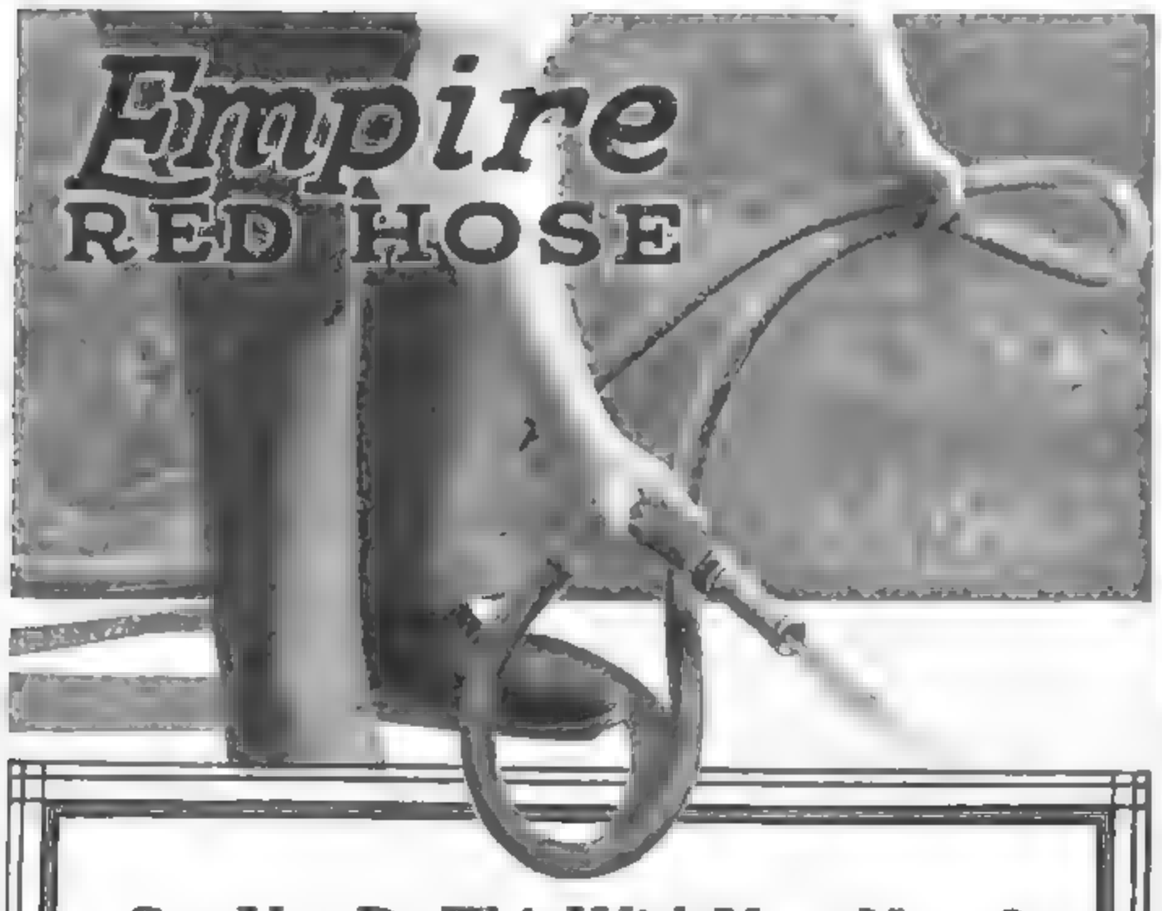

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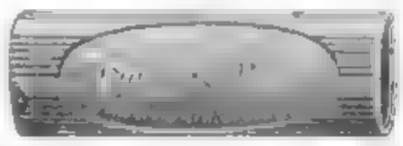

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(Continued from Page 82)

He lights a cigar and meditates upon all the things that have been done for him at the Grand Cañon, and also on all the things that have been done to him. He reflects that his comfort and convenience have been assailed on all sides, and that the various injunctions are really injunctions against him—a citizen of the United States, visiting a National Monument in search of pleasure.

John Jones wonders why a paternal government which pretends to love and cherish him will tolerate the cluttering of his great playground with scores and scores of lode claims, placer claims, mill sites and water-right locations. He recalls one phrase of the gaudy government notice, which stands in front of the hotel, reciting the creation of the Grand Cañon National Monument: " . . . for the benefit of the general public."

If this National Monument is a thing which belongs to the whole people, John Jones wants to know why anyone is permitted to plaster it with mile after mile of claims and thus inconvenience all the other citizens of the United States. He wants to know why this anyone is allowed to retain a grip year after year by protecting mining claims that have been officially reported as worthless for mining purposes. And, even if these claims should be valuable, John Jones does not think that anybody should at some future time be permitted to disfigure the rim of the Grand Cañon with unsightly hoisting works and stain the sky with the smoke of smelters.

John Jones arrives at the conclusion that the Government has done nothing for this particular National Monument and nothing for his comfort. His investigations have led him to believe that the only decent things which have ever been done for the Grand Cañon have been done by a railroad—a railroad hampered and harassed at every step by lawsuits and injunctions and endless court proceedings which have proceeded nowhere. John Jones reflects that this state of affairs does not hurt the railroad to any great extent, and sums up the entire situation in one pithy sentence as follows:

"Whatever it's all about—whoever's right and whoever's wrong—I'm the goat!"

Jones the Goat

Yes; John Jones is the goat—individually and collectively—every one of him, wherever located in this land of the sometimes-too-free. John Jones is the real sufferer by the present existing condition of things, for the Grand Cañon belongs to John Jones and to his sons, and should be preserved to them.

John Jones throws away his cigar butt and gazes at the looming black wall of the rim. After a long time the full moon peeps over that rim and looks down on him, filling the dark mystery of the gorge levelful of soft silver light.

"By golly!" says John Jones. "You've been a long time coming! . . . How did they happen to overlook putting an injunction on you?"

When President Roosevelt created the Grand Cañon National Monument the move was generally regarded as an emergency measure to protect the Cañon until such time as favorable park legislation could be enacted. Broadly speaking, the purpose of a National Monument is to prevent the very condition existing at the Cañon at present. The intent of a National Monument is to preserve for all the people points of prehistoric and scientific interest, and to protect lands so preserved from all sorts of public entry of claim.

In the case of the Grand Cañon, however, the protection came a bit late. Before the land covered by the Monument was withdrawn, every strategic point in and near the Cañon was plastered with claims; and for ten years these claims have presented a solid barrier to the opening up of the country and the development of the Grand Cañon for the benefit of visitors.

This particular National Monument lies under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture and is administered by the Forest Service; but title to all these disputed claims is within the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior.

The remedy lies in making the Grand Cañon a National Park, thus throwing it into one Department and forcing a speedy settlement of the annoying claim question. A bill to do this will soon come before Congress, and it is to be hoped that our

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legislators will stop thinking about pork long enough to do one little bit of thinking for the whole people.

Should the Grand Cañon become a National Park the Government will have power to open up the entire region, from Desert View, on the east, to Cataract Cañon, on the west, along the southern rim. Roads and trails will be built, camping grounds established, resthouses erected on all the prominent points, and the comfort of the traveler attended to. Hitherto inaccessible parts of the Cañon itself will be opened up by trails, and it will be possible to cross the Colorado and ascend the northern rim—a thing very few people have ever done.

If the Grand Cañon becomes a National Park the Government will have supervision over all concessions; it will regulate hotel prices and livery equipment, and in every way add to the comfort of the tourist.

Last summer one hundred and seven thousand people visited the Grand Cañon; fifteen thousand of them went down the Bright Angel Trail, paying to Coconino County fifteen thousand dollars in toll. Last summer there were nineteen livery outfits working out of a central point to different points of interest, and the tourists were much annoyed by solicitors. Under Park laws all soliciting would be regulated; the tourist would be permitted to make his reservations for trail trips and carriage drives in peace. Last year the competition was keen and fights between rival solicitors were frequent.

Under the present arrangement the lone forest ranger has no authority to take personal conduct into consideration, but, should the Cañon become a National Park, he would have authority to eject all undesirables, who would not be permitted to return unless armed with a special permit from the Department of the Interior. These are only a few of the minor improvements that will automatically follow a change in the status of this national playground.

The Grand Cañon is the noblest legacy ever left by Nature to the people of any country. Its fate is in the hands of Congress. Will our legislators see the wisdom of placing this treasure under intelligent supervision? Or will they allow it to slide along in its present condition—half open, half closed?

Will Mr. John Jones, of Anytown, U. S. A., take his pen in hand and let his Congressman hear from him on this subject?

Cruel Mr. Drew

JACK BARRYMORE, the actor, was in San Francisco at the time of the great fire. After communication with the rest of the country had been reëstablished he wrote a long letter back East to his uncle, John Drew, telling of his experiences. He said that the first shock of the earthquake came just as he was entering his bathroom in the morning to shave, and its force was such it threw him headlong into a half-filled bathtub; and that later, when he had escaped from the shattered hotel, a squad of regulars impressed him and for several wearing days kept him busy shoveling débris out of the blocked streets.

"That's exactly like my nephew," stated the unsympathetic Mr. Drew, reading the letter to a group of hearers. "It requires a convulsion of Nature to make him take a bath and the United States Army to make him go to work!"

No Bush-Leaguer

TWO deputy United States marshals—so Fred Kelly says—were taking a squad of prisoners, who had been convicted in the District of Columbia courts, to the Federal penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas. Most of the captives were negroes and some of them had paid visits of more or less length to the workhouse down at Occoquan, Virginia, where petty offenders are sent from Washington.

In one seat of the car reserved for the squad a little ragged darky sat, chained to a well-dressed and cocky yellow offender. The little negro was a trifle vague regarding his destination. He only knew he was on his way there and that he should probably remain some time after he got there.

"Do dis train tek us to Occoquan?" he inquired as they pulled out of the station.

His traveling companion gave him a look of intense disgust.

"Look yere, nigger," he said; "you remember dat you's in de big league now!"

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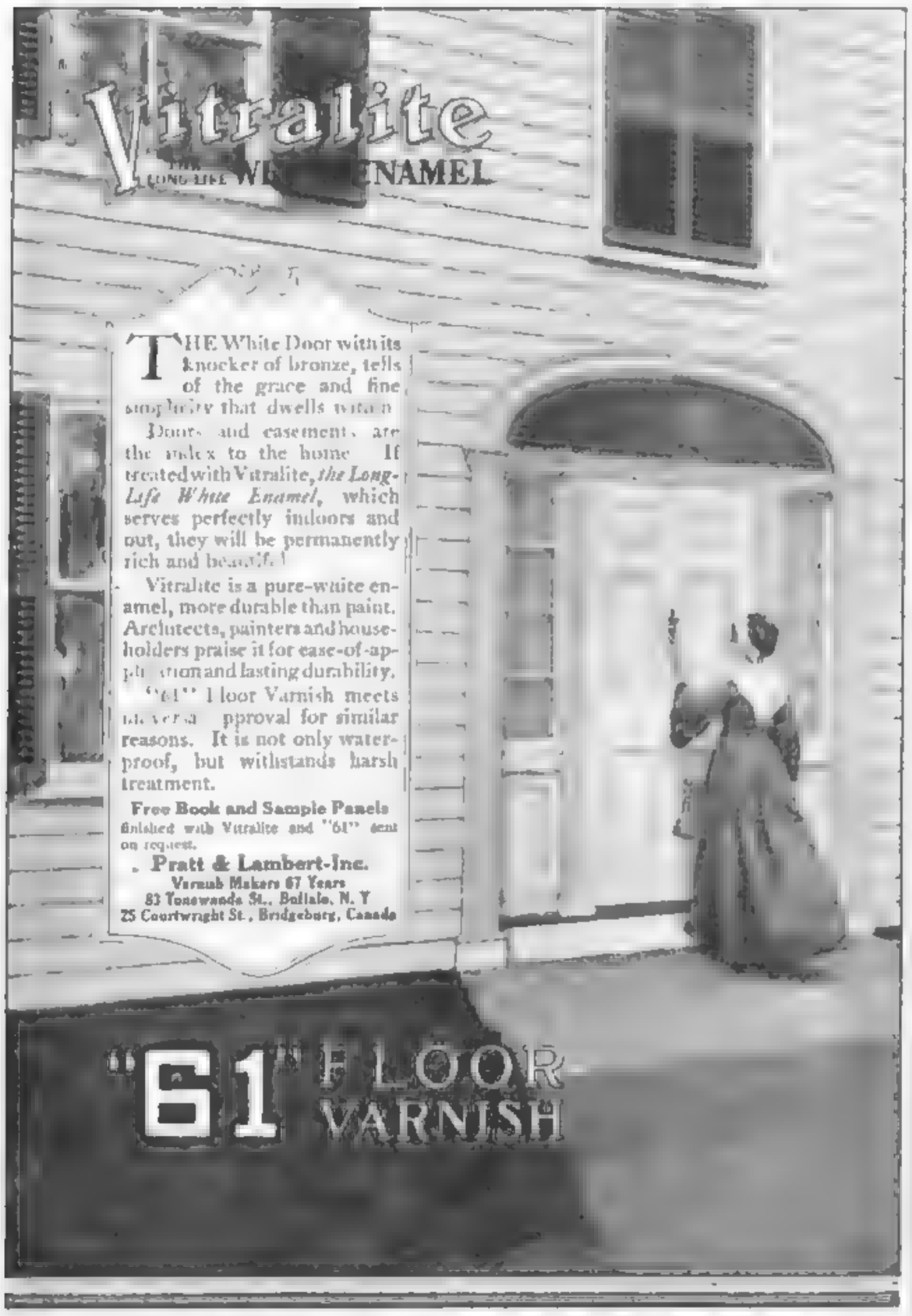
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MEN WANTED FOR THE U. S. NAVY

(Concluded from Page 14)

But when our Navy, instead of trying to be as American as it could possibly be and glorying in it, forgot about Stephen Decatur and his straw hat, began to lose touch with the country it belonged to—although at least part of the blame belongs to the country which forgot for the time that it had such a thing as a Navy and began trying to make itself into an imitation British institution, it began right there to steer straight for trouble.

The British Navy is one of the most thoroughly aristocratic and highly ceremonious institutions in the world, not because either aristocracy or ceremony has anything whatever to do with naval efficiency, but because it is British and that is the way the Britisher does business. He dearly loves his fuss and feathers; but, having been brought up with them, they do him no harm.

Some years ago a certain young officer in the United States Navy was captain and manager of his ship's baseball team. His pitcher was a youngster of nineteen, a big, rawboned, red-haired youth, with a world of speed, an untamed curve ball and the rating of ordinary seaman.

One day, while the ship was lying in the navy yard, the team played a game in which, after going along beautifully for seven innings, this young pitcher made a woeful error in the eighth and lost his game.

Breaches of Naval Etiquette

After the game the young pitcher and the young officer, both still in baseball uniforms, walked back to the ship together, the young officer talking to the enlisted man and trying to hearten him up. And as they came over the gangway of the ship and the young ordinary seaman turned to go forward, the young officer gave him an encouraging farewell pat on the shoulder, and himself went down to his stateroom.

But that little gesture had been witnessed by a horrified group of officers on the quarterdeck. The young officer was just pulling his shirt over his head when he heard a peremptory knock on his stateroom door. He opened it and found himself face to face with an older officer, who proceeded without loss of time to read him an impassioned discourse on the unspeakable, the heinous crime he had committed in "putting his hands on an enlisted man."

Perhaps you think that was an extreme instance of its kind; but, if it was, it was so because very few graduates of the Naval Academy would be capable of committing the terrible *faux pas* which called forth such unmeasured condemnation, and not because the spirit that prompted the ensuing curtain lecture is rare.

Another time a young officer, just out of the Naval Academy, was put to standing watch on a battleship. With the officer on deck, on watch, there also stands watch an enlisted man, the quartermaster, whose duties in port may be roughly described as those of general assistant to the officer of the deck. A capable and experienced quartermaster is a very valuable asset to a watch officer, particularly to a young one.

This particular youngster was fortunate enough to have an unusually capable and trustworthy quartermaster on watch with him; and, being himself intelligent enough to recognize his own inexperience, and not too much impressed with his own importance to be capable of learning from a subordinate, he very soon found that he could safely turn to the quartermaster for advice in any small emergency with great benefit to all concerned.

Presently, however, the executive officer of that ship—that is to say, the second in command—came up on deck and observed the young watch officer in consultation with his trusty assistant. He promptly called the young officer to him and brought to his attention, in forcible language, the terrible injury to "discipline," and the derogation suffered by the dignity of the officer of the deck, when that official was to be seen in public conversation with an enlisted man.

That is the kind of shop the Navy is, in which to work. It is rather hard to imagine that so long as it remains that kind of shop it is going to prove tremendously attractive to young Americans.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Hitchcock. The second will appear in an early number.

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the leader among men, but because it is constructed to give a cool, clean smoke. The "well" in the bowl guarantees this.

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In Canada 50c and up

Look for the triangle W D C on pipes of every style. It means greatest pipe value.

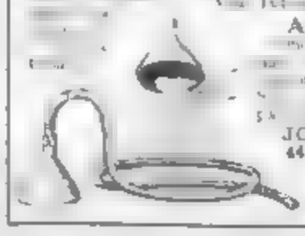
WILLIAM DEMUTH & CO.
New York

McDermott Hydraulic Force Cup For Cleaning Clogged Drains

[illegible] new attachment to be used with [illegible] for cleaning stopped up sink drains [illegible] by water pressure. Ordinarily it [illegible] thoroughly in 30 seconds. Hundreds already in [illegible]

Cup Only Sent Postpaid anywhere for $1

Guarantee—[illegible]



AGENTS WANTED

[illegible]

JOHN M DERMOTT
444 Broadway Los Angeles

[illegible] Los Angeles

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires

[illegible] guaranteed 5000 miles without puncture

We deliver free [illegible]

Special discount [illegible] direct from factory. Write for [illegible]

The Colorado Tire & Leather Co.
645 Tread Bldg Denver Colorado
F-45 Transportation Bldg Chicago
790-456 Woolworth Bldg., New York

They are worth Money

Kennebec Canoe Co., 57 R.R.Sq., Waterville Me.

LE PAGE'S GLUE 10¢
FIXES RICKETY FURNITURE

Borrow this Razor

Test it on your Vacation

Before you start on your vacation go to any razor dealer and *borrow* an AutoStrop Safety Razor. Pay nothing for it—make no deposit. Just take it along and try it out.

A vacation shave demands more of a razor than a home shave. It may be on a train or boat, in a camp or cabin. The shaving water may be cold, the skin may be wind-whipped and sunburned; the beard may be stubborn and defiant from neglect. Use the AutoStrop Safety Razor under these severe conditions before you consider buying it. If it makes good, you will gladly pay $5.00 for it. If it does not, return it.

This is not a "money back" proposition. The AutoStrop Razor is *loaned outright*, for 30 days' trial and taken back without a word if the borrower so decides. So add the AutoStrop Safety Razor to your vacation equipment; do not even wait for your vacation, but try it now. It will mean a rest from every shaving discomfort—a revelation in razor economy.

If your dealer cannot supply you on this trial basis send the coupon below, direct to us.

8,000 Dealers are Co-operating

"Have disposed of four dozen," says one. "Put out fifty in two days," writes another. "Loaned 109 AutoStrop Razors and have but 12 returned," reports another.

We have scores of such letters, proving absolutely that the plan is right. Our plan fully protects both the dealer and his customer. Do you know about it? If not, write at once for full particulars.

TEAR OFF—FILL IN—MAIL TO US

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 345 Fifth Ave., New York

Please authorize the dealer mentioned below to *loan* me the AutoStrop Safety Razor for 30 days' trial without any liability whatever or obligation to purchase.

The dealer's name and address is_____

My name and address is_____

The AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Avenue, New York

This offer is also good in Canada. 83 Duke Street, *Toronto*

A LOUD REPORT; A PUFF OF SMOKE; FIRE!

It all happened in five seconds. We jumped for our lives.

Ten minutes, and that new car was—junk. I was heartbroken.

But when I thought what the loss meant to Fred I dried my tears. It had taken him two long months to select the car. And he had to wait six weeks for delivery. It would take weeks, perhaps months, to get another.

Miles from home. The road, deserted. The night, inky black. I shivered.

"Only yesterday," Fred moaned, "I saw a window full of those Pyrene fire extinguishers. Why didn't I get one? It would have saved our car."

3 A.M., after trudging five miles, we arrived at a village hotel. It was vile, but we were too tired to care.

We have Pyrene now on our new car. Besides protecting the car, it protects our lives and insures us against calamities. It also saves 15% on the auto insurance premiums every year.

If your car isn't protected from fire—take a woman's word and go get a Pyrene.

Nearly one million now in service. Sold by auto supply, hardware, electrical, mill supply and implement dealers, leading drug, department and general stores. $7.50, complete with automobile bracket.

Inspected, approved and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Write to the Pyrene Company for an interesting booklet "Fire Fotos"

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO.
59 Vanderbilt Avenue **New York City**

Manufacturers, owners of buildings or heads of local fire departments are invited to submit their fire protection problems to chief William Guerin, head of the Pyrene Engineering Bureau. This service is rendered free of charge. Catalog of complete line of fire protection appliances on request.

Sis was trapped. Her room was afire. Mother and Dad were away.

I ran for the Pyrene Fire Extinguisher that hung by the phone. With a few pumps I smothered the fire and Sis escaped from her room.

I hate to think what might have happened that night without Pyrene.

Pyrene
FIRE
EXTINGUISHERS

FOUR CAKES A SECOND

Each time the sand runs through the hour-glass 14,400 cakes of PALMOLIVE are produced. Four cakes a second—240 cakes a minute—14,400 cakes an hour—for every working day. —This is the enormous manufacturing volume required by the popularity of PALMOLIVE SOAP!

For just as Palm and Olive oils were the indispensable cleansing agents that equipped the marble baths of ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, so is the fragrant, wholesome cake of PALMOLIVE the indispensable equipment of the equally luxurious porcelain bath of the modern American home.

A luxury and necessity combined; the modern perfection of a luxury ages old; this is the combination that requires *four cakes a second* to supply the millions that demand PALMOLIVE SOAP.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Canadian Factory: 155–157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.

PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO—The olive oil shampoo—is as essential for proper care of the hair as is PALMOLIVE for the bath and toilet. You will find it wherever the PALMOLIVE line is sold, price 50 cents a bottle.

Our new PALMOLIVE booklet, describing the entire PALMOLIVE line, together with *threefold sample package*, will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.